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have gathered me a posie of other men's flowers, and nothing but the thread that binds them is mine own."—Montaigne.

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Current History

Mr. Roosevelt's Triumph, and Why

The national election had its unexpected aspects, after all. Whatever they may have said in public, probably most candid and informed persons admitted privately the certainty of Mr. Roosevelt's success. But that he would not only carry all of the so-called "doubtful" States, including New York, but would make what amounts, in its moral effects, to an inroad on the "Solid South," probably few of even his most ardent supporters anticipated. Of several reasons which evidently brought about this remarkable result, the chief, we believe, is the one which has been described several times on these pages—that is, the failure of the Democrats to attract what is generally termed the "radical" vote. To all intents and purposes, both parties were controlled, in their platform making, and to a large extent in their other campaign utterances, by their conservative elements; and the difference between these elements in either party was essentially one of degree rather than of kind. Although it would be far too much to say that the inclusion in the Democratic platform of even a modification of the money plank in the documents of 1896 and 1900 would have changed the result, it is clear that the attitude of the St. Louis convention toward that subject caused much dissatisfaction throughout the West. And the flat declaration of Judge Parker in favor of the gold standard alienated thousands of voters to whom it connoted, quite unreasonably, doubtless, a certain dangerous sympathy with that much-hated element, "the moneyed interests." As to the trusts, even his most ardent enemies could not deny that

President Roosevelt had made a semblance of an effort to control them, and had promised to do much more. Here again, at least so far as the average voter could discern, the policies of the two parties differed in degree rather than in kind, and however disingenuously, the Republicans had the Northern Securities case to parade into the bargain. So with the Philippine question, the difference between the assurances of Secretary Taft and Mr. Root, and the demands of the Democrats, doubtless did not appeal strongly to the man in the street. The two set attacks made upon Mr. Roosevelt's administration—that is, the publishing of his letter to Dr. Albert Shaw about the Panama complication and Judge Parker's accusation of Secretary Cortelyou—seemed to have surprisingly little effect. The President's letter to Dr. Shaw had already been published, excepting the last sentence, which read: "Privately, I freely say to you that I should be delighted if Panama were an independent State, or if it made itself so at this moment; but for me to say so publicly would amount to an instigation of a revolt, and therefore I cannot say it." But that sentence certainly was not calculated to reassure voters who had had misgivings about Mr. Roosevelt's personal points of view. As to Judge Parker's arraignment of Mr. Cortelyou for having used information he got as Secretary of the Department of Commerce and Labor to induce the trusts to contribute to the Republican campaign fund, it will probably be admitted that that also was largely unavailing. For it was counteracted by President Roosevelt's almost savage denial, which, although it was somewhat beside the

mark, was nevertheless effective, in view of the fact that although Judge Parker maintained his original position, he was not "specific."

Two other influences which undoubtedly operated in President Roosevelt's favor, were the "personal issue" and an ever-present willingness to let alone what seems to be well enough and rather likely to become better. Of these two influences, we believe that the second was more cogent than the first. There can be no doubt, of course, that Mr. Roosevelt's personality makes a strong appeal to a certain large class of people, but it is useless to deny that there is another large class whom he offends deeply; and we fancy that if the division could be made strictly on this issue, his purely personal following would be found to be considerably smaller than those who actually compose it believe it to be. The "let-well-enough-alone" influence, on the other hand, undoubtedly was exceedingly strong, and always is when there is any excuse whatever for its existence. When majorities are concerned, the inertness of this political inertia is proverbial.

The Victories of the Radicals

A second glance at the general election shows a series of results scarcely less striking in their general significance than was the signal triumph of Mr. Roosevelt. These results represent the decisive victories in four different States of "radical" over "conservative" elements, using those terms as they were generally employed during the campaigns concerned. To begin in the West, there was the defeat in Colorado of Governor Peabody, the Republican candidate, by Mr. Adams, the Democrat. In the sense that Mr. Peabody represented the faction, and in a general way, the *party* in power, and in that capacity saw no reason for essential changes, he was properly enough considered the representative of the "conservative" element, Republican and otherwise. Mr. Adams, on the other hand, was the choice not only of the Democratic party as such, but had the support of those who were opposed, on general principles, to certain features of Governor Peabody's administration, notably his manner of handling the lawlessness incident to the miners' strike. Furthermore, and what gave his candidacy a distinctly "radical"

color in the eyes of the "conservatives," was the open and aggressive support it received from the labor unions, if not from the laboring class as a whole. For, however intelligently, your "conservative" is pretty certain to regard as "radical" all policies and persons which attract the labor vote. These, then, were the political lines which were drawn quite distinctly in the Colorado State campaign. But, although President Roosevelt carried the State by a safe plurality, Governor Peabody, the Republican and the Conservative, was defeated, and Mr. Adams, the Democrat and the Radical, was elected.

Next, take the case of Wisconsin. Here, before the election, there was a bitter factional fight in the Republican party, the real cause of which was the radicalism of Governor La Follette, who has been called "the Republican Byran." Governor La Follette's faction won this fight, the effect of which had been to emphasize his "radicalism," and he went into the campaign as a distinctly "radical" candidate, and a Republican, against a Democrat who, so far as the State issues were concerned, was a "conservative." That Governor La Follette's candidacy was aided by that of President Roosevelt is beyond doubt; still the victory in the Wisconsin State campaign is distinctly a "radical" one.

In Missouri, the situation was largely similar as to the accentuation of the radical and the conservative elements. Surely, there could be no doubt about the radicalism of Circuit-Attorney Joseph W. Folk, the Democratic candidate, as against Mr. Walbridge, the Republican; and the signal character of his victory is emphasized by the plurality which that heretofore dyed-in-the-wool *Democratic* State gives a *Republican* candidate for the presidency!

But most remarkable of all the radical successes is that of Mr. Douglas, the Democratic candidate for Governor of Massachusetts, who was opposed by Governor Bates, a Republican and an aspirant for re-election. There has been nothing else like it in the history of the State. During the political upheaval due to the hard times in 1874, Gaston, a Democrat, was elected Governor of Massachusetts, with a lead of about 7,000. In 1882, General Butler carried the State by about 14,000. Governor Russell's largest plurality was about 9000, and in 1892 sank to about 2500. But this year, though

the State gave President Roosevelt a plurality of 86,000 or so, Mr. Douglas was elected by a plurality of about 35,000. And virtually all of the issues for which the Democratic candidate stood would be considered "radical" ones—notably the agitation in favor of reciprocity with Canada and a general feeling that there is room for reform in the legislation which affects particularly the laboring classes. It is more than likely, too, that Governor Bates' defeat in part expresses dissatisfaction with the Republican machine created with so much pains by Senator Lodge. There can be little doubt, however, that the result is an expression of "radical" discontent chiefly among the working classes, and the natural rallying of those classes under the standard of one who was formerly of their number, and therefore, presumably, still in sympathy with them. Of some of these influences in Massachusetts, and of the significance of the radical vote throughout the country, we shall have more to say at another time.

The Good of the North Sea Incident

A great good has come out of the murderous evil worked by the panic-stricken Baltic squadron of the Russian navy. On the night of October 21 those war-ships fired upon a fleet of English fishing vessels in the North Sea. The captain and another man aboard one of the "trawlers" were killed, and the vessel was sunk by the heavy fire; three or four other vessels were struck, and more or less damaged, and many of the fishermen were wounded by the shrapnel and solid shot which were poured into the fleet for about half an hour. The news of this performance amazed and horrified the civilized world. The Russians had not only fired upon the defenseless and harmless vessels without any warning, but thereafter had sailed away without offering any assistance to the stricken fishermen. The affair was unparalleled in the history of naval operations. What wonder that most of the English papers were aflame the next morning! And what wonder that sober-minded persons, knowing the temper of the two peoples concerned, and realizing what war between them would entail, trembled for the consequences! But to the everlasting credit of Great Britain, the Government kept its head. There were prompt and emphatic demands for full reparation and for the punishment of all persons who

could be held responsible. But with equal promptness came personal expressions of regret from the Czar and Czarina, coupled with assurances of the willingness of Russia to make full amends. And then the great good appeared, for after the exchange of representations, and the agreement of Russia to detach Admiral Rozhdestvensky, the commander of the offending fleet, and certain other officers, pending an investigation, the Czar's Government also consented to submit the case to the Hague Tribunal, which is to take testimony as to the facts of the incident, and to fix the blame. In this eminently civilized way—civilized because it recognizes the superiority of reason over fire and the sword as a means of settling differences—the unspeakable calamity of a war between these two great nations was averted, and probably has been avoided. Of course, the danger is not altogether past. Already there has been some friction in the movements toward forming an arbitration court, indicating that Russia will struggle to gain the smallest point of advantage to her case. And one cannot say with certainty how Russia might see fit to accept a verdict which held her entirely blameworthy. Nor is it assured that the English people could be persuaded to accept with patience a verdict unfavorable to their nation, or a manifest disposition on the part of Russia to evade responsibility should the decision be against her. And either of these contingencies might result in the overthrow of the present British ministry—whose stability is at best none too well assured—and perhaps the installation of another which would yield to popular sentiment. But these dangers do not seem very real at this time, and the likelihood of a popular protest which would defeat the aims of the peacemakers will become less, as the incident slips further and further into the past. In any event, however, the world will not soon forget that two proud and powerful peoples, the one terribly and, it would seem, righteously angry over a great wrong done, and the other, the presumed culprit, exasperated and in danger of losing her prestige at the hands of a foe that had been considered puny—that two such nations in such moods, have nevertheless said, "Come, let us reason together." This spectacle may not create a precedent, but at least it should prove an example which will promote peace on earth and goodwill among men.

**Some Race
Problems for
Mr. Roosevelt**

It seems certain that several phases of the race problem, some of them highly important, will be among the questions with which President Roosevelt will have to deal in the very near future. The usually very well informed Washington correspondent of the New York Evening Post, just a week after the election, said, in a letter to his paper:

Shall population, or the number of male inhabitants admitted to the ballot booths, be made the basis of representation? This is a question which the new Congress, with its overwhelming Republican majorities, ought to settle once for all, and let the chapter be closed. There are strong arguments of justice and of expediency on each side of the question, and these will continue to agitate the public at intervals unless it is known definitely that the present system of basing representation squarely on population is to be modified in accordance with the terms of the Fourteenth Amendment, or is to be allowed to stand just as now. It is safe to say that if the Fifty-ninth Congress ends without action on this subject, it will be regarded as disposed of for all the future. Perhaps this would be wise. At all events, the subject demands attention.

It will be remembered that the so-called "negro-plank" in the last Republican platform brought down upon that party the maledictions of many of the Southern newspapers, including such influential journals as the New Orleans Times-Democrat and the New Orleans Picayune; and it is certain that the chorus of these anathemas would involve most of the weight of public opinion in the South, once it became apparent that the Administration had seriously in mind any plans for enforcing the doctrine expressed. The plank in question reads as follows: "We favor such Congressional action as shall determine whether by special discrimination the elective franchise in any State has been unconstitutionally limited; and if such is the case, we demand that representation in Congress and in the Electoral College shall be proportionately reduced, as directed by the Constitution of the United States." The intent of this pronouncement is as plain as is the injustice of the conditions for which it prescribes a remedy. But it is no less apparent that very real dangers are in the path of an enforcement of the principle here involved which shall refuse to take into account the prejudices of the communities concerned.

And there will be hardly less need of the presence of the Discourager of Precipitancy if the very important question of Federal

interference in the case of Southern lynchings ever gets to Washington in a form which will be calculated to force Mr. Roosevelt's hand. This new aspect of lynching enterprises is treated at some length in our department of Current Discussion. It remains to be said that Judge Jones, who delivered the remarkable charge to the Federal Grand Jury, was appointed by President Roosevelt. Some of the Southern papers have pointed out this fact, and it is not reassuring to note that certain of these journals in one breath unsparingly denounce Judge Jones' charge, and in the next seem inclined to take for granted that the judge had reflected the President's point of view toward this new and rather startling legal principle.

Still other questions, less portentous essentially, but involving sensibilities which cannot be disregarded with impunity, are presented by the proposition to station colored troops of the regular army at posts on the Southern coast, and by the issue which has already come to be designated as "miscegenation in the army." The violence of the protests against this former policy appears to have been somewhat abated by the intimation that negro garrisons are to be installed only in out-of-the-way ports, but it is not clear as yet that the plans of the War Department are being formulated with the view of pleasing all of the white people south of Mason and Dixon's line. In the meantime, it may be well to bear in mind such protests as this one, from the Atlanta Journal:

We don't like the idea of negro garrisons in the South. It may be more of an instinct than a reason that makes us look with distaste and repulsion at the picture of armed negroes in these southern posts, but it is to be remembered that instincts are often more trustworthy and more powerful than reasons. Let the War Department garrison the New England and middle Atlantic coast forts with negroes if it is in love with the idea of enlisting more negroes in the regular army and must have a seacoast for them. But we don't want them here, and we won't have them if the protests of our southern senators and Congressmen count for anything.

**What Color
Must a Soldier's
Wife be?**

The issue of "miscegenation in the army" was brought to the attention of the War Department on October 15 by the formal recommendation for the discharge of a private soldier in the hospital corps of the garrison at Fort Mott, N. J. because he had married a negress, and had brought her to the army posts evidently

with the expectation that she would be received by the white wives of the other enlisted men. A contract surgeon signed the recommendation for dismissal, giving no other reason than that "the good of the service" would be thereby subserved, and Brigadier-General Frederick D. Grant, commanding the Department of the East, approved the recommendation and forwarded the papers to the War Department where, it is known, they were received on the date above mentioned. Naturally enough, Private Smith, the soldier concerned, does not admit the sufficiency or the justice of the reason given for his proposed dismissal. He has written to the War Department to that effect, pointing to his excellent record as an enlisted man and to the fact that he has violated no law of New Jersey. Furthermore, it is said, he has asked why, if it is proper for the Commander-in-chief of the army to entertain a colored man at dinner at the White House, should he, Private Smith, be dismissed from the army for his legitimate marriage of a colored woman.

Meanwhile—up to the time of this writing—the War Department has done nothing about the case, perhaps because it was considered well enough to pigeonhole it until after election, but also, and probably, because it is one which involves more than appears on the surface. For, although Private Smith's attempt to liken his matrimonial affair to the President's entertainment of Mr. Washington is more diverting than pertinent, and although, undoubtedly, it is within the power of the War Department to dismiss him "for the good of the service" without being any too specific as to just what that "good" is, yet the matter involves present conditions which cannot be overlooked, and might create a precedent which would be embarrassing in the future. These aspects of the case, the Springfield Republican discusses as follows:

Whether, however, the executive power should exercise its authority to the extent of issuing such a decree is another question. The decree could not certainly go forth in any fairness unless made to comprehend all marriages between white soldiers and women of all other races not reckoned as white. It would have to apply to women of Malay or Mongolian or Indian extraction, as well as of African. If Private Smith had married an Indian maiden or a Japanese woman, the matter would have passed without notice. Here is the case of Lieut. Burbank of the regular army, now before the public. A Filipino woman claims to be his wife, while it is said on the other side

that at most she was only a mistress. He is now under court-martial to determine his right to marry an American woman, but we do not understand that proof of his marriage to the colored woman of the Philippines would involve his dismissal from the army, and the last thing to be thought of evidently—such is the queer logic of race purists—would be his dismissal on proof of illicit association with the woman. If the present administration of the army is prepared to issue a decree that no one connected with the regular army shall marry a person of any sort of color other than white, it can consistently and fairly dismiss Private Smith from the service. But such a decree, coming from a republican administration especially, would have a peculiar look under a government which has heretofore boasted of the spirit as well as the letter of the 14th and 15th amendments.

Colorado Clergymen on Socialism

Campaign utterances dating back to the middle of October may seem a little stale just now, yet two sermons, preached from pulpits in Denver, Col., on October 16, doubtless with a view to political effect, were so remarkable in their subject-matter and in their temper that we believe some account of them will have its value even now. Both of these sermons were set attacks upon what was called "socialism"; the animus of each was exceedingly bitter, and the general treatment of the subject was, intentionally or through ignorance, in effect misleading. Each, of course, was prompted by the hue and cry raised in Colorado last summer that the cowardly assassinations and general lawlessness attributed to the Western Federation of Miners, as such, were direct expressions of the "socialistic" spirit which, it was declared, had taken entire possession of that organization. In his discussion of this situation, Bishop Nicholas C. Matz, of the Roman Catholic Church, is reported (by the Denver Republican) to have described Socialism as "a systematic, passionate and overt aggression upon society," and to have continued in part as follows:

An attempt to foist Socialism upon our labor organizations was made, in spite of all our warnings and pleadings, and what are the results of this desperate move? A score of people have been sent into eternity without a moment's warning; millions of dollars have been wasted in this mad move; thousands of poor laborers were thrown out of employment; hundreds were deported and their families left unprovided for, and Colorado's fair name became a by-word from one end of the Union to the other. Socialism is the sworn enemy of all religion, morality, virtue and society itself. It is pledged to destroy them all and erect its empire upon their ruin,

even through oceans of blood, to attain its purpose.

Not to mention the Western Federation's prompt and, so far as we know, sincere disavowal of responsibility for the dynamiting of the non-union miners at Independence we had been under the impression that it was the "socialistic" miners who were deported. Surely they were not deported by their comrades—the "sworn enemies of all religion, morality, virtue and society itself." And if not by them, then who was responsible for the outrage? However, the amazing thing about this diatribe is the commentary it furnishes upon the bishop's conception of Socialism. Yet even the bishop is outdone in this respect by the Rev. R. F. Coyle, who preached from a Presbyterian pulpit on "The Perils of Socialism," and, according to the newspaper before mentioned, said such things as these:

I cannot conceive of any greater calamity than the triumph of Socialism, and this is reason enough for my subject at this hour and in this place. . . . I have called it a false and perilous doctrine, and in so saying I am putting it mildly. The mischief of it is seen in outbreaks, in upheaval, in assassination, and in high-handed breaches of law and order. When workingmen come to believe this doctrine it not only fills them with dissatisfaction, but with a spirit of rancor and revolution and revenge. . . . No state can be safe or stable that does not concern itself with impartial justice, and because Socialism proposes to seize the reins of government and rule, not for all the people, but for a class, it is a peril against which we need to be on our guard.

. . . The peril of the Socialistic doctrine lies in the fact that it overlooks the inherent and fundamental inequalities of human nature. It may be laid down as an axiom that you can never have equality of social condition until you have equality of personal condition. But nothing is more obvious, nothing more constantly thrusts itself upon our attention, than gradations and differences among men. These differences are intellectual, moral, temperamental, physical. We always have seen them; we always shall see them. . . . The Nihilism of Russia, which is one of the forms of Socialism, demands the dissolution of the family. . . . It is an indictment enough of the Socialistic doctrine of marriage to say that it substitutes the idea of a contract for the sacred bond of the moral law. All that is necessary is the consent of the parties and when tired of each other by mutual agreement they may separate. The idea of the family as divinely constituted, Socialism rejects, and so pollutes and poisons the very fountain head of the state.

No intelligent person, whether or not he happens to be in sympathy with socialistic doctrines, will need to be told that such descriptions of Socialism are absurdly untrue. What they describe, of course, is

essentially Anarchism, the very reverse of Socialism. The confusion of the two systems is common enough among persons who have not had or taken the opportunity to inform themselves, and it is at times produced by bigoted or unprincipled speakers, or writers during a political campaign. To hear such exposition from a clergyman, however, is not calculated to increase the respect in which he may have been held.

A Success and a Solecism

After many years and much planning—some of it more or less unpractical—the New York Subway is at last a reality. The main line and the West Side section, extending to One Hundred and Forty-fifth Street, were opened to the public on October 27. At about 2.30 o'clock on the afternoon of that day, Mayor McClellan started from the City Hall station a train bearing the city officials, engineers, contractors and other persons who had had to do with the building of the Subway, and who had just come from the exercises which had been held in the City Hall. The Mayor himself ran this train as far as One Hundred and Third Street, and it was immediately followed by other trains bearing specially invited guests of the Interborough Company, which is to operate the Subway for fifty years. At about 7 o'clock that evening, the service was thrown open to the general public, and so great was the interest in the event that until midnight the trains were crowded. To the very great credit of the operating company, this great crowd was handled without a serious accident, and with a promptness which was remarkable under the circumstances. So far as the actual management of the train service is concerned, the company has fully maintained the reputation that it at once earned. And in addition to the daily test of the "rush hours," morning and evening, it has stood the strain of another special occasion, Election evening, the severity of which will be appreciated by persons who have been in New York on that amiably riotous occasion. In a general way, it may be said that the majority of those who do not object to the idea of being out of the daylight, have found the Subway preferable to any other route of interurban travel. Over the perfect roadbed, and on *terra firma*, the trains run with less swaying than do those on the elevated system; and although the "locals"

probably make little better time than do the corresponding trains on the "L," the express service is considerably faster. The usual running time by the Subway, from One Hundred and Forty-fifth Street to Brooklyn Bridge, by express trains (making four stops—at Ninety-sixth Street, at Seventy-second Street, at Grand Central Station, and at Fourteenth Street) is thirty minutes.

So much for the generally satisfactory features of this very important metropolitan improvement. But although the Subway operating company deserves much credit for the excellence of the train service, it has already caused the appearance of a good-sized and repulsive fly in the ointment, by permitting the free display of distasteful and distracting advertising signs in the various Subway stations. This solecism is being bitterly resented by the traveling public, and justly so. The City of New York did its full duty in the matter of building the Subway, and fitting its stations. The tunnel itself is clean, airy, and sufficiently well lighted, and much pains and not a little artistic skill were exercised on the stations, all of which are distinctly attractive, while many are really beautiful in their decorative schemes of colored tile. The architects who planned these features of the work went so far in consulting public taste and convenience as to plan distinct color schemes for each station, the variety being intended not only to please the eye, but to aid in identification of the various stopping-places. The Interborough Company has already largely defeated these plans by permitting large tin-framed advertisements, most of them exceedingly unsightly, and many of them disgusting in their subject-matter, to be placed against the clean-tiled walls of the stations. And not only are these advertising displays an offense to the eye and to the sensibilities, but they lessen the recognizability of the station, and, in some instances, press so closely upon the station signs as practically to obliterate them from the view of passengers in rapidly moving trains. Just what are the legal rights of the company in this matter has not yet clearly appeared, but its officials seem disposed to hold that under the terms of their contract with the city, the display of these advertisements in the stations cannot be forbidden. On the other hand, the Subway itself is the city's property, and if, as is very clearly the case,

these advertising signs constitute a damage to the property, it would seem that the owner must have some recourse in the courts. At all events, if the company refuses to remove the signs and is upheld by the courts, the affair will afford an instructive study of the difference in the attitudes which a municipality and a corporation may assume toward public opinion. And its effects may furnish some food for reflection for those who, on general principles, oppose such dangerously socialistic theories as that a city may own and operate its transit systems.

The "Slocum" Commission's Report

The worst that had been said about the causes for the burning, last June, of the excursion steamboat *General Slocum*, with the consequent loss of 955 lives, has been verified by the commission appointed by ex-Secretary Cortelyou of the Department of Commerce and Labor. The report is most thorough and convincing; it contains about 32,000 words, and treats the disaster under the following heads:

(1.) The *Slocum* was probably typical in almost all her conditions of many of the excursion boats in New York harbor, and, doubtless, elsewhere. (2.) The peculiarly helplessness characteristic of an excursion crowd in case of disaster. (3.) Peculiar inflammability of vessel and extraordinarily swift progress of fire. (4.) Collapse of deck, apparently due to weight of crowd. (5.) Marked inefficiency of crew, both in this case and probably in most other excursion vessels, principally due to lack of organization and drill. (6.) Total lack of fire drills, boat drills, and established discipline. (7.) Unlicensed mate. (8.) Extremely dangerous condition of the forward cabin. (9.) Total failure of fire hose. (10.) Badly defective condition of life preservers. (11.) Inefficient inspection of this vessel. (12.) Neglect of master to fight fire or aid passengers, or to give any orders to such ends. (13.) Neglect of master to beach the vessel or to put her alongside of a wharf immediately after receiving a report of the existence of the fire, and his action in maintaining a high speed and creating thereby a strong draught of air from forward sweeping the flames aft.

President Roosevelt, to whom this report was submitted, at once ordered the removal from the Government service of Robert S. Rodie, supervising inspector of the Steamboat Inspection Service, and James A. Dumont and Thomas A. Barrett, local inspectors at the port of New York. The promptness of this action is to be heartily commended. It will be remembered that, soon after the catastrophe, the Federal grand jury to whom the case was submitted returned indictments

against the officers of the company which owned the vessel, her captain and an inspector. By this action these persons were held criminally accountable for the disaster. The President's vigorous letter mentions also the indictment of the manager and three employees of the Nonpareil Cork Works, of Camden, N. J., for their part in the manufacture by that concern of "life preservers" made of cork mixed with scrap iron. "This last offense," remarks Mr. Roosevelt, "was of so heinous a character that it is difficult to comment upon it with proper self-restraint. It appears that the national legislature has never enacted a law providing in set terms for the punishment of this particular species of infamy, doubtless because it never entered the head of any man that so gross an infamy could be perpetrated. I suggest that you report this whole matter to congress, transmitting these two reports, and at that time calling special attention to the need of imposing an adequate penalty for the making or selling of defective life-saving appliances."

Why, it may be asked, is this offense more "heinous" than that of the men who permitted the *General Slocum* to be used time and again when they knew, or should have known, that she was fitted with rotten life preservers and useless fire-fighting apparatus? The commission is of the opinion "that the owners of the *General Slocum* are censurable in a high degree for the inadequate and improper conditions prevailing on board this vessel, and that, whatever may be their technical liability, they

and their executive agents share largely in the moral responsibility for the awful results of this disaster." And the commission is fully justified in holding and expressing this opinion. Within about six weeks of the *Slocum* disaster, it was reported that her sister ship, the *Grand Republic*, owned also by the Knickerbocker Steamboat Company, and leased to the concern which owned the Dreamland enterprise at Coney Island, included in her life-saving equipment about one thousand "life preservers" as rotten and actually dangerous as those with which the *Slocum* was known to have been supplied. Very likely, if the *Grand Republic* had been burned or otherwise wrecked, and the consequent loss of life had been increased by the use of these "life preservers," the Dreamland company would have washed its hands of blame and would have held the Knickerbocker Company responsible. What sort of men are these who knowingly or carelessly imperil hundreds of human lives? Why are the manufacturers of iron-loaded "life preservers" one whit more brutally indifferent about human life than are the men who own and operate, or permit to be operated, excursion vessels which ten minutes' examination by any intelligent person would show to be dangerous craft? For the petty government official, the inspector, or whatever office he may hold, who neglects his duty, and is even suspected of "grafting," there is always a loud chorus of denunciation. What, then, shall be said of the men who not only make this murderous grafting possible, but *profit by it?*

Current Discussion—Both Sides

Edited by George Gladden

The Triumph of the Republicans

Most of the newspapers, Republican and Democratic, seem to agree that President Roosevelt's remarkable triumph was due, first, and perhaps, chiefly, to his personal popularity, and, second, to a prevailing satisfaction with present conditions, commercial and political, and a general unwillingness to try a new *régime*. There are many references, also, to the actual though not always obvious strength of the radical wing of the Democratic party of the

last eight years, and to the symptoms that the party during this campaign did not present a united front. As to the force of the personal element, the New York Evening Post (Ind.) says that "all 'explanations' of yesterday's political cataclysm are vanity and vexation which do not see in it an extraordinary tribute to the President's personality. His victory is more purely personal than that of any candidate whom living men can remember." The same paper continues in part as follows:

And we are bound to add that Mr. Roosevelt has accepted his tremendous personal triumph in a sensible and patriotic spirit. His immediate announcement that he will never again be a candidate argues that his head is not turned. . . . This does not imply that we regret or recall what we have been compelled to write against some of his tendencies and acts. We have never had much respect for opinions which altered when they alterations found in the elections. If to trample upon the rights of a weak nation is wrong before an election, it is wrong after. One great good we may confidently hope for during Mr. Roosevelt's second administration. This is the destruction of the superstition that a high tariff compels prosperity. It has long rested heavily on many minds. Thousands of Democrats undoubtedly voted for Roosevelt on the ground that they did not want a "change." Well, they will almost certainly get the change under Roosevelt. Times cannot be uniformly good throughout his administration. As the Irish famine destroyed protection in England, though protectionists were in office, so one year's bad business—such as the law of averages makes practically certain to occur—under a Republican Administration, would do away with a state of mind which, for the past ten years, has made Americans talk about taxation and trade like credulous cavemen more than like rational beings.

The New York Sun (Rep.) says of Mr. Roosevelt's ambition and of his capacities:

From the moment that he entered the White House he made no pretence of any other thought than to have himself elected President of the United States. "I am only an *ad interim* President now," he was familiarly quoted as saying; "just you wait until I am *elected* President and then you will see!" See what? Mr. Roosevelt is elected President now and the formality of the 4th of March can make but little difference to him. What shall we see? He has it in him to be a patriotic and a complete President, to be the President, not of the decayed and corrupt half of the Republican party, but of the whole people, of the United States.

And the Times (Dem.) accounts for the result, and discusses the campaign in this way:

Prosperity, a deep and widespread desire for its continuance, and a feeling perhaps not less widespread that the Democratic Party is not yet "fit to govern," are reasons which sufficiently explain the very remarkable results of the election held yesterday in this country. The discussions of the campaign, the search after issues and the talk about them, the moral arguments and the appeal to prudence and safety, have been utterly wasted. The result was predetermined. In the first place, the remembrance of what the Democratic Party did in 1896 and 1900 counted for much. It would have been almost a political miracle had the people restored that party to confidence and to power so soon after the Bryan campaigns. The unchanged and unchanging Bryan Democrats, however, had no liking for Judge Parker, for his gold-standard telegram, or for his views and principles. We

hope Mr. Roosevelt will bear in mind that the great vote which has come to him from outside his party, being easily detachable, cannot be counted upon to stand by him for all policies or in all contingencies. If his party keeps on in its present path and the radical Democrats once more come into control of their party, he may find that his friends of 1904 will by no means be his friends in 1908. Republicans would of course receive with derision any suggestion that President Roosevelt, after what happened yesterday, could become the advocate of tariff reform. Yet it is precisely by advocating an honest and reasonable revision of the tariff, a revision determined not by political exigency but by the economic needs of the country, that Theodore Roosevelt could demonstrate to the world that he is a constructive statesman.

The World (Dem.) quotes freely from the instructions it offered to Judge Parker during the campaign, and says:

Whatever chance there may have been for the Democrats was thrown away at St. Louis. A party that has been eight-tenths wrong for eight years cannot regain public confidence at once by being even eight-tenths right—particularly when on the vital question of honest money it was set right only under compulsion by its nominee. The extreme and unnecessary statement in the platform—"Protection is robbery"—branding as criminal a policy as old as our Government, hurt the Democratic candidate in the chief doubtful States, all of which are heavily interested in manufactures.

The Buffalo Evening Times (Dem.) finds fault with some of Judge Parker's associates as follows:

It was difficult for those who desired a change to determine how Chairman Sheehan, Cord Meyer, August Belmont, Thomas Ryan, and their associates would be able to fight the trusts better than Elihu Root, Chairman Cortelyou, Philander Knox, Aldrich, Addicks, Scott and the other legates of Mark Hanna. Their honesty of purpose may be unquestioned, but their environment, associations and interests were decidedly against that conviction. The people could not see that there would be a change and accordingly their great effort was not convincing. If Democracy is to win victories it must win them in the face of the great trusts and corporations of the country and not by seeking their assistance, or even the appearance of it, for there is not room in this country for two plutocratic parties.

So, too, the Baltimore Evening Herald (Ind.) says:

The campaign brings home to the Democratic party the necessity of returning in earnest to the policies of Cleveland and of the statesmen that gathered about him. The principles of the Democratic party are as essential to the safe and orderly development of our country as they ever were, and when the people feel that the Democratic party has accepted them with complete faith they will turn to it again and entrust their fortunes in its hands.

Other Southern papers take varying views of the Republican victory. The Columbia (S. C.) State (Dem.) for example, says:

Americans have changed; they have not only changed since the days of Jefferson but they have changed since the days of Cleveland. They admire the Rough Rider and his rough-shod methods. The rights of the people, held so sacred a few generations ago and obtained by such struggles and sacrifices, are valued lightly; they will be parted with for a few yards of tinsel. Pomp and show are more attractive than Democratic simplicity. There will be an awakening. We hope it may come in time for the revolution to be a peaceful one. Next to the success of Roosevelt, the large Republican majority is the most unfortunate result of this election. Thoughtful persons of whatever political inclination concede the value to the country of a powerful and threatening minority. Therefore the third consecutive defeat of the Democrats by such a wide margin weakens the influence of the party as a deterrent and, if conservative men do not develop on the Republican side in Washington, the men now in the saddle will be emboldened to extremes which may have disastrous consequences.

And the Nashville Banner presents these points:

The people of the country were doing well and were busy with their affairs. There was no predominant issue dividing the parties as in 1896, which appealed with force to an anxious and agitated public. Another cause was a lack of homogeneity and thorough concord in the Democratic party. To prevent a factional fight in the St. Louis convention the Committee on Resolutions had to submit a compromise platform which evaded the financial issue on the alleged ground that such an issue was of the past, but the discussion in the committee showed that it was still an issue within the Democratic party. The dramatic effect of the Parker gold telegram threatened to disrupt the convention, but this disruption was prevented by a diplomatic answer to the telegram which served only to emphasize the fact that the party was not united on the money question, and that Mr. Bryan and his ideas still wielded a great influence among the delegates and in the ranks of the party. Embattled for the fight under such conditions, the essential need of the party was a stalwart leader, with the resolution, the courage and the genius of a commander. The convention thought it had chosen such a leader in Judge Parker. He was a good man and true, and worthy of all acceptance, but the press and the public speakers who supported him did more to hold him up before the country as a strong leader than he did himself. He did not manifest a great conception of his opportunity or power of taking hold of the best opportunities of the campaign. He made mistakes that hurt his cause. It would have required a Cleveland or some other masterly man to command a support that would have given the Democratic party the best chance of victory, by winning the confidence of the independent and business elements of the country. The Atlanta Constitution, in a much more cheerful strain, says:

Well, the agony is over and, whatever else may be said about it, we are no worse off than we were before it began! Suffice it now to say that the people of the whole country are to have opportunity of ascertaining whether the second term of Theodore Roosevelt will be an administration marked by sectional prejudice, or whether it will be free from the unfortunate developments which, during his first term, have served to create the impression that he was neither friendly to nor considerate of the south. Down here we have our eyes turned hopefully toward the future. We have gone through many a worse experience, only to come out smiling. With the lion's share of the prevailing national prosperity—due to a Beneficent Providence, and not to the republican party—we send greetings to the sister states north and west, and assure them all—We can stand it if they can!

In the West, naturally enough, most of the comment is exultant in its tone. For example, the Burlington Hawk-Eye (Rep.) says:

Tuesday's election builds deeper and stronger than ever the protective tariff system. It buries deeper than the sea effective opposition to the Philippine policy and the insane cry of "militarism." In fact, every attempted democratic issue in this campaign is now obsolete and the party itself is left stranded, a political wreck, without principles and without visible excuse for existence. Yet, it is desirable that there shall be a healthy opposition party, and it will be a national calamity if the republican victory this year shall reduce the opposition to a heterogeneous body of socialists and populists.

The Kansas Capital (Rep.) pays this fine tribute to President Roosevelt:

American Presidents have been honest and honorable men; yet there was something about the aggressiveness of the honesty of Roosevelt that especially appealed to the average man. In reorganizing itself the Democratic party dodged every issue that might divide its own ranks. Its platform outdid the Republicans in conservatism, challenging nothing of importance to which the Republican party is committed. Consequently the issue became the President's personality. This helped the Republican campaign.

The Minneapolis Tribune (Rep.) says of the President that "it is true that he has been fortunate in his opposition," and continues:

It is true that he has been fortunate in his opposition. The admirable personality, high character and superior intellectual equipment of Judge Parker cannot conceal the fact that he was forced upon the party by a strong and resolute minority. He was not acceptable to the masses. We suspect that the masses have voted against him. There is no explanation of the tremendous majorities for Roosevelt except a large Democratic vote. This was undoubtedly attracted by his personal popularity. It was just as certainly repelled from Parker by his personality. In short, it was made up in large part of the Bryan vote.

In a long discussion of the result, Mr. Bryan says in the Commoner:

Surely silver can not be blamed for this defeat, for the campaign was run on a gold basis; neither can the defeat be charged to emphatic condemnation of the trusts, for the trusts were not assailed as vigorously this year as they were four years ago. It is evident that the campaign did not turn upon the question of imperialism, and it is not fair to consider the result as a personal victory for the president, although his administration was the subject of criticism. The result was due to the fact that the democratic party attempted to be conservative in the presence of conditions which demand radical remedies. It sounded a partial retreat when it should have ordered a charge all along the line. The republican party occupied the conservative position. That is, it defends those who, having secured unfair advantages through class legislation, insist that they shall not be disturbed no matter how oppressive their exactions may become. The democratic party can not hope to compete successfully with the republican party for this support. To win the support of the plutocratic element of the country the party would have to become more plutocratic than the republican party and it could not do this without losing several times as many voters as that course would win. The democratic party has nothing to gain by catering to organized and predatory wealth. It must not only do without such support, but it can strengthen itself by inviting the open and emphatic opposition of these elements.

The Canteen Controversy Again

It seems likely enough that the other side of the canteen controversy—that is, the side represented by those who opposed the abolition of the institution as an authorized feature of army post life—may get a pretty thorough airing before the next session of Congress. The relegation of the canteen, it will be remembered, was due chiefly to the violent attacks upon it by the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, whose members insisted that it encouraged drunkenness among the soldiers of the regular army, and who brought such pressure to bear upon Congress that the War Department was ordered to abolish the system. This was done against the protest of most of the veteran officers of the army, who asserted that the canteen actually promoted temperance and established generally beneficial influences at posts where it existed. Within the past month or so there has been much testimony from equally responsible officers, not only in support of this view, but in the way of flat declarations that the abolition of the canteen has actually increased intemperance, and

has had other demoralizing effects. Among the officers who have thus expressed themselves are Brigadier-General G. H. Burton, inspector-general of the army; Judge Advocate-General Dunn, of the Department of Colorado; and Colonel Roberts, of the Department of Texas. General Burton, in his annual report to the Secretary of War, has these very emphatic things to say:

It seems to be the almost unanimous sentiment of the army that the one thing lacking to meet the soldiers' wants and tastes is the canteen feature. The absence of this leads to sickness, the commission of military offenses, desertion, and other crimes, as well as impaired discipline, by driving men to resort to the low dives and grogeries that have sprung up, like mushrooms, around military reservations since the prohibition law was enacted. No moralist can justly claim that it is more injurious to the health or morality of a soldier to drink mild beer in a well-regulated canteen, where gambling is prohibited and excesses are not tolerated, than it is to drink bad whisky in a vile den off the reservation, where drinking and gambling are encouraged without restraint. In fact, the canteen feature is not only a benefit morally, but the profits derived from the sales of beer and light wines are used to improve the mess, as well as for the purchase of periodicals, publications, etc., all of which add to the soldier's comfort and contentment. The army wants the canteen feature because experience since its abolition warrants the conclusion that its restoration will promote the morale, health, and content of the soldier.

So, too, General Dunn declared that the removal of the canteen "has resulted in multiplying saloons and brothels," and Colonel Roberts calls attention to the increased number of "saloons and dives that the virtual abolition of the canteen feature of the post exchange has made a universal feature of every military post." General Barry, the commander of the Department of the Gulf, in his annual report says: "It would add much to the discipline and contentment of the enlisted men at these outlying stations were the post exchange fully established, with the privilege of selling beer and light wines." Added to these expressions, there is the resolution adopted by the Association of Military and Naval Surgeons during the recent session at St. Louis. This resolution, which is addressed to Congress, recommends "that the sale of beer be permitted at the army post exchanges, subject to such regulations as shall be determined by the general staff and the secretary of war." The Army and Navy Register thinks it improbable that Congress will pay any attention to this resolution during the coming session, because "there

are too many resolutions on the other side pointing out to the legislative body the necessity of 'protecting' the soldier from the evils of drink, as dispensed in the army canteen." Continuing, this usually very conservative military journal says:

The opinion of the doctors might well be taken in this matter with great profit to the physical or mental or moral characteristics of the military service. Added to this, the precautionary and protective features are amply re-enforced by the provision that the system of selling beer at the Army post exchange shall be regulated by the general staff of the Army, and the secretary of war. And these considerations would be enough, if Congress operated along unprejudiced and non-partisan lines. Too many congressmen are watchful of the so-called temperance influence within their districts to be as liberal as they desire, or to defend and support those measures they know deserve defense and support. Then, too, it is in the interest of quite another class that the canteen shall remain closed. The dive-keepers and brothel owners are making too good a thing out of the existing conditions, and if they are able to command any influence or add to the sentiment against the restoration of the canteen they will apply themselves industriously to that end. The surgeons' resolution at St. Louis ought to offset all this and under some circumstances it would. For the present, we may expect the results of the uncanny alliance between the bigot and the dive-keeper, the respectable surgeons notwithstanding.

Episcopalian Divorce Canon

After several days of spirited debate the Episcopal General Convention, held in Boston, rejected a proposition to adopt a more stringent canon bearing on divorce. The present canon permits the clergy of the Church to celebrate the remarriage of a man and woman either or both of whom may be the "innocent" party in a suit for divorce. At the preceding convention a commission had been appointed which reported to the Boston meeting a canon which provided that: "No minister shall solemnize a marriage between any two persons unless, by inquiry, he shall have satisfied himself that neither person has been or is the husband or the wife of any other person then living, from whom he or she has been divorced for any cause arising after marriage." The House of Bishops adopted this, and the House of Deputies, sitting as a committee of the whole to decide upon reporting the amendment, also adopted it by a vote of 214 to 191, which vote is considered a reflection of the actual strength of the opposing factions. But in the vote by dioceses and orders the measure was

defeated, because of the even division in several instances of both the clerical and the lay elements, and the requirement that in such a contingency the vote shall be counted negative. This vote by dioceses was as follows: Clerical, for the amendment, 30, against 21, divided 10; lay vote, for 25, against 24, divided 60. It is interesting to note that virtually the entire weight of the Middle Western States was on the side of adopting the amendment; that New York opposed, while Pennsylvania favored it, and that the Pacific States and several of the Southern States were on the negative side. The result was the adoption for another three years of the old canon, but with this proviso:

Provided, That before the application for such remarriage a period of not less than one year shall have elapsed after the granting of such divorce, and that satisfactory evidence touching the facts in the case, including a copy of the court's decree, its record, if practicable, with such proof that the defendant was personally served or appeared in the action, be laid before the ecclesiastical authority, and such ecclesiastical authority, having taken legal advice thereon, shall have declared in writing that, in his judgment, the case of this applicant conforms to the requirements of the canon; and provided further, that it shall be within the discretion of any minister to decline to solemnize any marriage.

There was very general discussion of this controversy by the secular press throughout the country. The Philadelphia Public Ledger says of the proviso:

This is anything but clear, although its purpose is evident. It is to discountenance divorce by collusion, or divorce with the intention of marrying again, and to make any marriage of divorced persons difficult and exceptional, requiring particular ecclesiastical sanction. This is, of course, an advance in practice, though it does not satisfy those who hold to the indissolubility of marriage as a principle. On the other hand, to those who regard it as a civil contract, which is dissolved by divorce, there is no logical reason why either party should not be at liberty to contract new bonds.

The New York Evening Post remarks that "the High Church wing and all who lean toward sacerdotalism favor the view that marriage is an inviolable sacrament, and that divorce with remarriage, even under the extreme provocation, is sacrilege," and continues:

We doubt, however, whether a hard-and-fast enactment will accomplish the desired result. It would lay so heavy a penalty on the innocent that it would be generally regarded as a denial of essential justice for the sake of maintaining a theological dogma. Christ Himself is recorded as favoring the one exception. True, the notion

is now prevalent that "they did not know everything down in Judaea"; but there are still to be found churchmen devout and benighted enough to regard the words of Christ as final authority.

The Springfield Republican, in a carefully considered editorial, says that "the legal abuses of divorce must ultimately be eradicated by the legislative power of the country, if they are ever to be eradicated at all," but "at the same time great religious organizations, like the Episcopal Church, have exceptional opportunities to hasten the legal reforms made necessary by the present divorce chaos in America." Continuing, the Republican says, in part:

Viewing the specific question that was before the Episcopal convention the past week solely from a secular standpoint, it is still possible to regret that the effort to alter the old divorce canon of the church did not succeed. . . . And if complaint should be made as to the severity of such a rule, the church could fairly reply that the abuses permitted by the supreme civil power had driven it to this position for the protection of its own honor and sanctity. In fact, as experience in recent years shows, divorced persons who have actually been forbidden by the courts to remarry have gone to unsuspecting clergymen, who knew nothing of the facts of the case, and, perhaps by downright deception, have procured those clergymen's services in performing a marriage ceremony. If divorced persons wish to remarry, they can secure the services of civil or judicial officers empowered to perform the ceremony. The state, through its courts, permitted these people to annul previous marriage contracts; let it assume the full responsibility for allowing them to contract new matrimonial bonds. The state, in its judicial records, possesses full knowledge of the facts in the case of each divorced person, and, consequently, it is best qualified to determine whether a new marriage would be lawful. Make the state completely responsible in such matters. By working along this line the churches, it appears, can exercise great influence in creating a sounder public sentiment on the divorce question and in bringing about needed reforms. For the majority of people, when marrying, prefer to secure the moral or religious sanction to their union which a clergyman can, to a certain extent, confer upon it.

Discussing the obvious wide difference of opinion between the churches, as well as between the States, the Cleveland Plain Dealer says:

It has been made sufficiently plain that divorce reform by constitutional amendment or through uniform state legislation is, humanly speaking, impossible, and it is equally clear that the tremendous influence of the church cannot be brought to bear upon the public or the law-makers so long as the radical differences among the churches themselves are so constantly and sharply accentuated. How can the churches expect the legislatures of forty-five states to agree on a proposition on which the churches them-

selves are so hopelessly divided? All this discussion, however, is not wasted. The debate in the Episcopal convention is interesting, and may be important as the first attempt to test the feasibility of an interdenominational agreement which, though it cannot abolish the evil, will certainly mitigate it. Complete reform can be obtained only through the civil law, but fortunately united church action like that hoped for would prove binding upon that great body of church people who refuse to admit that marriage is merely a civil contract.

Disciplining the Georgia Militia

In the excitement about the national and State campaigns, the Northern press particularly has largely overlooked the important things that have been said and done about last summer's lynchings in the South by the communities concerned. These acts and utterances include the court-martialing and summary dismissal from the Georgia State militia of Captain Robert M. Hitch, the officer in command of the soldiers who were "overpowered" at Statesboro by the mob which afterward burned at the stake two negro murderers; the failure of the grand jury of that (Bulloch) County to indict any member of that mob; and Judge Jones' remarkable charge to the Federal grand jury at Huntsville, Ala., resulting in the indictment of several members of the mob which lynched the negro in that town, soon after the Statesboro affair.

The dismissal of Captain Hitch seems not to have been unexpected, and is quite generally commended by the Southern press. The court of inquiry ordered by Governor Terrell found that Hitch's conduct justified his court-martial, and the verdict of that body was definite. Hitch, however, was defiant to the last. Before both the court of inquiry and the court-martial, he declared that he had done his full duty, as he saw it at the time; and immediately after the sentence of dismissal was signed by Governor Terrell, he addressed to the Governor a letter, four newspaper columns long, accusing that official in pointed and, at times, violent language, of deliberately making him (Hitch) a scapegoat, and of general incompetency. The following excerpts from this remarkable document will serve to show the general tone, and, incidentally, Hitch's estimate of himself:

The majority who fixed the findings and the sentence have not harmed me, though they have done me a grievous wrong. My own self-respect has been untouched by their action; the respect and esteem in which I am held by my friends

throughout the state has been unaffected; I have not been dishonored in the least, but on the contrary, am now honored by thousands of patriotic Georgians who have never known me before. Their action was only a manifestation of an inherent weakness in human nature. They went with the current—what they erroneously supposed was the current of public opinion, and now that same public opinion has spanked them for their pains. . . . If the telegrams and letters which I have received, and the personal expressions which I have heard on all sides and from all sections, are any indication, I am now honored by the white people of Georgia more than ever before, while your name is a byword among thousands who were formerly your friends and supporters.

That Hitch is not entirely deluded about the attitude toward himself of at least an appreciable element in his community, is shown by the fact that since his dismissal he has been elected an honorary member of the company he "commanded" at Statesboro. Most of the Southern papers, however, handle him and his letter without gloves. Says the Atlanta Constitution:

However extreme this decision may seem, it must be manifestly plain that it was the duty of the court, in its view of the testimony before it, to recommend the extremest punishment. The problem facing the military court was one calling for no half-way measures. We do not pretend to say that Captain Hitch did not act in accordance with his judgment under the surrounding circumstances, but the results showed that judgment to have been seriously in error. The action of the military court means that hereafter when Georgia troops are called out to prevent lynching and keep down mobs, the guns of the soldiers will be loaded and the officers will not hesitate, when the emergency comes, to maintain the supremacy of the law, and the authority of the state, at any cost.

And the Florida Times-Union says:

The public mind condemned Captain Hitch even before the court-martial or the court of inquiry considered his case, for without waiting to read the sworn evidence, some things were known as soon as the wires could flash the news to all parts of the country. Accounts received from Statesboro did not show that the men were deterred from doing their duty by fear or by a lack of a proper sense of their obligations. Many of them, acting as individuals, did what they could to protect the prisoners. It was evident that the man in command failed to do that which he had sufficient force to do. Whether his failure was caused by incompetence, by cowardice, or by a sympathy with the lynchers, his punishment is just.

Furthermore, the same paper, commenting on the dismissed officer's letter to Governor Terrell, says:

His letter can only be characterized as a piece of insolence, such as is not surprising from a soldier dismissed from the service for a failure to do his duty. It could not have emanated from

a soldier fit to hold a commission. He "scores the action of the Governor in calling out troops on every occasion." He calls upon him to use more discretion in determining when it is necessary to call out the citizen soldiery of the state. From this it is natural to infer that Captain Hitch did not protect the prisoners because he did not wish them to be protected. The objection he makes to Governor Terrell's action is just such an objection as all make who are opposed to the courts and in sympathy with mobs. But the gall of the thing is striking. The commander-in-chief of the state troops of Georgia is advised as to how he should act by a man who has been kicked out of the state troops!

On the other hand, the Columbia (S. C.) State, although not disposed to defend Hitch, "views without disapprobation" his arraignment of Governor Terrell, and for these reasons:

He charges the Governor with sending him to Statesboro in a subordinate capacity, placing him under the sheriff and judge, and giving him no discretion. That, he declares, is characteristic of Terrell's disposition to shift responsibility to the shoulders of others. The Governor placed him under the sheriff's orders when, he says, it was known that the sheriff was related to the family murdered by the negro prisoners. Then the chief magistrate boarded a train and left the State, being out of the way when the critical moment arrived and remaining away until public sentiment had been crystallized against the militia. The Governor, it is alleged, ordered the court-martial without reading the report of the court of inquiry and approved the findings of the court without reviewing the testimony—two serious allegations. Governor Terrell is generally ridiculed for his lack of backbone and his disposition to play to the galleries and float with the popular tide—faults that have been apparent to others, it must be confessed, besides Captain Hitch.

The grand jury refuses to find an indictment and it is publicly reported that several of the members of that grand jury were active participants in the burning of the murderers, yet Governor Terrell has not spoken in tones that are certain. What will he recommend to the legislature as to that alleged recreant sheriff? Will he urge that those deputies who interfered with his militia be taken to another county and prosecuted for their serious offense? Or will he be satisfied with the one military scapegoat?

Federal Prosecution of Lynchers

The finding of the Bulloch County grand jury which investigated the Statesboro lynching was as follows:

We deplore the recent acts of lawlessness in our city and community. We have investigated the matter in the light of information coming under our personal knowledge and obtained by the examination of a number of witnesses, but we have not been able to find sufficient evidence to warrant indictments.

This finding was disapproved of by Judge Daly, who charged the jury, and who had pre-

sided at the trial of the two negroes who were lynched. He told the jury that he could see no good reason why indictments were not returned. It was also suggested that the Federal Court should take up the case and indict the lynchers at Savannah.

In the meantime, the United States Grand Jury, sitting at Huntsville, Ala., and taking its cue from the remarkable charge of Judge Thomas Jones, brought in its report indicting several members of the mob which, on September 7, took from the jail and lynched a negro for a murder committed only the day before. In his remarkable charge to the jury, Judge Jones had called attention to the thirteenth amendment to the Federal Constitution and had said, concerning the attitude of the mob toward the negro murderer:

If, however, you find something more than a mere felonious purpose to avenge the crime imputed to him, or general malevolence, and that the mob was actuated by the bad spirit that a person of Maples' race, when accused of crime, should not have the right to be acquitted if innocent or condemned and punished by the court, if guilty, and that the mob hung him to prevent his enjoyment of that right because of his race, his murder by a mob of persons of a different race constitutes a crime against the laws of the United States.

In returning the indictments the grand jury said:

Few can be induced to believe that had Maples been a white man charged with killing a negro he would have been thus robbed of his life, and deprived of a trial in the courts and an opportunity to disprove the charge made against him. The white people of this section of the south feel that they owe a duty to the negro race, which has occupied and still occupies an inferior position to theirs, and there can be no higher or greater from a superior to an inferior race. The law must be vindicated, order maintained and anarchy abolished and punished. If this cannot be done by one agency, then rational and honest men should welcome its accomplishment from any source by which punishment and prevention may be lawfully administered. Should these crimes bring upon our people what some may consider as outside tribunals to those made exclusively by the state, the chief blame will be due to the failure of our own people to respect the law and those who violate it.

Naturally, Judge Jones' charge and the jury's presentment were generally commented upon by the Southern press. The State remarks that "the United States judge was hitting hard but he was hitting fairly and honestly," and that whatever may have been the justification for lynch law in the reconstruction days, "now there is no shadow of excuse, and mob violence is a re-

flection on our qualification for self-government." As to bringing lynchers into the United States courts, the State says:

The evidence would be secured, there would be no tricky lawyers, there would be stern judges and the guilty would be convicted. We are satisfied that if the United States courts prosecuted lynchers there would be no more lynchings. But even those most desirous of having these criminals brought to justice would vigorously protest against the United States court taking charge of such cases. It would be an infringement of States' rights and a charge that the commonwealth was unable to execute its own laws—a charge that would hurt because of its large element of truth.

Of the indictments, the Atlanta Constitution says:

In our judgment, the highly important fact to be emphasized in this connection is that it is within the power of the people of the southern states to prevent all trouble of this kind if they want to do so. It will be recalled that in commenting upon the possible continuance of lawlessness at the south, Governor Terrell held up as a warning the probability that there might be attempts at federal interference on the part of the federal courts. The movement in this direction came sooner than he could have anticipated. While the raising of the question is to be deplored, the action of Judge Jones can be made of much value to all the southern states if the good people realize its portent and exercise the power which unquestionably is in their hands. If there are no crimes of this nature committed, there can be no excuse for federal interference. That is the lesson which Judge Jones' action should teach.

The New Orleans Times-Democrat declares that Judge Jones' doctrine "is an insolent and mischievous attempt at an invasion of the province of the State courts, and one that will be found, on review by an authority not quite so prejudiced as he in favor of the Rooseveltian theory of reckless interference, to be quite beyond the intent of the Constitution." On the other hand, the Chicago Evening Post says:

The essential wisdom and the policy of this decision seem undeniable, and it is to be hoped the jurisdiction of the federal courts in such cases will be sustained upon appeal and the distinctions made by Judge Jones established. Lynching is only to be prevented absolutely by the education of public sentiment, but until communities, both North and South, have reached that higher level of social enlightenment the most effectual prosecution by free and unprejudiced tribunals must be assured. And the better element in the South will be glad to have these dangerous outbreaks brought within the purview of the federal courts. This is not interference with state rights or state pride, for the federal courts belong as much to the South as to the North. It merely insures justice against local passion. There are many cases in the North where a similar resort would be welcomed.

**Railroad
Wrecks and Their
Preventives**

The sentencing of a Pennsylvania Railroad engineer to two months' imprisonment and twenty-five dollars fine for having caused a collision by falling asleep at his post; the recent occurrence of several collisions resulting in great loss of life; and the report of the Interstate Commerce Commission showing the frightful slaughter resulting from railroad accidents in this country, and the relative immunity of England from catastrophes of the same kind, have been the subjects of much strong editorial comment during the past month or so. The case of the Pennsylvania engineer was a peculiar one. His failure to keep awake caused a collision at Stowe last spring, and he was prosecuted under the State law which makes neglect of duty by railroad employees a misdemeanor when there is loss of life in consequence. It was shown that the engineer was overworked and sleepy at the time, but the court refused to accept this excuse, and held that, even at the risk of losing his position, a railroad employee should refuse to work when incapacitated by weariness or illness. Discussing both phases of this accountability of railroad employees, the Philadelphia Public Ledger says:

The intent of the act is to prevent avoidable collisions and other railway catastrophes. The legislation would evidently fail in its purpose if employees immediately responsible for mishaps could evade responsibility by the plea of sleepiness or weariness. A heavy responsibility rests also upon railroad companies which exact more than a reasonable day's work from their employees. The companies are held in damages when loss of life or injury results from the lax management of trains, but no penalty can be imposed upon them merely for keeping employees at work for an unreasonable length of time.

On this point of railroads forcing or permitting the overworking of their employees an official of the Interstate Commerce Commission, as quoted by the New York Tribune, said: "A railroad company should not be permitted, under a severe penalty, to continue a man at work after he has completed more than a full day's work in its service. An engineer or a conductor who is physically exhausted should not be held to a moral responsibility for an accident occurring under such conditions. The responsibility, moral and legal, should rest elsewhere." And the Pittsburgh Dispatch discusses the matter in this way:

It certainly seems that the court might have

shown more sympathy for a man who by sheer weariness fell into disaster. But it must be said that the attack on the ruling is misplaced. As a legal principle the fault of succumbing to weariness cannot be held to be divested of responsibility for the result. What is lost sight of in the comments on this case is the need of going back of the engineer to fix responsibility to the public. The man who lets himself be overworked so that, with the public safety in his hands, he is unable to do his duty rightly cannot be relieved of responsibility; nor is the public interest to be served by the familiar verdict of "Nobody to blame." But a responsibility as clear as the engineer's is that of the superior officers who kept him at work until he was so worn out as to fall asleep at the critical moment. It is their duty to guard the safety of their roads and to know what is safe. If they knowingly use spongy iron for car wheels or punky wood for trestles the law will not hesitate to hold them responsible. But in the case of a man who fails from overwork, to stop with fixing the responsibility on him, is very much like adjudging the disaster from the fall of a bridge to be due to weakness in the bridge material and saying nothing about who put the weak material there.

Furthermore, the judge who imposed the sentence upon this engineer is reported to have remarked: "I am satisfied that the higher officials of a company, the despatchers, train runners, or other high officials who exact long and wearying hours of labor from the men, would receive punishment if brought into court when such accidents happen through obeying orders."

The Interstate Commerce Commission's report above referred to shows that during the past year 9984 persons were killed and 78,247 were injured on American railroads. Comparison of our railroad casualties with those in Great Britain, for corresponding periods of time, shows, according to the New York Journal of Commerce, that "while twenty-five passengers were killed and seven hundred and sixty-nine injured in the operation of railroad trains in Great Britain, three hundred and fifty were killed and eight thousand, two hundred and thirty-one injured in the United States." The aggregate of American railway mileage is about ten times that of the British systems, and the same paper goes on to say:

The disparity may not appear excessive when allowance is made for the greater risk attending the operation of railroads over a wide expanse of thinly settled territory, and the greater liability here to accidents due to convulsions of nature. But when account is taken of the actual number of passengers carried in both cases, the disparity transcends all possible deductions which may be made on the score of the greater difficulties of American railroad management and operation. In the United States one pas-

senger was killed to every two million carried, while in the United Kingdom in 47,793,320 passengers carried only one was killed. In the United States one passenger was injured to every 85,000 carried, while in the United Kingdom the proportion was one in 1,540,745.

This paper also refers to a letter on this general subject it has received from Mr. James J. Hill, President of the Great Northern Railway:

Mr. Hill makes the somewhat oracular statement that until the public realizes its own danger from the neglect of those whose duty it is to protect the trains, there will be no relief from the liability to accident. He supplements this statement by the admission that the difficulty in enforcing discipline and the careless familiarity with which men take not only their own lives but the lives of trainloads of passengers into danger, "will not be prevented until those who are responsible through criminal neglect are punished criminally."

As to this, the *Journal of Commerce* remarks that the relatively small amount of money recoverable from a railroad for the loss of a life encourages such concerns to take chances, and continues: "In short, when the laws of the various States of this Union agree in making it a good deal more expensive to kill or to maim the public and the employees of railroads than it is to take the precautions needed for their safety, the percentage of railroad accidents in this country will show a measurable decrease."

Speaking of the frightful wreck at Knobnoster, Mo., caused by a sleepy train crew, the *Kansas City Star* says:

The earnings and profits of the corporation are sufficiently ample to allow some of the prominent holders of stock—notably the Goulds—to make a large show of philanthropy. It would be perfectly feasible by the employment of the block system to protect the trains against the possibility of collisions. Such safeguards should be made compulsory on all railroads. If the corporations that daily carry thousands of people are not animated to a full performance of their duty by the instincts of humanity and a civilized regard for human life, then the law should step in and assert its authority. The public is sick and horror-stricken with the awful railway slaughter that is constantly going on in this country. Are the people ready to enforce the remedy which is in their own hands?

And of wrecks in general, the *Cleveland Plain Dealer* says:

It is the operating system that is mainly responsible for the annual slaughter. Practically every wreck can be attributed to the negligence or blundering of some employee or official, and, generally speaking, whatever the culpability and however clearly established no one is punished for it. This happy-go-lucky, characteristically American tendency, as exemplified on American railroads, has gone too long unchecked.

The *New York Evening Post* insists upon the necessity of adopting the block system, or some other equally effective safety device, and remarks:

The dilatory policy of the railroads has now continued for so many years that they can find no fault if Congress takes radical action. The Interstate Commerce Commission, in its last annual report, laid before Congress a definite measure, and there has been no adverse criticism of it. On the contrary, the manager of one important trunk line declared his intention of preparing to comply with a law like that proposed, which contemplates complete block signalling within five years. The people of the country have a right to require of railroads a reasonable assurance of safety, and the way to enforce this right is now quite plain. The railways have had their chance to make a good showing; too many have neglected it, and their showing is appallingly bad. Unless the managers act of their own motion in adopting safety appliances, the only thing they have to expect is a mandatory law with heavy penalties for its violation.

The Private Car Evil

The Interstate Commerce Commission has been called upon recently to consider the "private car" problem, and the resulting investigation has revealed a situation which, likely enough, will sooner or later be brought before Congress for correction. In a word, the private car evil arises from the ownership, by certain large producers, of cars especially suited to the transportation of their products, and from the consequent ability of such concerns not only to exact minimum rates from the railroad companies which haul these cars, but to demand that the railroads shall charge competitors ruinous rates for the same service. These private cars fall generally into three classes—refrigerator, tank and stock cars, and all of a kind which it would be difficult, if not impractical, for railroad companies to build and keep on hand in sufficient numbers to meet the exigencies of the businesses concerned. Discussing the general aspects of the situation, the *New York Journal of Commerce* says:

The requirements were exceedingly irregular, and the lines over which they extended went in various directions, and made many connections. No one railroad could calculate upon its needs or adjust its facilities to meet them, and no effective agreement or concert of action among the lines was practicable. On the other hand, not all shippers of dressed meat or of fresh fruits could own cars and make contracts with railroads for their transportation. The natural result was the organizing of car companies, and

it was equally natural that these should be controlled by the large shippers of the commodities using the cars. Those companies are controlled by the largest shippers, like the packing houses, who are able to drive hard bargains with the railroads and to force a discrimination in the treatment of those who use the cars without any share in their ownership. According to testimony before the Interstate Commerce Commission the power acquired by this "car trust" has been used "without remorse and without fear," to extort favorable contracts from the railroads and at the same time to crush out competition with the concerns that control the "trust," or are in league with it. Whether the solution of the problem lies in organizing a single corporation to acquire and manage the refrigerator and other special service cars, and to be itself controlled by the railroad companies that do the actual transporting, as has been proposed, is a question for careful consideration; but it is evident that something must be done to rectify an abuse begotten of the rapacity that constantly seeks the power of monopoly to levy tribute upon the many for the profit of the few.

"Here, then," says the Springfield Republican, "is a great agency for the building

up-of-trusts and the crushing out of competition in various industries." And furthermore,

The railroad companies seem to be powerless to remedy the evil. The big private car concerns, if they cannot get the terms demanded of one road, will throw their business over to another; and if the large railroads stand out together, the private car concern will hunt for a small road, or a "weak sister" somewhere, to use as a club over the larger lines. But what the railroads want or do not want in this particular is of small consequence compared with what the public interest demands. Mr. Midgley's plan is to put the operation of private cars on a per diem basis—say 50 cents a day for so much weight in the case of refrigerator cars, 30 cents for stock cars, and 20 cents for others. But the plan of the Interstate Commerce Commission is to abolish the private car altogether, and compel the railroad companies to own all cars going over their roads, which cars shall be open to all shippers alike at uniform rates. And this is the plan that should be adopted, and it is the only plan which will end effectually this particular method of securing discriminating advantages in railway traffic. The matter demands the immediate attention and action of Congress.

Books on Vital Issues

International Arbitration*

THE report of the tenth annual Lake Mohonk Conference is a very interesting and valuable document, and one that can be commended confidently to those superior persons who regard international arbitration and universal peace as purely academic matters, appealing exclusively to soft-hearted women and soft-headed men, not at all to hard-headed men of business and affairs. In the variety of speakers at this conference there were differences of gifts, but there was common to all the same spirit of reasonable conviction, cheerfulness, and hope. Some of the speakers were more idealistic than others; some more anxious than others to save their political baggage and to justify their partizan affiliations; but there was no vamping, no wild and whirling speech. The conference was made up of men and women representing the most various in-

terests, activities and professions, and no important aspect of the matter under discussion was left untouched or relegated to an incompetent speaker. To a notable degree the discussions were carried on by specialists of marked ability. There was enough honest difference to preserve them from a dull and tasteless uniformity, but with this saving salt there was no pepper to speak of, and of vinegar absolutely none. It would seem that the most skeptical or indifferent could not read this report without assurance that here was no "up-in-the-air-balloon work," but an aggregation of facts and opinions deserving the attention of all serious-minded men.

The president of the conference, Hon. George Gray, in his opening address, considered briefly all the more prominent matters that were afterward treated by the various speakers with more elaboration. It was agreed that so far as the Russo-Japanese war was concerned the speakers should, like the damned in Beckford's "Vathek," hold their hands upon their hearts in speechless

*REPORT OF THE TENTH ANNUAL MEETING OF THE LAKE MOHONK CONFERENCE ON INTERNATIONAL ARBITRATION, 1904. Reported by William J. Rose. Published by the Lake Mohonk Arbitration Conference.

sorrow, but the president ventured so far across the line of this interdict as to say that the Hague Tribunal would shed more glory on the Czar's reign than any victory in war that he was likely to achieve. He was satisfied that there was good ground for thinking that the project of a treaty of arbitration between England and the United States was already in a forward state of progress. The Alaskan boundary judgment was hailed with the subdued enthusiasm of a statesman conscious that the American victory there was more famous than deserved. The submission of the Venezuelan claims to the Hague Tribunal was hailed with equal satisfaction, though in that case it was the little end of the horn of plenty that fell to our share. There was no "speaking evil of dignities"; but the president of the conference seemed to have in mind the truculent bellicosity of the reigning President of the United States, when he quoted the language of another: "Not even by indirection may a strong power, with impunity, despoil a weak one of its territory."

Dr. Trueblood, in an address on "The Year's Progress in Arbitration," followed up the address of the president and confirmed it with more elaboration and detail. He spoke of the Venezuelan decision as giving great disappointment, but approved its technical justice. This was carefully debated further on, the general opinion being that under the circumstances no other decision was possible. A group of European treaties conformable to the principles of the Hague Tribunal was hailed with warmer satisfaction, that between France and England a year since as one of the most remarkable events in the history of social progress. Assurance was given of another group of treaties (between our own Government and European states) in a promising state of forwardness. Apart from the direct action of the Hague Tribunal a number of international differences have been submitted to special arbitrators or arbitral commissions. The forming of an American Group of the Interparliamentary Union in January last was declared to be the most important American contribution to the arbitration policy in the course of the year. In conclusion, Dr. Trueblood called attention to the steadily advancing work of the International Peace Congress and other powerful organizations in furtherance of the peaceful settlement of international disputes.

The Hon. Robert Baker brought a vigorous indictment against the enormous expenditure of our Government for military and naval organization, and against the men who almost simultaneously made professions of peace principles in the International Parliamentary Group at Washington and voted for the military and naval appropriations. These appropriations were warmly defended by Mr. Hayne Davis and Mr. Marshall H. Bright, and these gentlemen were quietly and effectively answered by Dr. Homer B. Sprague and Mrs. Lucia Ames Mead. Mrs. Mead made the interesting comparison of a battleship's cost with that of our educational institutions. The *Iowa* cost more than all of Harvard's ninety-four buildings, with those of Hampton and Tuskegee added. She made the right distinction between national armies and a police force, showing that an international armed force to hale the nations to a court of arbitration would bear a genuine analogy to an ordinary police force.

Of expert talk there was none better than that of J. Bassett Moore at the second morning session. He, too, spoke of the Venezuela decision, and from a lawyer's point of view found it without defect. With many others he noted the judicial character of the Hague Tribunal, and pleaded for some legislative and executive addition to its powers. Commenting on the Franco-British treaty, he applauded it as a great advance on the traditional relations of the two countries, but expressed his hope and belief that America and England would do much better, including "vital interests" and "points of honor" in the conditions of the treaty now only waiting for the end of the presidential campaign to clear the way for its triumphant march. Hon. J. V. L. Findlay did not think it necessary to fight the devil with fire, *i.e.* to have an international army to enforce the Hague decrees. "What we want to accomplish," he said, "if it is possible, is to strive, each one of us, to make the conscience of the nations the sum and expression of the highest conscience of the individuals who compose those nations." Mr. J. B. Henderson also criticized the Hague Tribunal as not going far enough, and pleaded for a permanent tribunal to which the nations shall oblige themselves to resort before taking up arms. The second evening session was remarkable for its exhibition of the aid received for the arbitral propaganda from business men, and business organizations. Thirty-six great business

organizations have indorsed the circular of the Mohonk Conference. Representatives of many of these spoke at the Thursday evening session, and no part of the proceedings is better worth consideration than their speeches, brief and to the point. It was a case of "Saul also among the prophets," and speaking in no doubtful tone. Representatives of foreign countries added much to the occasion with their weighty speech. A significant word was that of Edwin D. Mead,

to the effect that Canadian dissatisfaction with the Alaska decision was directed against America's failure to appoint impartial jurists on the commission. No more searching word was spoken than that of Dr. Lyman Abbott pleading for non-aggression as a better key to the situation than non-resistance, and for a heart of peace in individual life. The promise of the Angel Song was that "of peace on earth to men of gentle will."

John White Chadwick.

Two Notable Books on Slavery

MR. FREDERICK LAW OLMSTED, JR., has paid a fitting tribute to the memory of his distinguished father in the republication of "A Journey in the Seaboard Slave States," originally issued by Frederick Law Olmsted in 1856. The work comprises nearly a thousand pages, bound in two splendidly executed volumes, and is published by the Knickerbocker Press, G. P. Putnam's Sons.*

Mr. Olmsted is best known to our American history as the designer of Central Park, New York, and Prospect Park, Brooklyn, and for the services he rendered toward the preservation of the renowned Yosemite Valley. His peculiar talents for beautifying the world by the maintenance of natural beauties and the application of art to landscape served to identify him with other park enterprises of the middle of the past century, and he is declared by no less a critic than Prof. Charles Eliot Norton as "the greatest artist that America has yet produced." But great as were these services, it is not at all impossible that his most considerable gift to the permanent welfare of our republic will be found to be those records of travel and investigation published from 1853 to 1861, describing customs, economic conditions, and the general appearance of those States in which negro slavery was at that time an established institution.

The book is particularly timely in view of the readjusted attitude of many people, both North and South, on the "Race Problem." The perplexing questions that arise in the Southern States from the proximity of the two races in large numbers are causing

many entirely patriotic people to question whether the emancipation of the black race was a wise step, while an increasing number of people at the North are becoming less critical of the South, and more disposed to feel that the people in the locality affected are, after all, the only reliable judges of the conditions past and present. The evils of negro independence are constantly being brought to public notice, while more and more we are being reminded of the peace and security of the former days, when the negro was a member of the household in which the slave master was patriarch and protector. It is well, therefore, to have the corrective of a calm and impartial picture of the conditions existing in the slaveholding States before the war, and we believe that leaders of public thought, both North and South, agree that the long and honorable public career of Frederick Law Olmsted entitles him to universal confidence as an accurate observer and faithful recorder.

It is true that at the time these notes were published proslavery publications sought to discredit the work by describing it as "abounding in bitterness and prejudice of every sort," and as pandering to abolitionist fanaticism, but even then it was impossible for fair-minded people to find any ground for such criticism, while the half century which has elapsed since that period affords a fair field for dispassionate estimate. The author was not an abolitionist, and one will search in vain for any of that passion and fervor which characterize the antislavery utterances of the day. Probably he did not see everything in the slave territory. The book lacks any picture of the prosperous and beautifully kept plantations, where wealth and culture blended to make the home life ideal. But what he saw he described with a candor and with paucity of critical com-

*A JOURNEY IN THE SEABOARD SLAVE STATES. By Frederick Law Olmsted (Originally issued in 1856). With a Biographical Sketch by Frederick Law Olmsted, Jr. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, 1904. Two Volumes, \$5.00 net.

ment rarely found in descriptive writers on any theme. In the introduction to these volumes, Mr. W. P. Trent, who certainly will not be regarded as hostile to Southern life and virtues, declares that we must, "unless we are wedded to partisanship, accept, however reluctantly, this general picture of Southern conditions. That the Southern masses were far behind those of the North in the comforts of life, that save in exceptional instances the accommodations for travelers were primitive and disagreeable, that houses and farms were not well kept up, that coarse food, surly manners, and crass ignorance were to be found everywhere the explorer turned his feet, that slave auctions were disagreeable sights, and that nearly everything he saw of the institutions should have seemed to him both revolting and uneconomic—in all this there is nothing that the modern reader can challenge."

The work is not the argument of an advocate who would inveigh against the people he visited, or the institution which was the prominent feature of their civilization. If this had been his purpose, he was inexcusably careless in the gathering of impressions. For example: The one picture used at that period more than any other to arouse sentiment against slavery was the picture of a slave auction, "children torn from their weeping mothers and carried to distant States," etc.; but, while Mr. Olmstead saw several slave auction places in his travels, he distinctly says that he never witnessed the selling of a slave, and the only description of this found in the book is introduced from another journal, which he thinks a fair picture. His purpose, everywhere apparent, is to prove that the system is a loss to the people burdened by it; that the South has unfortunately allowed herself to be drawn into a social state disadvantageous to her from every point of view; that slave labor, the kind of labor from which independent thought is excluded, and the toiler made to labor by direction from without, is expensive and inefficient; and that the more far-reaching influence of the system is in the stigma placed upon the ordinary forms of manual toil, because, as he explains, since slaves are excluded from trade and the professions, "wherever the influence of slavery extends, those occupations to which slaves are condemned are considered to belong to a lower *caste* of the community, and so to degrade those who engage in them." Indeed, the philosophy of this

keen observer is not without its lesson in the present economic discussions, both North and South, and aside from the question of the relation of the races, may profitably be read for its lessons on the relations of capital and labor.

A letter written to the North by a Virginia planter in 1855 may well be cited as typical of the conditions described by Mr. Olmsted: "As to laborers, we work, chiefly, slaves, not because they are cheaper, but rather, because they are the only *reliable* labor we can get. The whites here engage to work *for less price than the blacks* can be got for; yet, they will not work well, and *rarely work out the time specified*. If any of your friends come here and wish to work whites, I would advise them, by all means, to bring them with them; for our white laborers are far inferior to our blacks, and our black labor is far inferior to what we read and hear of your laborers."

Aside from its interest as descriptive of slavery conditions, the work abounds in delightful pictures of Southern scenery and sparkling anecdote, and is, withal, a charming book to read for entertainment.

It is fortunate that there comes to the public at almost the same time another work treating of slavery, which may fairly be accepted as an authority upon many of the most perplexing questions of that history. Professor Collins, of Claremont College, Hickory, N. C., has written, not as an entertainer, but as a student, in his examination of "The Domestic Slave Trade in the Southern States."* He has consulted the Congressional and other libraries, and books of travel, newspapers and periodicals, statistics of the Southern States and national census reports, and has condensed the essential results of his investigation in a volume of one hundred and fifty pages. The volume does not assume to be a thesis, but in the pursuit of his information the author appears to have been led to a special study of the domestic traffic in slaves, as being the kernel of the problem; and in the study of this phase of the problem he appears to have been driven quite as naturally to a very significant conclusion, which he records with strong corroborative evidence, but without dogmatism:

"Had the States retained the power to im-

*THE DOMESTIC SLAVE TRADE OF THE SOUTHERN STATES. By Winfield H. Collins. The Broadway Publishing Co., New York, 1904. \$1.25

port [slaves] it is not probable that the domestic trade would ever have assumed any great importance. It is not likely that the people of the South and West would have paid high prices for the negroes from the border States when they could have been had from abroad for so much less.

"The great profits, too, which induced men to carry on the domestic trade, would have been wanting. Assuming this, then, the consequent low price of slaves in the border slave States, added to the disinclination of many of these States to make merchandise of the negro, might have led, as the negroes increased and became a burden upon their masters, to gradual emancipation."

In other words, the author intimates that, had the States permitted the importation of slaves from abroad, not only would the evils connected with the domestic traffic in slaves have been avoided, but the very abundance of the slaves in the market would have destroyed their economic value, and left them destitute of masters. Perhaps it was to save the slave masters from the unpleasant necessity of running away from their slaves that one after another State legislature passed laws hostile to the importation of negroes, or more probably this economic law was obeyed quite unconsciously, and the value of "this kind of property" was enhanced by the very moral protest which sought to abate the traffic in it.

While the border States were suffering under the burden of cheap labor and depleted lands, and kindly disposed planters were finding themselves often compelled to buy additional lands in order to feed their numerous slaves, the seaboard States were pushing to the height of their prosperity and the cotton fields and sugar plantations of the South were clamoring for laborers. Thus, with importation cut off and with the domestic demand from the South pressing upon the Northern slaveholding States, one is not surprised to see the estimate, for example, that during the year 1836, 150,000 slaves were transported to Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana and Arkansas from the older slave States.

The days of barter in human flesh and blood are brought vividly to view by some of the advertisements which appeared in the papers of slave-selling States. The *Village Herald* (Princess Anne, Md.), January 7, 1831, contains this: "Cash for Negroes:—I wish to purchase 600 or 700 Negroes for the

New Orleans market, and will give more than any other purchaser that is now or hereafter may come into the field."

The *Virginia Times* in 1836 estimated that 120,000 slaves had been exported from the State during the previous twelve months, of whom two-thirds had been taken with their masters, leaving about 40,000 to have been sold. The author emphatically denies that the slave-selling States engaged in the "breeding of slaves" for the market, and gives graphic pictures of the low estimate in which slave-traders were held by the slave-owners of all parts of the South. Many masters absolutely refused to sell their slaves, though the large number of dependents had become a great burden to them, and many were set free in every year preceding the war. The Southern markets were extensively supplied by kidnaped negroes, of whom the author estimates that the number was always largely in excess of the slaves who escaped from their masters.

Descriptions of slave prisons are given, and while some of these market enclosures were well and comfortably kept, many were probably of the type described by the poet Whittier in 1843: "It is a damp, dark and loathsome building. We passed between two ranges of small stone cells filled with blacks. We noticed five or six in a single cell which seemed scarcely large enough for a single tenant. The heat was suffocating. In rainy weather the keeper told us that the prison was uncomfortably wet. In winter there could be no fire in these cells."

While the standard price for strong working slaves during the most prosperous days of the slave trade ranged from \$1,000 to \$1,500, and while many masters used exceptional care to keep the families together and to find new masters who would exercise the same kindly mastery they had practised, there were enough exceptions to make the picture one not to be contemplated with pride. The highest price paid was not for laborers, but for beautiful slave girls. In 1837 in New Orleans the sale of a slave girl is reported—"The beautiful Martha was struck off at \$4,500," while the New Orleans *Picayune* of the same year reports the sale of a girl "remarkable for her beauty and intelligence, who sold at \$7,000."

The author writes in the spirit of an investigator, not in the spirit of a critic; but he nevertheless supplies data for more than one story as thrilling as "Uncle Tom's Cabin,"

and affords to the current discussion of possibly the greatest problem before the Ameri-

can people a fund of information whose value cannot well be overestimated.

Presidential Problems*

MR. CLEVELAND has given us in this volume very able discussions of four important incidents of his administrations of the presidency—to wit, his famous controversy with the Senate in 1886 (this under the head, "The Independence of the Executive"); the attitude of the Government during the Chicago strike of 1894; a history of the bond issues of 1894, 1895 and 1896; and a careful, detailed and exceedingly interesting consideration of the remarkable Venezuelan complications. Although, naturally enough, these discussions are not entirely free of *ex parte* feeling, their general tone is admirably judicial and restrained.

The first seventy-odd pages of the book are occupied by the discussion of "The Independence of the Executive." The controversy here described arose, it will be remembered, from Mr. Cleveland's insistence upon his right to remove a certain Southern district attorney without putting the Committee on Judiciary in possession of all the facts upon which that removal was based. Mr. Cleveland's point was that removals of this character could be made at the discretion of the Executive, and that Senate committees as such were entitled only to know the qualifications of a new appointee. This latter information he stood ready at all times to supply; but he declined to submit to the committee the charges against the official whom he had removed. The discussion is preceded by a scholarly sketch of the beginnings and development of executive independence. Most of our readers will recollect the controversy in question, and to many of them at the time it seemed, doubtless, a discreditable performance on the part of the Senate, and a curious, if not rather alarming commentary on the lengths to which the dogma of "senatorial courtesy" may be carried, particularly when it is re-enforced—if not inspired—by partizanship. As to the great number of removals made immediately upon his becoming President, Mr. Cleveland remarks: "I have no disposition to evade the fact that suspensions of officials holding presi-

dential commissions began promptly, and were quite vigorously continued; but I confidently claim that every suspension made was with honest intent and, I believe, in accordance with the requirements of good administration, and consistent with prior executive pledges." And he refers explicitly to the cases of various postmasters who were proved guilty of having used their offices for partizan purposes during the campaign. His general course, Mr. Cleveland defends as follows:

In considering the requests made for the transmission of the reasons for suspensions, and the papers relating thereto, I could not avoid the conviction that a compliance with such requests would be to that extent a failure to protect and defend the Constitution, as well as a wrong to the great office I held in trust for the people, and which I was bound to transmit unimpaired to my successors; nor could I be unmindful of a tendency in some quarters to encroach upon executive functions, or of the eagerness with which executive concession would be seized upon as establishing precedent. . . . In this condition of affairs it was plainly intimated by members of the majority in the Senate that if all charges against suspended officials were abandoned, and their suspensions based entirely upon the grounds that the spoils belonged to the victors, confirmations would follow. This, of course, from my standpoint, would have been untruthful and dishonest; but the suggestion indicated that in the minds of some Senators, at least, there was a determination to gain a partizan advantage by discrediting the professions of the President, who, for the time, represented the party they opposed. This manifestly could be thoroughly done by inducing him to turn his back upon the pledges he had made, and to admit, for the sake of peace, that his action arose solely from a desire to put his party friends in place.

Such was the animus of the Senate throughout this controversy. It is possible, of course, that some of the Senators had sincere misgivings as to the justice of Mr. Cleveland's position, but in the main the affair constitutes a disquieting commentary upon the party system of politics.

Mr. Cleveland's discussion of the Chicago strike is no less thorough and informing in its historical aspects. It is true that there are occasional traces of asperity, especially in the references to the parts played by Governor Altgeld and Mr. Debs, whose attitudes many honest and intelligent persons still believe were by no means prompted

*PRESIDENTIAL PROBLEMS. By Grover Cleveland. The Century Co., New York. \$1.80, net..

solely by demagogism or lunacy. And not a few of Mr. Cleveland's readers would have been glad to have from him a little fuller discussion of the very important question raised by the actual imprisonment of strike leaders for "contempt of court" in having refused to obey an injunction. On the other hand, he very ably defends his summoning of the Federal troops, making clear that his reason for so doing was not alone the interference with the mails, but because he believed that he was given the power so to act by Section 5299 of the United States statutes. This is the statute, and Mr. Cleveland's invoking of it is the precedent, which have been cited by those who have maintained that President Roosevelt should have interfered during the very serious disturbances incident to the strike of the Colorado miners.

Still more interesting and significant for American readers is Mr. Cleveland's review of the Venezuelan controversy. Here is a rapid but careful sketch of the beginnings and the development of the difference between Great Britain and Venezuela as to the boundary between the latter country and Dutch Guiana. It is a story which ought to make Englishmen feel pretty uncomfortable. For Mr. Cleveland establishes pretty clearly that Great Britain's attitude toward the weak and often almost humble South American nation grew steadily more and more overbearing, and that her demands apparently were prompted more and more by mere cupidity. He shows that for several years the United States consistently maintained the attitude of an entirely disinterested would-be peacemaker. It will be remembered that not until Lord Salis-

bury flatly refused to recognize the principle of the Monroe doctrine, or to admit the propriety of our interest in the operations of Great Britain in South America, that President Cleveland sent to Congress his decisive and decidedly startling message, wherein he recommended the appointment of a commission which should report upon the merits of the controversy, and then said:

When such report is made and accepted, it will, in my opinion, be the duty of the United States to resist by every means in its power, as a wilful aggression upon its rights and interests, the appropriation by Great Britain of any lands or the exercise of governmental jurisdiction over any territory which after investigation we have determined of right belongs to Venezuela.

The sensation which this declaration caused, and the criticism of Mr. Cleveland which it evoked, will be clearly recalled. Whether or not there was much or little justice in these criticisms, it will be well enough for those who expressed or approved of them to read what Mr. Cleveland has written in defense and explanation of his policy. And in closing it will be well to quote what Mr. Cleveland says of the decision which the arbitrators finally reached:

The line they determined upon as the boundary line between the two countries begins in the coast at a point considerably south and east of the mouth of the Orinoco river, thus giving to Venezuela the absolute control of that important waterway, and awarding her valuable territory near it. Running inland, the line is so located as to give to Venezuela quite a considerable section of territory within the Schomburgk line. This results not only in the utter denial of Great Britain's claim to any territory lying beyond the Schomburgk line, but also in the award to Venezuela of a part of the territory which for a long time England had claimed to be so clearly hers that she would not consent to submit it to arbitration.



Cartoons upon Current Events

CONFLICTING ORDERS



WHICH WAYOVICH IS A FELLOW TO GO-AVIK,
ANYWAYSKI?
—Brinkerhoff in Toledo Blade



THE CAT CAME BACK
—Warren in Boston Herald



TO-DAY
—C. G. Bush in N. Y. World



UNEXPECTED VISITORS
—Mahoney in Washington Evening Star



HOW LONG CAN HE KEEP IT UP?

—Atlanta Journal



THE STEADY WORKER

THE ANGEL DEATH—Oh, yes, War; you do pretty well for a spasmodic fellow, but look what my lieutenant yonder does, with no apparent effort.

—Bartholomew in Minneapolis Journal



“SEEIN’ THINGS AT NIGHT”

“I woke up in the dark and saw things standin’ in a row A-lookin’ at me cross-eyed an’ p’intin’ at me—so!”

—Bartholomew in Minneapolis Journal



EDUCATIONAL COMPLICATIONS

—Donahy in Cleveland Plain Dealer



AS MR. LAWSON SEES IT

It is possible to-day for the Standard Oil, with dollars, to "steer" the selection of the candidates of both great parties for president so that the people must elect one of the "steered" candidates—Thos. W. Lawson's Frenzied Finance.

—Satterfield in Cleveland Press



THE EVERLASTING PROBLEM

—Maybell in Brooklyn Daily Eagle



"HERE WE ARE AGAIN!"

—C. G. Bush in N. Y. World



THE CAMPAIGN IS ENDED

Having studied the Elephant and the Tiger, we will now observe the habits of the Turkibus Thanksgivingensis.
—Satterfield in Cleveland Press

People in the Foreground

The Revival of Shakespearean Drama

The most noteworthy production of the dramatic season thus far, and what will likely prove the most noteworthy of the entire season, has been the appearance of Mr. E. H. Sothern and Miss Julia Marlowe in a series of Shakespearean productions. These well-known artists represent the highest that the American stage offers. The quality and character of their work are known to all who are in the least conversant with the stage. So far they have presented with marked success "Much Ado about Nothing," "Romeo and Juliet" and "Hamlet." During the next three years they are to be seen in several other Shakespearean plays. The prospect thus presented is one of the most inspiring and promising that has been witnessed in the dramatic field for years. A review of their first production in New York will be found in the present issue of this magazine in the department of "The Drama."

Robert Hunter

The article "Imported Americans," on another page of this number, gives interest to the subject of this note, for what Mr. and Mrs. Brandenburg did for the Italian immigrant before and after his arrival in this country as

therein narrated, Mr. Robert Hunter and his wife are about to continue by taking up their residence in the West Side Italian district of New York City. This, however,



MISS JULIA MARLOWE AND MR. E. H. SOTHERN AS ROMEO AND JULIET

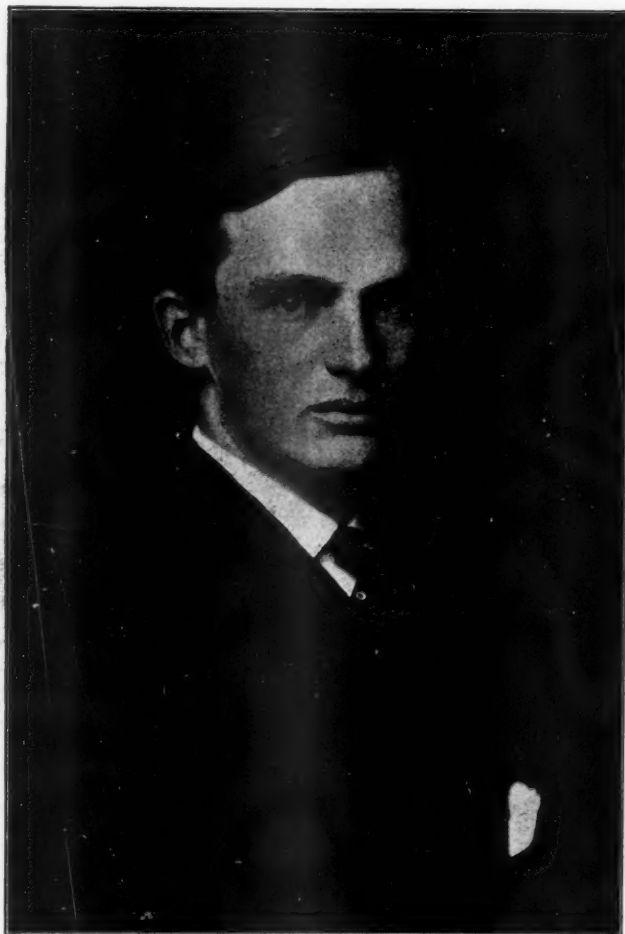
is no new venture for Mr. Hunter. For years he has been identified with College Settlement work in this country, and with the study of conditions of the poor in our large cities.

Mr. Hunter was graduated from the University of Indiana in 1896. His prepara-

tion was for the study of social work. In the years immediately following, his studies led him into residence in the Archey Road section of Chicago and back of the "yards," among the poorest working people in the country, and in lodging-houses studying vagrancy. In 1899 he was at Hull House, Chicago, among the Italians, and in 1900 at Toynbee Hall and other settlements in England. He was Chairman of the Tenement Committee of Chicago, and wrote

laws protecting 290,000 children. In the summer of 1903 he visited Russian and Polish Ghettos and studied the workings of German workingmen's Insurance Organizations.

The man who can point at this record is certainly qualified to write a book on problems connected with social and economic conditions of the poor of great cities. Mr. Hunter has written his book, "Poverty" (The Macmillan Company), and his survey of conditions in this country is one that thinking people can not read without apprehension for the future.



Courtesy of The Macmillan Company

MR. ROBERT HUNTER

a report of the housing conditions. Later he became head of the University Settlement of New York, Chairman of the New York Child Labor Committee, which passed

no record that in his younger days he ever played cricket or football. From his youth up only intellectual pleasures have appealed to him. He revels in long walks across the

Among the many "Honest prominent person-John" ages from abroad who are visiting America at the present time, there are few whose personality, character and achievements possess for us a greater and more stimulating interest than Mr. John Morley—"Honest John," as he is popularly called in England, half in jest, half in affection. His name has often been before the public in recent months as the biographer of Gladstone and as the donor to Cambridge University of the late Lord Acton's splendid library, presented to him first by Andrew Carnegie. The gift was a tribute to the high esteem and friendship in which Mr. Morley is held by Mr. Carnegie.

"In private life," says a writer in the Springfield Republican, "he is described as one of the most genial of hosts, and cordial and delightful of companions. But one thing he lacks which marks him as a man apart from most of his fellows. He has no amusements. He neither rides nor cycles, nor does he indulge in that favorite pastime of the man much given to meditation—fishing. Golf has never tempted him. There is

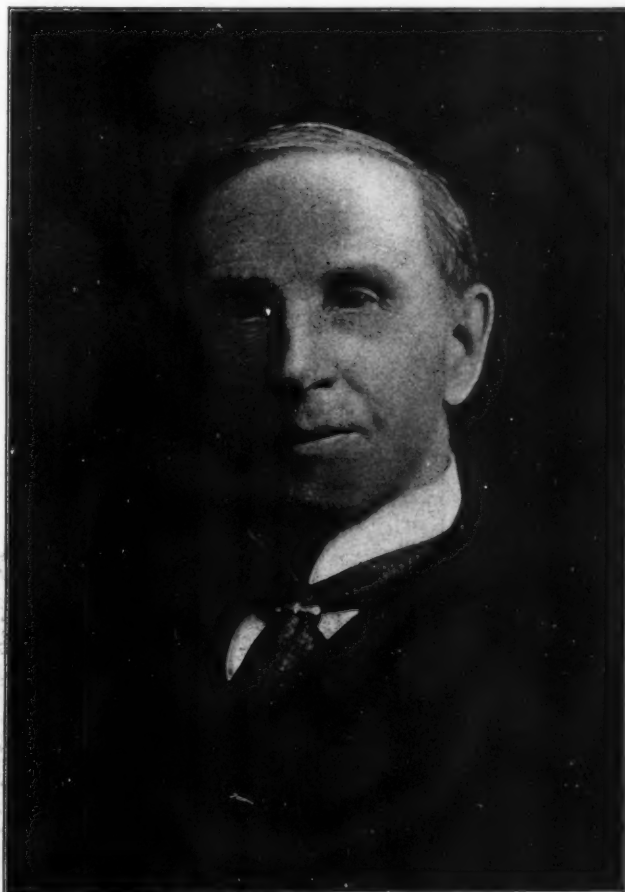
hills or solitary meditations in country lanes. Still more does he enjoy a good book and a shady seat in some quiet garden. He seldom goes to a theater. His one relaxation is music, of which, like Mr. Bal-four, he is passionately fond. But from the House of Commons he delights most to retreat to his library, where, with some well-thumbed work in his hand, he forgets the intrigues of the lobbies and the heresies and vagaries of his political associates.

In another place in this same article the author says: "John Morley has not a personality which makes for popularity with the masses. To most people he appears as a stern, unsympathetic person—the incarnate genius of political rectitude in a frock coat and high hat. He has an austere physiognomy and a grave sedateness of demeanor which keep people at a distance. But those who know him intimately, as Andrew Carnegie does, declare that the common view of him as a frigid philosopher, who is indifferent to all the softer emotions, is founded on an entire misconception of the real man. He has a rich, well-cultivated imagination and a great deal more of the poetic temperament than most of his contemporaries." From the portrait which we print herewith our readers will perhaps be enabled to form some opinion of the truth of the pen-portrait which we have quoted.

The Author
of
Hans Brinker

The first great success of an author or artist or actor often so impresses the public mind that subsequent fine accomplishment in different fields is apt to be obscured by the early work. The perspective of achievement seems distorted, and the first success fills the foreground whenever the artist's name is mentioned. When "Hans Brinker, or the Silver Skates" first delighted a generation of

young folk who now have young folk of their own, there was won a success such as that to which we have referred. Mary Mapes Dodge then and there so identified



Courtesy of The Macmillan Company

MR. JOHN MORLEY

herself to an admiring public as the author of this child classic that the superfine quality of her subsequent work in the field of poetry and in the conduct of the "St. Nicholas Magazine for Young Folk," which has extended over a period of many years, has perhaps never been quite clearly discerned through the glamour of fame and success which, from the first, enveloped her remarkable story.

The recent publication of a new edition of her poems, with additional later verse, brings Mrs. Dodge's work and personality

once more prominently before the public. She has written but little during the last few years, and that little has been almost, if not quite wholly, for "St. Nicholas." To

The thought bestowed upon details, the forethought to secure the best work from the best writers, the care and judgment used in editing so as to present to young readers



MRS. MARY MAPES DODGE

those who know that magazine well in spirit and in letter the thought will suggest itself that in its bound volumes, representing many years of most conscientious and brilliant editorship, and of the most wholesome and far-reaching influence, there lies a more lasting tribute to the genius of Mrs. Dodge than in either Hans Brinker or in her books of verse.

only what is pure and wholesome, both in text and illustration, without being either pedantic or milk-soppy, has made "St. Nicholas," under Mrs. Dodge's care, a magazine of which the late Charles Dudley Warner once said, in effect, that if it did not suit the modern child, the modern child should be made to suit it.

**Schumann-
Heink
in Light Opera**

One of the interesting events of the dramatic season has been the appearance in light opera of Frau Schumann-Heink, who has for many seasons been the leading dramatic contralto at the Metropolitan Opera House. Her interpretations of the great rôles of the Wagnerian and other operas have given unbounded delight by reason of her superb

voice are not so large. The music of her part is a considerable step down from grand opera, while the music of the seconds and the chorus is a considerable step up from musical comedy. The common meeting-ground presents results, therefore, that are, on the whole, pleasing, if not entrancing, but one can not rid the mind of the impression of a good-natured musical lioness playing with musical mice—very gently



From photograph by G. M. Hayes & Co., Detroit

FRAU SCHUMANN-HEINK AS LINA IN "LOVE'S LOTTERY"

vocal and dramatic gifts, and have been ever true to the loftiest artistic standards. She has, however, shown on other occasions, when free from the restraint of operatic dress-parade, a fund of humor which can easily account for her wish to appear in a rôle that would give her fun-loving propensities full opportunity. As the good-natured laundry woman, Lina, in "Love's Lottery," she has ample swing for her comicalities, but the opportunities for her

and without ever fully letting herself go. Once, indeed, she has the stage to herself, and it is a memorable lesson in art when she sings the "Thoughts of Home," just to see what a great artist can do with a simple song. It is marvelous. But, after all, it seems a pity for such voice and such art to be devoted to any but the highest aims, and one can not help wishing that by another season this admirable artist will have repacked her operatic trunk and moved

one block down Broadway, back to the big house that has rung with her voice in former seasons.

**The Author of
"The American
Commonwealth"**

The interest and admiration aroused at the time of the publication of "The American Commonwealth," a few years ago, is bound in a measure, to be renewed this winter by the visit to this country of the author, the Hon. James Bryce, whose portrait forms the frontispiece of this number. He is, in fact, here now, and recently lectured at Cambridge in the series of Godkin Lectures on Government. Here is a pen-portrait of him on that occasion, as printed in the New York World:

"He is a small man, about sixty-five years old, with a very large head, most of which seems to protrude backward and to slant upward and backward from his high forehead. He is bald on top, with that sort of white hair and beard which sometimes turns yellow. He has very bushy eyebrows of the same color, is round shouldered, very nicely dressed, and has quite a distinct Irish accent, not at all the broad English accent which I had expected. He is a distinct speaker, though very quiet and absolutely unemotional. He has a high nasal voice, but he expresses himself in

very good English and can be easily heard." In a notice of Mr. Bryce in a recent number of "Harper's Weekly," "The American Commonwealth" is referred to as "the ablest and most impartial study of American institutions ever given to the world. In preparation of this work Mr. Bryce spent much time in the United States, and has been here on other occasions since, so that he is familiar with the country and on terms of personal friendship with many of our public men. Mr. Bryce has been active in the public life of England for forty years, and the list of honorary and official positions he has held, or now holds, is long and formidable. He has been a member of Parliament for Aberdeen, Scotland, since 1885, was appointed Under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs in 1886, and later became a member of the British Cabinet, where he held the position of president of the board of trade. Mr. Bryce has traveled extensively in all parts of the world, and is particularly fond of angling and mountain climbing. He was president of the Alpine Club for two years. He is specially interested just now in the proposed treaty of arbitration between this country and Great Britain, and as president of the Anglo-American League has done much toward developing in England public interest in this peace compact."

The Original of Lady Kitty?

G OSSIP, in the present tense, is, of course, a reprehensible thing. But gossip in the past tense, gathered in diaries and memoirs, mellowed by time, is part of the storehouse of the Muses, and beloved of Clio, of Thalia, and of Melpomene. The "Iliad" harks back to gossip about Helen of Troy; Dante was beholden to the Florentine busybodies for many a moving incident. Where would English historians be, bereft of Pepys and Horace Walpole, or what could Shakespeare and Scott have done without the accumulated centuries of gossip chronicles that provided rich material ready to their hand? Let us give the gossips their due. When they and their generation are gone, the lights fled, the garlands dead, the rancors and strifes and passions over and buried, they make the best reading in the world, and the modern romancer seeks

their pages eagerly—and rightly—to point a moral and adorn the tale.

The seven years of the reign of the Sailor King—William IV of England—appear to have been packed edgewise with all kinds of gossip—political, literary and social. These two large illustrated volumes* by Fitzgerald Molloy bring in Byron, Wellington, Bulwer, Melbourne, O'Connell, Sheridan, Lady Caroline Lamb, the Carlyles and Irving, Mrs. Fitzherbert, Mrs. Norton, the Shelleys, all the royalties of the period, and dozens of lesser celebrities. The incidents are skilfully and artistically arranged in connected personal narratives, rather than chronologically. The style is remarkably clear and picturesque, and there is not a dull page in the

*THE SAILOR KING. By Joseph Fitzgerald Molloy. 2 vols. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York \$6.50.

book. In the Creevey papers, lately published, and of a slightly earlier time, we have the raw material of gossip, its first-hand notes, ready for working up. In this book, we have the selection, the setting, the comment, of an extremely skilful editor of gossip. The "Sailor King" is the easiest of reading, and yet when the reader has finished, a definite impression of the times of William IV is impressed upon the memory—the political personages, the court celebrities, the poets, players, wits, clubmen, the women famed for beauty or talent, the movement and glitter and human nature of the whole procession.

Here, for example, is a picture of William IV and Wellington, at the historic moment when the Iron Duke, as Prime Minister, came in haste to Windsor to announce the death of George IV to the new sovereign.

"Scarce a greater contrast could be conceived than marked these two men as they stood face to face at this historic moment. Small in stature, burly, with florid, sanguine countenance, and head shaped like a pineapple, his Majesty was rough, garrulous, and diffuse in speech, bustling in his movements, undetermined in character, without much intelligence, but with great good nature, and well disposed toward all men; whilst the Duke, looking taller than his five feet nine inches warranted, because of his spare, upright figure and habit of holding his head well poised above his black satin cravat, met the world with steadily piercing eyes, which emphasized the eagle expression of his aquiline features. Sixty years of an eventful life had turned his hair white, lined his forehead, left him imperturbable and self-contained, simple and direct in speech as

became a soldier, and had taught him a philosophy that regarded all friends as possible enemies, and all enemies as possible friends.

"Hitherto little cordiality had existed between them; for it was owing to Wellington's strictures and control that the Duke of Clarence had considered himself forced to resign his post of Lord High Admiral. . . .



KING WILLIAM IV
After the Picture by Sir M. A. Shee, P.R.A.

However, the new sovereign was too generous to resent such mortifications, and he immediately set Wellington at his ease by declaring that he would retain him and his colleagues in office.

"Before parting, it was decided that the King should speedily follow the Duke to town; and such haste did he make that by one o'clock he entered the state room of St.

James' Palace, where the greater number of the Privy Councillors awaited him. Dressed as a British admiral, and looking hale and hearty, his Majesty, with a brisk step and bustling air, took his place on the throne, and made a speech, in which he referred sympathetically to the late king." But Greville records, adds the chronicler, that "nobody expected from him much real grief, and he does not seem to know how to act it concisely. He spoke of his brother with all the semblance of feeling, and in a tone of voice properly softened and subdued; but just afterward, when they gave him the pen to sign the declarations, he said, in his usual tone, "This is a damned bad pen you have given me.""

The sad romance of the Duke and Duchess of Wellington finds a place in succeeding pages, and the charming friendship of Queen Adelaide and Lady Bedingfeld. Then enters Lady Caroline Ponsonby, granddaughter of "that graceless, joyous Jack Spencer, who had been the delight and despair of his famous grandmother, Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough." Lady Caroline is but sixteen, but she takes the center of the stage at once, and holds it for four chapters. By the second chapter one begins to feel a haunting sense of her likeness to somebody or other. By the third this deepens into dawning recognition; by the fourth, into certainty. Lady Caroline is holding the center of the stage in another series of chapters to-day, or the reader is much mistaken. And as the Muses have always loved gossip, why not? What other romancers have done, may not the lady novelist do? Lady Caroline was a novelist herself, and certainly would have been delighted with her present reincarnation, in twentieth century fiction, under another name and in a slightly different setting of circumstances, in "The Marriage of William Ashe," by Mrs. Humphry Ward, now running in Harper's Magazine.

"Her figure was small, slight, delicate, and singularly graceful; her features were irregular, and the incomparable charm of her face was found in the contrast presented by a pale, clear complexion, brilliant eyes and golden

hair. She was little more than a child; but her natural quickness, her marked individuality, the precocious development of her many talents, gave her the appearance of being older than her sixteen summers." ("The Sailor King," vol. i, page 105.)

white and slender, the figure undeveloped, the feet and hands extremely small. But what arrested him was, so to speak, the embodied contradiction of the personality—as between the wild intelligence of the eyes and the extreme youth, almost childishness, of the rest." ("The Marriage of William Ashe," chap. ii.)

This resemblance is further accentuated by the picture of William Lamb, son of Viscount Melbourne, Lady Caroline's husband.

"In the days of his youth, he had been an actor in one of the strangest, most dramatic romances that fate had ever woven for a statesman, the intimate history of which has never heretofore been told. . . . His beautifully moulded features, large, clear, expressive eyes, intelligent expression and well-formed figure entitled him to be considered a handsome youth; whilst his frank manner, generous impulses, his singularly melodious voice, love of humor and infectious laughter, made him a favorite of all. . . . His deep reading, philosophic thought, and admiration of cleverness, lifted him above others of his age and position. On him were lavished the affection of his mother, whose mental and physical gifts he had largely inherited." Can we not trace William Ashe and his mother here, even as Lady Kitty answers to this captivating sketch of Lady Caroline:

"She could recite an ode from 'Sappho' in the original. She delighted in music, composed songs and played the harp; painting in water-colors was a passion she followed through life; her caricatures showed delicious humor; she could write verses and ride bare-backed horses. Original in all things and indifferent to opinion, she despised the prevailing fashion in dress, and garbed herself in picturesque modes of her own designing; and as she detested convention, she avoided the usual preliminary reference to health and weather in opening her conversations, and plunged impulsively into whatever topic interested her at the moment.

Her bright, whimsical, clever talk sharply contrasted with the demure primness and rounded periods then in vogue; but additional delight was given to her words by a voice singularly sweet, low, and caressing, which according to one who knew her 'was at once a beauty and a charm that worked much of that fascination which was peculiarly hers.'"

It was Mark Twain who once remarked sagely, in the person of Pudd'nhead Wilson, that "truth is stranger than fiction, because fiction is obliged to stick to probability, and truth ain't." Lady Caroline, at the altar, succumbed to a "crise des nerfs." The splendid ceremony, celebrated by bishop, dean and canons, had hardly ended when "the bride's highly wrought nerves gave way under the strain, and in a violent frenzy, she abused his spiritual lordship, tore her wedding garments and was carried in an almost insensible condition to the carriage which waited to convey this wedded pair on their honeymoon." Truth, in this case, certainly is too improbable for the novelist to follow, and Lady Kitty's wedding takes place, the reader will remember, between chapters.

Lady Caroline Lamb and her husband had but one child—a son, who was mentally backward, and suffered from fits. William Lamb's devotion to this child was exquisitely touching, but Lady Caroline was solicitous part of the time, and careless for the rest. The little lame son of William Ashe and Lady Kitty carries out this parallel. But the central situation of Lady Caroline's whole life drama was bound up with her affair with Lord Byron, who came to London, fresh from travels abroad, and the writing of "Childe Harold," very much as Geoffrey Cliffe does in the novel. Here again, however, truth dares much that fiction flinches at. Rogers lent the advance sheets of "Childe Harold" to Lady Caroline. Her enthusiasm took fire at once; "I must see him; I am dying to see him," she cried to Rogers.

"He has a club foot, and bites his nails," was the old poet's acid reply.

"If he is as ugly as Esop, I must know him," declared Lady Caroline; and soon her infatuation for Byron "was watched with expectancy, excitement and amusement by society, but with heart-beating apprehension by her relatives." At their first meeting, at Westmoreland House, Byron was standing among "a throng of high-born women, who were gazing at him rapturously as they offered the incense of their praise. . . . When those crowding around the poet parted to make way for Lady Caroline, she looked at him coldly for a second, and, without giving the slightest inclination of her head or uttering a word, turned her back on him, and quitted the murmuring circle of his worshippers. On her return that night she made the following entry regarding him in her diary: 'Mad, bad, and dangerous to



LADY CAROLINE LAMB

know,' an opinion which time taught her to endorse." William Lamb paid no attention to the rumors about his wife and Byron, laughed at the poet's vinegar and starvation efforts against hereditary stoutness, and re-

fused to take Lady Caroline's new caprice seriously. But others did, especially when "once as he left a great reception at Devonshire House, to which Lady Caroline had not been asked, Samuel Rogers saw her talking to Byron with half her body thrust into the carriage which he had just entered." Lady Kitty, following the necessities of probability,

a knife, brandished it above her head and stabbed herself in the breast, causing blood to gush upon her neighbor's clothes. The wildest sensation followed, screams and exclamations filled the air, friends gathered around her, and ultimately she was taken to another apartment. As it was then supposed she was fainting, a glass of water was given her, when she seized and smashed the glass and struck herself with the broken pieces.

"Long years after Lord Byron and Lady Caroline had been laid in earth, Lady Heathcote's card of invitation to him was exhibited among his relics, bearing on it the words written in the poet's hand, 'This card I keep as a curiosity, since it was at this ball (to which it was an invitation) that Lady Caroline L—— performed ye Dagger Scene—of indifferent memory.'"

Certainly Cliffe is not Lord Byron. Nor is Mary Lyster a blood relation of Ada Milbanke. Yet a connection exists—for, when a novelist, studying the chronicles of bygone gossip, finds a first-rate plot, why should its advantages be neglected? The historical novel has been done to death. The problem novel is hopelessly *passé*. But when the essential features that have made the past vogue of the problem and the historical novel can be combined and retained in a novel that adds to them an intimate and convincing knowledge of modern



From an engraving after the painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence, P. R. A.
WILLIAM LAMB, SECOND VISCOUNT MELBOURNE

was invited to the ball, readers will remember, after which she rushed to Cliffe's hansom and jumped upon the step to speak to him.

The "*partie carrée*" of William Ashe and Lady Kitty, Cliffe and Mary Lyster, curiously recalls the intricate situation in which Lady Caroline and her husband, Byron, and Miss Milbanke figured. Will Lady Kitty carry out the dramatic scene in which, at the Heathcote ball, Lady Caroline's quarrel with Byron "so enraged her that she seized

English high society, a tremendous success is inevitable—and deserved. Some of us might wish that a character taken from the life might be allowed to work out its life-destiny—that Julie Le Breton might be as artistically complete as Mlle. de Lespinasse, whose passionate death was more fitting than Julie's ducal and commonplace end, and who pointed that inevitable moral that truth insists upon, though fiction may evade it as being a bad seller. There was a line of cleavage in "Lady Rose's Daughter," where

the living character became suddenly artificial and unsatisfactory. "Eleanor," with its pathetic reincarnation of the ill-fated Frenchwoman who was the friend of Joubert, and whose passion for Chateaubriand, like Eleanor's for Manisty, drained her of life and killed her in the end, was not as successful as "Lady Rose's Daughter," because of its tragic close. But it was a far finer bit of art. Lady Kitty, in this third novel, is at the

Crossways," George Meredith, as is well known, has studied and set forth that brilliant and beautiful granddaughter of Sheridan, Caroline Norton. Her sufferings from a most unhappy marriage, her appeals for advice to William Lamb, then become Lord Melbourne, Prime Minister of England, the famous trial that grew out of her husband's shamefully unfounded jealousy, are all told here. A winter book-shelf, with "The Sailor



From a drawing by Hayter

THE HONORABLE MRS. NORTON

parting of the ways. We confess to a strong hope that Mrs. Ward will let her follow Lady Caroline, and not strike out an inartistic and prosperous path.

Strangely enough, another and a greater English novelist has found one of his finest themes in the story of a woman of surpassing wit and beauty, who, a year or two after Lady Caroline's death, became a close friend of William Lamb. In "Diana of the

King," flanked on either side by "The Marriage of William Ashe" and "Diana of the Crossways," will give famously good reading beside an open fire, and will infallibly leave in the reader's mind some of that knowledge of the world, of events, and of the intricacies of human nature, which first-rate gossip and first-rate fiction alike contain and communicate.

Priscilla Leonard.

Newspaper Verse

Selections Grave and Gay

A Confession.....Youth's Companion

Dear little boy, with wondering eyes
That for the light of knowledge yearn,
Who have such faith that I am wise
And know the things that you would learn.
Though oft I shake my head and smile
To hear your childish questions flow,
I must not meet your faith with guile;
I cannot tell, I do not know.

Dear little boy, with eager heart,
Forever on the quest of truth,
Your riddles oft are past my art
To answer to your tender youth.
But some day you will understand
The things that now I cannot say,
When life shall take you by the hand
And lead you on its wondrous way.

Dear little boy, with hand in mine,
Together through the world we fare,
Where much that I would fain divine
I have not yet the strength to bear.
Like you with riddling words I ask,
Like you I hold another hand,
And haply when I do my task,
I, too, shall understand.

P. McArthur.

An Ode of Turkey Time.....New York Times

Now the turkey steps forth grandly to the centre
of the stage,
Now the publisher gives orders for a turkey
sketch—front page;
Now the artist turns to turkey in a dull and list-
less way,
Now the bard in desperation wonders what is new
to say;
The markets groan with turkeys, young and
tender, old and tough,
There is turkey all about us, but we cannot get
enough.

There are turkeys adolescent, there are turkeys
in their teens,
There are turkeys in the papers, turkeys in the
magazines;
There are turkeys in the stories, there are
turkeys in the news,
There are turkeys in the columns of the dignified
Reviews;
There are turkeys in the love tales, there are
turkeys in the books,
There are turkeys simply fashioned, there are
turkeys quite de luxe.

There are turkeys in the poems, there are turkeys
in the plays,
There are turkeys in the ovens, there are turkeys
on the drays;
There are turkeys in the grab bag at the Sewing
Circle's Fair,

There are turkeys in the kitchen, there are
turkeys on the stair;
There are turkeys in the sketches, there are
turkeys in the yard,
For the frost is on the pumpkin and the turkey's
on the bard.

There's an endless flow of turkeys from the
village, vale, and farm.
And the turkey-ridden husband takes a turkey
on his arm;
There are turkeys in the street cars, there are
turkeys in the vans,
There are turkeys in the barrels, boxes, bags,
crates, bales, and cans.
But over and beyond it all an hour of bliss I see;
When the turkey's on the table—then it's good
enough for me.

J. W. Foley.

The Soul's Hour.....World's Events

All day I have toiled at the busy mill
Where souls are ground and money is made;
All day, till my temples throb and thrill
With the whirling wheels of trade.

All day I have gripped the trenchant steel,
And grappled with columns black and grim,
Till to-night I am faint and my senses reel,
And the glory of God seems faint and dim.

And so I have come to this quiet room
To sit in the darkness and touch the keys—
To waken the ghost and the lost perfume
Of the soul's dead flowers with my harmonies.

And here alone, for a single hour,
I can dream and idle and drift away;
I can touch the ghost of a passion-flower—
I can catch the gleam of a vanished day.

I can gather the lilies of long ago,
That bloomed by a path which a baby trod,
And love's first roses, as white as snow,
That are blossoming now at the feet of God.

O, stainless lilies, and roses white,
O, passion-flower, with your petals red!
You are mine once more for an hour, to-night,
Though the heart be dumb and years be dead.

O, scented summer of long ago!
O, vanished day, with your gleam of gold!
O, blood-red lips and neck of snow!
You are mine once more, as in days of old.

Just for to-night. For at early dawn
I am back to the grovel of greedy lust
Where the wheels of traffic go whirling on,
And souls are ground into golden dust.

Albert Bigelow Paine.

The Woman's Book Club

Two Books of Beauty

HEALTH is never a thrillingly interesting thing—except to those who have lost it. But beauty and its secrets are fascinating to every woman, be she sixteen or sixty. Indeed, the modern saying that “not every girl can be beautiful at sixteen, but it is every woman’s own fault if she is not beautiful at sixty” marks the modern search of the new woman for more beauty, as well as for more of everything else. The girl and the grandmother are alike eager in the race. Therefore a book* like Doctor Walker’s, which demonstrates “that beauty is an inalienable possession of every wholesomely brought up and healthily active girl and woman,” although primarily addressed to girls, will prove just as appealing and popular to the whole feminine public. And as grace has even a subtler charm than other forms of beauty, Mr. Hancock’s book† on physical training for children after the Japanese method will attract all those who have seen the embodied grace of the Japanese girl. Beauty and grace through health—this is surely a pleasant program, where the end and the means are both delightful.

It seems an eminently simple program, too. The fountain of youth is at every woman’s door. “The building of tissues, the control of nerves, and the symmetrical development of the body”—there it is in a nutshell. But that little word “tissues” means brilliant eyes, a velvet complexion, abundant and beautiful hair, and fine teeth; and the woman whose nerves are in perfect trim never grows old. Dr. Walker does not give only the sum of things; she goes into infinite detail, till one feels there is really no excuse for dull eyes or poor complexion except laziness or perversity. As for cosmetics, they appear absurd when the real thing in complexion can be had instead.

The very first chapter is on deep breathing. It would seem, considering that everybody breathes, and that it is an elementary human

accomplishment, that it would come natural to breathe rightly. But after reading this chapter on breathing from one’s boots, and up into the apexes of one’s lungs, a sense of convicted ignorance comes upon the reader—also a desire to try the better way. How alluring this is:

“Deep breathing will start your blood dancing vigorously through your veins. This will make you warm, and you will be astonished to hear some sluggish companion complaining of the cold. It will take practise to make you a devotee of deep breathing, but when you have once become, as it were, addicted to the habit, you will never give it up, and you will wonder how you ever lived before. Deep breathing throws off a vast number of impurities, and it takes in life itself. It adds buoyancy to your spirits, and makes you feel that you can overcome mountains of obstacles. Until you try it, you will never know how much it will add to your beauty.”

“Girls who lead a sedentary life, whatever their occupation may be, breathe very poorly and shallowly. Respiration is partly suspended, owing to a nervous preoccupation. The girls who are devoted to society are almost invariably poor breathers. They become mentally excitable and physically weak. The dark circles under the eyes, with or without puffiness, with which so many girls are troubled, indicate always a certain degree of passive congestion. Nothing is of more value than the inhalation of pure air.” Two weeks of deep breathing according to the directions fully given in this chapter will, it is claimed, enlarge the bust, not to speak of wonderfully invigorating the body. Beauty, it must be remembered, is the declared end, and health the means, and the wise author holds this always in view.

She quotes from many sources concerning the value of deep breathing, always interestingly, and even admits occultism, as follows:

“A woman of many interests—indeed, she is a noted writer—is to a certain extent a student of occultism, which has become a subject of such general interest since the

***BEAUTY THROUGH HYGIENE.** By Emma E. Walker. A. S. Barnes & Co., New York. \$1.00.

†**PHYSICAL TRAINING FOR CHILDREN BY JAPANESE METHODS.** By H. Irving Hancock. G. P. Putnam’s Sons, New York. \$1.25.

Swamis, those masters of the Vedanta philosophy, came among us. She says:

"I combine the occult principle with deep breathing, night and morning, inhaling with the pure air all of those beautiful qualities of love, health, wisdom, usefulness, and power for good, cheerfulness, and opulence—these seven covering the whole ground of my desires—filling the chest and abdomen fully. In exhaling I get rid of all the opposite qualities, which would do me an injury, such as prejudice, weakness, folly, poverty, etc. I rise on my toes while breathing in, inhaling slowly, desiring with all of my concentrated power all good to come to me. I also declare myself for beauty and symmetry in everything, physical, mental and moral. In the same way I repel all that is unbeautiful in mind, heart and spirit, as well as in body."

Dr. Walker does not indorse this; she simply quotes it to show how enthusiastic a deep breather becomes about it. The exhilaration of exercise comes largely from deep breathing, and "some authorities claim that all the good effects of exercise may be obtained through deep breathing alone." Many exercises are described, but here is the thing in a nutshell:

"Stand as relaxed as possible, arms hanging at side, chest, neck and head erect. Inhale slowly and deeply through the nose until the abdomen is distended. Continue to inhale until the breath is forced up into the apexes of the lungs. You will note that the abdomen is now contracted, and the chest raised far above normal position.

"Hold for a few seconds, letting the thought pass through the inside of the body; now slowly exhale through the nose, lowering first the chest and then contracting the abdomen again. Three minutes of such breathing night and morning will prepare you for the day's work."

Poise and carriage come after correct breathing. A simple but effective test is given for correct carriage—to pass the hand over the back of the person tested while she is standing in a natural attitude. If the ends of the shoulder-blades cannot be felt, the carriage is perfect. A woman with this fine carriage is always noted for exceptional power, physical or mental, but generally both, so it is to be coveted and striven for. "In a sitting position but one rule is necessary; draw the crown of the head up and back, and maintain this high position at all times." The straight backs of our grandmothers were

doubtless due to the fact that they never lounged in their chairs, but sat according to this beauty rule.

The fat girl and the thin girl, and the right diet and exercise for each, are important parts of the book. No woman ever yet was satisfied with her own weight, whether plump or slender, so the suggestions and experiments given here will touch answering chords in every fair reader's heart. To reduce the abdomen, the waist, the hips, and the double chin, special exercises are given. Diet and massage, air and sunshine, deep breathing and warm baths, and long hours of sleep are all recommended in detail for the thin girl, while the fat one ought not to sleep more than seven hours, and "keep moving" all her waking hours, besides drinking little water and adopting a strictly lean diet. All the agreeable advice appears to go to the thin side of femininity, and the fat girl has the strenuous life marked out for her.

Perhaps few women have realized the beautifying possibilities of housework. Dr. Walker asserts boldly that housework, if done properly, will develop the figure as well as a special system of physical culture. "Suppose you are the breadmaker for the family; take this work as a substitute for dumbbells. Stand erect, throw your shoulders back, and during the whole time of the kneading take deep breaths in unison with the motions of your hands. Of course, you know what splendid arm muscles you will have after you have worked at the bread dough once or twice a week for six months. You will be ready for elbow-sleeves next summer." The fortunate woman who has scrubbing to do, on her hands and knees, is really taking the most modern of beauty exercises if she only will remember to keep her back straight, her chest forward and her abdomen drawn in, and use her hands equally, first the left, then the right. Her figure, and especially her shoulders, will become splendidly developed. Washing windows and bed-making, rightly done, develop the bust, and in sweeping, if twisting just a little at the hips is practised, the beneficial effect of golf is attained. Each part of housework is closely allied with the various exercises that are given in a gymnasium.

All kinds of sports, with their effect upon the figure, are discussed. Skating cultivates grace. The punching-bag develops the neck, reduces the waist and abdomen, and the complexion becomes as nearly ideal by its use as

it can by any other means known. There are three whole chapters upon skin and complexion, by the way, and even the effect of different colored veils upon the pigment cells is discussed. Red veils prevent freckles. Black veils are injurious to the skin, and so are blue. A curious fact is, that some skins have naturally an odor of orris-root or violets; but Dr. Walker does not tell whether this is attainable by those not to the manner born. If so, the perfumers would lose trade.

The whole book is full of pleasant things. Sunshine, cheerfulness, pure air, exquisite cleanliness, calmness of spirit, outdoor fun, thorough health of body and mind pervade its pages. The girl who studies it ought to grow into a charming woman, physically and mentally.

To re-enforce its teachings, from the other side of the world come the Japanese exercises so ably explained by Mr. Hancock. *Jiu-jitsu* (pronounced jéw-jtss) produces the far-famed grace of the Japanese girl, and after reading it, one can understand why the ancient Greeks were the most beautiful,

physically, of all races. Their calisthenic exercises (from *kalos*, beautiful, and *sthenos*, strength) must have been the antique prototypes of *jiu-jitsu*. Every muscle by this Oriental system is so studied and proportionately developed that without seeming muscular the "weaker sex" are as strong as they are rounded and supple. A girl trained in "*jiu-jitsu*" should be able, Mr. Hancock says, to walk fifteen miles a day, three days running, without fatigue, while to row with both oars for an hour a day is a mere bagatelle.

The day of the interesting invalid has evidently gone by. Health is the road to beauty and grace. The American woman has more leisure and more intelligence than any other woman in the world, and if she gets hold of such beauty books as these, and follows their directions, she is going to get so much prettier than she is that—well, Charles Dana Gibson will have to hide his diminished head before even the amateur photographs of the girls—and grandmothers—of the future!

Priscilla Leonard.

Recent Notable Poems

Ivy Lane in Devon*

Ivy Lane in Devon,
That's the place for me.
The sweet air mellow
With the burden of the bee;
High up in heaven
The blue, blue glow;
But Ivy Lane in London,—
O no, no!
Bare walls sullen
In the grim gray air;
Close shut windows
With a cold blank stare;
Never lark nor linnet
A-warbling low;
Ivy Lane in London,
O no, no!
But Ivy Lane in Devon,—
Sunlight and song,
And beauty of blossoms
The glad day long,

Then love in the twilight
With starry eyes aglow,
Ivy Lane in London,—
O no, no!

Ivy Lane in London,—
Stress and strain and strife,
All of the sweetness
Hurried out of life.
But far from the clamor
By the wide west sea,
Ivy Lane in Devon
That's the place for me.

Clinton Scollard.

In Connemara*

With eyes all untroubled she laughs as she
passes,
Bending beneath the creel with the sea-
weed brown,

*THE LYRIC BOUGH. By Clinton Scollard. James
Potts & Co., New York. 1904.

*THE DIVINE VISION AND OTHER POEMS. By
A. E. The Macmillan Co., New York. 1904

Till evening with pearl dew dims the shining
grasses
And night lit with dreamlight enfolds the
sleepy town.

Then she will wander, her heart all a-laughter,
Tracking the dream star that lights the
purple gloom.
She follows the proud and golden races after,
As high as theirs her spirit, as high will
be her doom.

George William Russell.

Out of the Shadow*

I would not have the world's regardless eyes
Rest on this verse made consecrate with
tears

For one who in the springtime of his years
Sank down o'erburdened, never more to
rise;

But those alone, whose unavailing cries
Have risen like mine for all the heart en-
dears,

I would have here to pause and in his
bier's
Deep shadow share my bosom's agonies.

Yet as Grief hands the bitter cup around
And deeper grows the shade's intensity,
Our souls may hear some new far-falling
sound;

And 'mid its throbs divine it then may be
That Life will stream with richer thought
and we

Deem Death a monarch with effulgence
crowned.

Edward Robeson Taylor.

Lyrics†

Lone desolate reaches of the twilight dunes
Crowned with the wind bent pine,
Where phantom fingers harp foreboding
runes
Learned of the mystic brine.

Wan ashen pools amid the mournful sands;
Reeds,—moaning round the brink;
And through the gloom, the ghost of frantic
hands
Appealing, ere they sink.

*VISIONS AND OTHER VERSE. By Edward
Robeson Taylor. A. M. Robertson, San Fran-
cisco. 1903.

†LYRICS. By Lloyd Mifflin. The Hoffer Press,
under the Maples, Mount Joy, Pa.

Great voices calling through from the outer
deep,
Imperious and profound,—
A summons from the eternal caves of sleep
Borne, without sense of sound.

O love, cling closer in the fading light!
The winds begin to wail,
And many a ship, storm-beaten, through
the night
Shall perish in the gale.

Cling closer, closer in the gathering gray!—
Let the wild breakers roll!
Safe moored are we within the quiet bay,
Love's harbor of the soul.

Lloyd Mifflin.

The Rose is from My Garden Gone Ainslee's

The rose is from my garden gone,
The joy from out my breast is flown;
And where is all the sweetness strown
That bloomed so red and cheerily?

I search my garden up and down
With gillyflower and primrose sown;
But never can I find that one,
The flower I loved so tenderly!

I take the pansy to my breast,
The foxglove with his purple crest,
Yet can I find nor peace nor rest,
Nor solace in my rosemary.

Alas, my heart, ye lose too soon
The song of Spring, the Summer's bloom!
The rose is from my garden gone.
What other joys are left to me!

Lucia Chamberlain.

Omar Repentant Cosmopolitan

Listen! your eyes are clear, your skin is
fine—

Compare your eyes, compare your skin, with
mine;

'Tis not the years between us—no; it is
What you grandiloquently call the Vine.

You laugh—your treasure-chest of youth
o'erflows;

You, with your boy's complexion like a
rose,

You know so well this danger is not yours
You know—as only twenty ever knows!

I know that you know not—but can I save
Your soul and body from a certain grave,
Filled full of bottles and of dead men's
bones,
Where savage grass and the coarse nettle
wave?

Twenty, you say—and as an apple sound,
Your shoulders straight, your feet firm on
the ground,
As though you trampled this terrestrial
globe,
A king, with youth magnificently crowned.

The women love you for your manhood's
sake;
There are a thousand hearts for you to
break.

Like a young lion eager to devour,
You look around and wonder which to take.

"Night's candles are burnt out"—O cleans-
ing words!

I quote you here in town instead of birds;
The soul of Shakespeare lives in yonder
dawn

After a night of pigsties and of sherds.

Night, with her moths and nightmares and
the moon,
Is almost gone—the sun is coming soon;
Night-watchmen and night-women and
the stars
Are slinking home to sleep till afternoon.

And you and I that talked the short night
through,
What in this coming day are we to do?
I, being old, shall go on as before,
But you, dear lad, O tell me, what of you?

You are so young, you know so little yet,
You are the sunrise, I am the sunset;
It matters little what my end shall be,
But you—but you—you can escape it
yet!

Listen—and swear by yonder morning star
To fight, and fight, and fight for what you
are,

Straight, trim and true, and pure as men
are pure—

Swear to me, lad, by yonder morning star!

Richard Le Gallienne.

Kipling's "Traffics and Discoveries"

THERE does not seem to be any crying need for reviewers to express their opinions in regard to a book of which the public have called for ten thousand copies before publication. Mr. Kipling has been before the public too long to be securing readers by virtue of any novelty of style or subject. In fact, there is little novelty in his methods of treatment. One could almost foretell not only the subjects which he would choose to treat, but even the method he would adopt in treating each. But when it came to supplying the text which Mr. Kipling furnishes, we should be met by a problem of a very different character.

Long before this, those who know Kipling at all have been formed into serried battalions, ready to champion their favorite view of the man's best genius. There are some who so greatly enjoy his strong and moving meter and his deft, clean-cut han-

dling of phrases, that they regret he should ever write anything but ballads; there are others who find that in his stories of Indian life he is a veritable master of Hindu magic. Yet another party look upon him as the chosen champion of young England, impatient with the grandmotherly ways of Great Britain, enamored of her colonials, eager that every device of modern scientific origin should be utilized in the British Isles, even before it has been tested and found good.

There was a fourth party who were ready to hail in Mr. Kipling the promise of new classics in English literature, but, after the manner of their kind, these loud-screaming adherents very soon lost their voices, and are off after strange gods. It is our hope that this band of unreasoning acolytes have been replaced by Mr. Kipling's best friends, those who are equally ready to welcome every proof of the strength that is in the

man, and to deplore those elements of weakness that are only exaggerated by indiscriminate praise.

There has been enough critical discussion of the minor points of his style, choice of subjects and tricks of treatment. One may fairly summarize the best critical opinion by saying that, despite style tricks, Mr. Kipling will always remain a writer of individuality, strength, resource and peculiar power. At the same time, much reading of his stories must be, to a certain extent, an irritation. It is not pleasant to be reminded in every few lines that there are many subjects of which the general reader is painfully ignorant. Few things are less welcome than omniscience in a finite being. Exactly what charm Mr. Kipling finds in the lingo of specialists only psychologists would be able to discover. There is nothing very difficult for a man of leisure, cleverness and literary skill in acquainting himself even very closely with the technicalities ordinarily known to men in a special trade, profession or walk of life. Undoubtedly, the interlarding of a story with unusual words gives it an appearance of profundity, but this is no more than an apparition. The real test of special knowledge is the ability to meet unexpected occasions, and this a literary man has never to do. Like the dramatist, he creates his own circumstances, and has only to acquire such special terms as apply to the matter directly in hand. It is very doubtful, also, whether the man who really knows his subject intimately, to whom it is a part of his daily life, is fond of garnishing his every-day talk with its technicalities. Certainly, among men of any calling, few things are more boresome than straight shop talk.

This book contains eleven recent stories; every one of them is to some extent marred by this sort of character talk, and to the average man much of it is bound to be only vaguely comprehended. Even if understood at all, it cannot be understood so thoroughly as to have its full value for the reader. Two of the stories are little more than deliberate puzzles. The much-admired "They" relies for its literary effect upon half meanings, suggested rather than expressed. Those who are fond of guessing whether Hamlet was mad may now, for a brief season, leave their favorite problem and discuss precisely what Mr. Kipling means by the "Egg," and just why he (if

the hero of the story be himself) should not be entitled to visit again the strange mansion where he met with such peculiar experiences. An intelligent man is no less intelligent, although he has never happened to come upon the statement that certain theosophists believe each human being to be surrounded by an emanation, oval or egg-shaped, which by its coloring gives indicia of the state of the soul, whose ether vibrations are thus made visible to the eyes of the sensitives. It is more than doubtful whether any such manifestation exists. There may be esoteric beings whose inner consciousness apprehends this egg as clearly as their outer eyes apprehend the dome of St. Paul's; but until something more than the loose writing of enthusiasts can be adduced to prove the existence of the extra-corporeal envelope of vibration, no intelligent man need be ashamed to confess he has never heard of it. As to the second question over which discussion has raged, it seems equally unimportant. Before seeking vainly for the "why," it might be well to be certain that there is a "why" worth seeking.

"Mrs. Bathurst" is another puzzle, over which lovers of charades and enigmas may pass many a winter evening in discussion with their kind. But personally speaking, the questions *Why Mrs. Bathurst? When Mrs. Bathurst? How Mrs. Bathurst?* do not promise to reward investigation. A reader can hardly be blamed for being glad that the man with the false teeth is no more, and wishing that Mrs. Bathurst had never been. The popularity of such stories is simply a proof of the vogue of the vague, and we may trust the wisdom of the ancients, who analyzed the love of the people for what was not clearly understood into the well-known phrase, "*Omne ignotum pro magnifico*." The very familiarity of this old quotation shows how common must be the phenomenon to which it applies. Every writer knows that obscure writing is far less difficult than to express one's self plainly. If another well-known quotation may be employed, we will beg leave to call as witness the Englishman who apologized for a long letter by the statement that he had not time to write a short one.

Taking up the stories in detail, we think no one can read "The Captive" without acknowledging that Kipling is one Englishman who has caught the touch of real

American humor. It is true that he may use certain time-worn jokes which an American humorist would hardly be excused for reviving. Such, for instance, is the reference to "the man with the hoe," and to the lack of permanence of a snowball in hell. There are others which Mr. Kipling has gleaned from the well-reaped fields of American comic journalism, but, after all, they are appropriately placed in the mouth of his Yankee hero. But it cannot be denied that the breezy narrative contains much genuine wit, expressed in appropriate slang.

The second story, "The Bonds of Discipline," is a Marryat-like extravaganza, telling of the bedeviling of a supposed French spy on board a British warship, where everything is turned inside out, upside down, and topsy-turvy for his delectation. It is a delightfully humorous absurdity.

A much deeper note is touched in "A Sahibs' War," being an episode or two of the Boer War as seen through the eyes of a Hindu. The narrator is an admirably drawn character, full of Oriental dignity, with a truly Eastern imagination and a loyalty of spirit that wins the reader's heart. The combination of cant and treachery among the Boers is admirably satirized. We prefer this to its successor, "Their Lawful Occasions," an amusing bit of smartness, describing how a more or less independent destroyer succeeds in technically torpedoing a number of leviathan battleships during the naval maneuvers. One is almost swamped in the technical language, and the cocksureness of the young commander is decidedly irritating, but the story is both ingenious and poetical.

Another Boer story follows, "The Comprehension of Private Cooper," based upon the old, old situation of catching a trapper in the pit which he has dugged for another, as the tables are turned upon the Boer captor by a supposedly bucolic English private. We may be sure that this story met with appreciative reading in England. But, critically speaking, the situation seems unlikely. The young Boers seldom show themselves quite so stupid.

Aimed at the automobile public is "Steam Tactics," where the favorite theme of the soldier ashore on horseback is modernized by transforming the sailorman into a modern man-o'-war's man and replacing

the horse by the motor car. It cannot be denied that he is made to feel in all its intensity the delight in riskful speeding, which makes the charm of automobiling. One meets everywhere Kipling's characteristic touches—such as "Our guest gasped like a sea-bathed child." The rape of the village constable and his exile to the zoological garden is a marvel of fantastic ingenuity. What else is this than a grown-up fairy story, with the magic of modern science in place of the *diablerie* of folk-lore?

An even more ingenious plot, though one not unknown to readers of Kipling, underlies the story "Wireless"—a combination of theosophy, wireless telegraphy and reincarnation. It is reminiscent of "The Finest Story in the World," the parallel between the two being rather close, though "Wireless" seems the better. It is based upon the assumed possibility that the spirit of the poet Keats enters into the soul of a young apothecary, whose place under such circumstances is to bring about the situation that gave rise to "The Eve of St. Agnes." Under the poet's possession, the young apothecary, striving, like Mr. Wegg, to "drop into werse," line by line reproduces Keats' masterpiece. So far is mere ingenuity, but the merit of the performance consists in the author's ability to make the situation his ingenuity has created seem a marvelous happening, and in this Kipling has wonderfully succeeded, in this lies his poetic power.

There is a wide abyss to be leaped in passing from the Keats story to "The Army of a Dream." The inspiration of one is poetic, the other comes half within the domain of Minerva, and half within that of Mars. In fiction form, it is the suggestion of a plan for reforming the military organization of the British Empire. Far too complicated to be even briefly explained, we can only hint at the plan while saying that it contemplates the virtual enrolment and training of the whole British public, from the primary school to the slippered veteran, and the competitive training of each for service on both sea and land.

We have already spoken of "They," for which we confess no particular fancy, in spite of the wild acclamations over its merit, and of "Mrs. Bathurst," which contains little of novelty for any reader of Kipling's early army stories, and there remains only the striking little allegory, "Below the Mill

Dam," a sort of pastoral, where, as in a minor skirmish, is depicted a portion of the great campaign between modern science and moss-grown conservatism. We find in the talk of the waters more of the real poetic quality than in "They," and the charm of the *Jungle Books* is in the characterization of the old English rat and the aristocratic mill cat.

A final word must be granted to the poems, which separate and explain the prose stories. We like Mr. Kipling's verse better than his prose, and believe that the stricter requirements of verse-writing tend to prune his style of much that obscures its greater merits. Verse forces him to choose his best thoughts and omit the rest.

Tudor Jenks.

Imported Americans

IF the American reading public were truly alive to the seriousness of the immigration question in all its phases, there would be a general conviction that no more vital book has appeared than "Imported Americans."* It is a record of a sympathetic, yet impartial, investigation on the part of the author and his wife, from the point of view of the immigrant himself. After reading the book one can understand its dedication by the author to his wife: "This volume is dedicated to my brave little wife, who endured with heroism conditions that while not unbearable for me, were superlative hardships for a woman of delicacy and refinement." Mrs. Brandenburg certainly won her spurs on this occasion.

Their purpose dated from the moment when, in the early part of January, 1903, on a train from New York to New Haven, engrossed with articles on immigration, with which the papers were then teeming, Mr. Brandenburg noticed a group of poor immigrants huddled together in the car seats, and tagged like so many animals. It then occurred to him that "in getting the immigrant's point of view to compare with the public-spirited American one" lay the only real understanding of the immigrant situation. This was at a time when authoritative prophecies of a vast increase in immigration had so aroused and alarmed the country that legislative plans were rife for checking or totally

abolishing at least certain types of immigration.

Italy was chosen for their special study because she sends three times more immigrants, and a larger proportion of the sort that are objected to. Their plans were presented to Mr. Ellery Sedgwick, editor of "Leslie's Monthly," and it was decided that Mr. and Mrs. Brandenburg should go in search of "the immigrant's point of view."

They began by taking residence in the Italian quarter in New York, to gain greater familiarity with the language. This sojourn is interesting in itself, but must be passed over with a bare reference to two or three observations. They discovered that the *real* reason for the fulfilment of the prophecy of increased immigration lay in the fear that stringent laws would be passed. Consequently, every immigrant who had intended to send sometime for friends or relatives strained every nerve to get them in before such laws should go into effect. Thousands came whom new laws would not have affected, and who had not intended coming for a couple of years. They also noted a startling contrast between parents and children. The parents were unpromisingly Italian, the children thoroughly and intensely American. It might have been easily accounted for had the children been in the minority, as compared with native-born children. It is truly remarkable that they insist on learning and speaking English only, although it is not the native tongue of more than one in ten persons about them.

One conclusion at which they arrived would seem incredible to some, but is well substantiated by their further investigation.

*IMPORTED AMERICANS. The story of the experiences of a disguised American and his wife studying the immigration question. By Broughton Brandenburg. With sixty-six illustrations from photographs by the author. Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York, 1904. Price, \$1.60.

"In general it is safe to say that half of the Italians from the better classes who come to America are far more undesirable than any of the lower-class immigrants, except that certain class of habitual criminals who are doing so much to get their race despised by honest, clean-handed Americans.

"One of their worst influences is to retard the assimilation of their people by the great American body politic, by refusing to be themselves assimilated, even going so far as to send their children to private schools in order that they may not learn English, and in insisting on wearing clothes of imported make or pattern. They are by birth, tradition, and intent the leaders of Italian communities in this country, and their prejudices and examples confuse if not entirely divert the natural social development of their humbler countrymen all about them."

It was while still in New York that they began to discover evidence of frequent violation of the contract labor law. This evidence was later abundantly increased while in Italy, and on their return trip. *Padrones*, and a certain type of "Banks" are at the bottom of most such violations, in spirit, if not in letter.

They sailed for Italy the latter part of August in the steerage of the *Lahn*, of the North German Lloyd Company. The reader will be shocked by their experiences on the journey to Italy, but this impression will be all but obliterated by the revolting, but undoubtedly accurate, details of the home-coming. There was, however, one gross violation of contract. They had been promised that for ten dollars added to the passage money they could secure a sort of closed compartment with four other people. After thorough search and inquiry, this compartment for three married couples was never found on the *Lahn*; nor, further-

more, in the steerage of any ship, although popularly supposed to exist. They succeeded, however, in making a bargain with the hospital steward, with the cognizance of the ship's doctor, by which they purchased bunks in the hospital wards for ten dollars each!

Mr. and Mrs. Brandenburg planned to pick out a family in Italy who intended to



MR. BROUGHTON BRANDENBURG, AS HE LOOKED WHEN HE PASSED THROUGH ELLIS ISLAND AS AN IMMIGRANT

emigrate; whose antecedents and conditions should be studied, and with whom they would return in the rôle of Italians. They later found it impossible to secure

passports as Italians, not being able to secure a birth certificate that would bear investigation. So they decided to tell

character found in the various zones of Italy. Contrary to the prevalent opinion, he considers the poor southern Italians a very good sort of raw material, and that their immigration should be encouraged, if the one man in ten who would be a corrupting influence to them can be shut out. The industrial situation of the Sicilians is terrible in the extreme. Although the actual farmers do all the work and supply all the implements, they must give the landowner's agent half of all they produce; then 3 per cent. must go for taxation, direct or indirect, and then "voluntarily" one-tenth to the Church. Is it any wonder they strive for an entrance into the United States?

Throughout the entire study you note the growing conviction that only at the starting-point of the immigrant can the evils be checked. The following is one of the earliest warnings: "In a half-hearted, divided-responsibility sort of way, the Italian Government, the steamship companies, and the United States authorities endeavor to do at Naples, the world's greatest port of emigrant embarkation, what should be done thoroughly a stage sooner, viz., to sort out those who are likely to be turned back at Ellis Island, and to prevent them from sailing. How much easier, cheaper, and more effective to have it done at home!"

He constantly came across instances of the way in which

"scores of big corporations in America" practically secure contract labor by making a verbal agreement with some Italian in this country, who brings over relatives or friends from Italy, and, after their arrival, puts them in touch with these corporations. It is not difficult for such a group to secure for pay instruction from priests, school-teachers, or even officials, as to how to answer the entrance questions in order to avoid suspicion.

The perpetual fear in this country of "the



MORNING IN THE VILLAGE AND VINEYARDS

their object to the American consul, who assisted them to secure tickets. This enabled them to again reach America as immigrants.

They found on board the *Lahn* a young man who had been most successful financially in this country, and who was returning for his family. To him they confided their purpose, and received a cordial invitation to visit his home.

Most interesting are the delineations of

Mafia" and the recent scare over the "Black Hand" make his words regarding Italian secret societies of great value. "No man dares raise his voice to-day and call himself 'Mafite,' except in America, and here the man who does it is a common criminal, trading on the terrors of the old bloody band. . . . The Mafia in America is nothing but a bugaboo. . . . When we consider that the Sicilian considers it just as much his inherent right to stab a man who has done him a great wrong as the American Southerner to lynch a negro who has turned beast, and that criminal Italians in America work astounding injustices on their gullible countrymen, it is a wonder that there are not more mysterious murders than there are. The deportation from America of about six ship-loads of Italian parasites who live on the labor of their fellows would put an end to all such things in this country."

Finding it possible for hire to avoid having the baggage of his party fumigated at Naples, he allowed the counterfeit labels to be attached in order to secure evidence against such rascals, and succeeded in getting some of them captured by the officials.

It is impossible in a brief *résumé* to sketch the horrors of their return trip in the steerage of the *Prinzessin Irene*. "In a compartment from nine to ten feet high, and having a space no larger than six ordinary-sized rooms, were beds for 195 persons, and 214 women and children occupied them. The ventilation was merely what was to be had from the companion-way that opened into the alley-way, and not on the deck, the few ports in the ship's sides, and the scanty ventilating shafts. . . . The beds were double-tiered affairs in blocks of from ten to twenty, constructed of iron framework, with iron slats set in checker fashion to support the burlap-covered bag

of straw, grass, or waste, which served as a mattress. Pillows there were none, only cork-jacket life preservers stuck under one end of the pseudo-mattress to give the elevation of a pillow. . . .

"I have not told the worst by any means. It could not be put in print. The remedy for the whole matter is to pack fewer people



THE STORIED VICOLO DEL PALLONETTO IN NAPLES

in the same ship's space, and a regular service of food at tables. The chief stewards of ships will cry, 'How can 1,000 or 1,500 people be served at tables?' A perfect argument; but no such number should ever be carried. If the English lines

going out to the Cape and Australia can give closed cabins with served meals for a proportionately less third-class rate, the Transatlantic lines, the big emigrant-car-

which they arrive in America is of concern here and not in Italy, for they become a part of us. It is to our interest that they should not be oppressed, underfed, robbed, or given unsanitary treatment."



AT THE DOORWAY OF THE CAPITANERIA—AUTHOR'S PARTY ON THE QUAY

riers can do it, and should be forced to give up a part of their profits, which are enormous, in order that sanitary conditions at least may prevail."

Each day was an interminable agony, without the opportunity to gain strength by refreshing sleep for the next day. The one bright ray is the conduct of the Italian ship, surgeon, Dr. Piazza. "The Italian Government does about twenty times as much for the emigrant as the United States, yet the condition of health and finance in

An afternoon when nearly every steerage passenger was violently seasick was chosen for the time to give back the passports and count the passengers—a needless brutality at such a time. Women were poked out of their berths with a stick and forced to appear on deck. The giving of blows to defenseless people was nothing uncommon, and Mr. and Mrs. Brandenburg were themselves so treated. No small part of the torture was the stupid and heartless remarks of first-class passengers—but fortunately these were not understood by the genuine immigrants.

The description of the arrival in New York harbor after the weary voyage brings a sense of relief, and among other incidents this is interesting:

"Then there was a rush to port to see the Statue of Liberty, and when all had seen it they stood with their eyes fixed for some minutes on the great beacon whose significance is so much to them, standing within the portals of the New World and proclaiming the liberty, justice, and equality they had never known, proclaiming a life in which they have an opportunity such as never could come to them elsewhere."

A high tribute is paid to the entire Government service at Ellis Island, where the immigrant finds it difficult to believe that he must not still lie and bribe in order to get justice. The Society for the Protection of Italian Immigrants is highly commended, as are other societies for the immigrant. When the party is finally landed in New York the reader's impression is so realistic that Mrs. Brandenburg's gentle "Thank God! Thank God!" is devoutly echoed. The fortunes of the group who accompany them are followed with interest, especially

the Squadrito family. The cool reception from friends to whom he committed Giuseppe Rato was changed to fervent warmth when they learned that he would accept no pay. "Giuseppe's cousin led in a joint apology for their coldness, and concluded by saying: 'You know American mans ain't good to Eyetalyuns on'y he make de graft.'"

Perhaps, after having the real reason told us why foreigners settle mostly in the four States nearest New York, in spite of inducements to go South and West, we may be more charitable. Each immigrant in turn persists in staying just where his friends or relatives are, and they are already situated in the industrial centers of the East. Surely it is a *human* reason!

The author concludes by telling us what to do with the immigrant. Every citizen should read at least this part of the book. Only a few of his important suggestions can be given. "Seek the grounds on which to deny passage to emigrants who wish to come to the United States, in the villages from which they emanate." He also recommends the formation of itinerant boards, on a civil service basis, before whom the emigrant should appear and be passed upon. This would cost about \$2 per capita. Any emigrant would gladly pay this, for it is much less than the present system actually costs him. "It is easy to see how these visiting boards could promote emigration among the classes which are most desirable in Northern and Central Europe, and are now so chary of coming. Families which have something to lose by being turned back from the United States are loath to dispose of their property and make the venture. If they knew they were certain of admission before they left their homes, a year's time would see the level of the grade of emigrant greatly elevated." As to reforms, he recommends "closed cabins and service of

food for groups of six or eight, with an American Marine Hospital Service surgeon in charge of each ship." In addition to the excellent card index already in use, there should be added a regulation compelling all aliens to report to Federal officials at regular intervals, in Federal judicial districts, until naturalized or ready to depart.



PART OF THE AUTHOR'S PARTY—ALL EYES TO THE
STATUE OF LIBERTY

Admission to the country should be made probationary; the commission of any crime to be followed by punishment, and *then* by *deportation*. There occurs at this point a probably unintentional, but severe, arraignment of our industrial system, when the author states: "Many of the minor crimes,

committed by aliens are done with the intention of getting two or three years in prison in which to learn to read and write English and acquire a trade."

The details of the plan are so practical that we must accept Mr. Brandenburg's conclusion: "When these things are achieved, there is no one to deny that the immigration problem will have been solved. unless it

be those who are ignorant and prejudiced in the matter, or who profit by the continued depression of the grade coupled with the increase in the volume of immigration which mark the present condition in a way to cause every true American, who has the best interests of his country at heart, to look to the future with uncertainty and dread."

Evalyn C. Lovejoy.

To the Barberini Bees

Emblazoned high upon the canopies
 Above St. Peter's sanctified repose,
 Hiving 'mid papal tombs in crested shows,
 Swarming on pillar and on haughty frieze,
 Cluster the proud old Barberini bees;
 Who live on incense and forget the rose,
 As they forget their brotherhood with those
 Dear humble buzzy fellows overseas.
 Oh, tell me, little toilers, do ye faint
 Never for lowly beds of mignonette,
 Or mountain paths with gipsy flowers set?
 What honey lurks in porphyry and paint,
 Or what content in summer days like these
 For vain immortal Barberini bees?

Martha Gilbert Dickinson in the November Century.

King's Messenger

Over the stubbled grass,
 Over the hurrying plain,
 Fleet as a cloud I pass,
 Hand on the pulsing rein.

Mother and sire withstood,
 The bride in her bower alone,
 The embers warm from the wood,
 And I, like the night, have flown.

A crust and a backward look,
 A breath for the heaving steed,
 A drink from the ice-bound brook,
 And then but speed—and speed.

For them I leave, is the sound
 And brilliance of song and light;
 For me, the echo from frozen ground,
 And the frozen stars at night.

I know not the way I go.
 I read not the news I bring.
 I halt not at hail of foe.
 I ride—I ride for the King.

Alice Brown, in the November Harper's Magazine.

Whosoever Shall Offend

AN author who produces as much as Mr. F. Marion Crawford, always presents an easy point of attack for the reviewer who would be superficially clever. As a matter of fact, Mr. Crawford has suffered on just this account—because his pen happens to be facile and his invention ready. Yet blessed would we be if all our writers—especially those who give us the great “popular” successes—would favor us with tales even comparable to those of Mr. Crawford. Of course, in the case of great productivity a novelist is apt to sacrifice inevitability to fortuity, glossed romance. He is also apt to narrow his psychology to mere characterization, instead of making it a motivating power in his story.

This is somewhat true of Mr. Crawford in his new book.* The characters are in a way splendidly drawn, in the case of one at least drawn almost with finality; but you do not feel behind these acts that inevitability which is significant of the great work of art. They may have done all things which their author makes them do; but somehow you are not made to realize that they had to do them.

Mr. Crawford has taken for his text the biblical verse, “Whosoever shall offend one of these little ones which believe in me, it were better for him that a mill-stone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea.” He shows you a young boy, an invalid, educated and brought up too lovingly by his mother and his hypocritical stepfather, Folco Corbario. Something of the great fault of this sort of education can be caught in his mother’s ideal. “She wished her son to be a man at all points, yet she dreamed that he might remain a sort of glorified young girl; she desired him to be well prepared to face the world . . . and yet it was her dearest wish that he might never know anything of the world’s wickedness.” It is not difficult to see to what ends such training is almost sure to lead.

But Mr. Crawford is not writing a “Rich-

ard Fernal.” So, instead of following on this line, he makes of Corbario a villain who murders his wife and then tries to kill Marcello. Marcello, struck over the head, escapes, not knowing who his assailant has been, and having great affection for his stepfather. The blow which was meant to kill only stunned, and when poor Marcello awakes to semi-consciousness again, he finds himself in a miserable little inn, carefully guarded by a beautiful peasant girl, Regina. The remainder of the story tells how Corbario tries to kill the young boy by dissipation, and how Regina, made an instrument in that dissipation, saves the boy, and helps run to earth Corbario.

Mr. Crawford may have done finer things than this character of Regina, but at the moment we do not recall them. Her passionate, blind devotion to Marcello, her sacrifices, her simplicity and her “moral immorality”—all these are splendid. It is impossible to judge a woman of this type by fixed standards of morals. There is but one note to their natures, and that is love for some person. For that person she will sacrifice reputation in this world and salvation in the next. This Regina, though widely different, yet recalls another Regina, she of Sudermann’s great story. The comparison accentuates, too, the difference between the Germanic and the Anglo-Saxon point of view. But for all that, this Italian peasant girl, who becomes known all over the Continent as “Consalvi’s Regina,” and feels no shame in the title, is a striking and convincing character. You see her ancestry bobbing up at every turn, and you feel her training and the simplicity of her way of thinking. You almost can trace in her the entire strata of society to which she belongs.

Which brings us directly to Mr. Crawford’s strong point. Few writers of to-day so have the knack of giving atmosphere as he. It is not so much by descriptive skill that he does this, but rather by subtle inherent traits in style and color. There is not a page in which you are not aware of the Italian landscape in the background. As for the story itself, it is intensely inter-

***WHOSOEVER SHALL OFFEND.** By F. Marion Crawford. The Macmillan Co., New York. \$1.50.

esting, and full of spirit and color. Moreover, Mr. Crawford's style has steadily improved, and many of the paragraphs are worth rereading.

Perhaps nothing will so well give a sidelight on the book than the following passages from it: Marcello has just discovered his stepfather's iniquities, and fearing that

he will escape, has set out with a friend, Kalmon, and a retainer, Ercole, to the home of Regina, thinking that Corbario might be there, as he has discovered a secret pact between Corbario and Settimia, Regina's maid. He has bidden Regina to find out at any cost from Settimia where Corbario is hidden.

Jules Eckert Goodman.

A Scene from Whosoever Shall Offend*

Regina looked at the little travelling-clock that stood on the low table at her elbow, and saw that it was half past eleven. Behind the drawn curtains she could hear the rain beating furiously against the shutters, but all was quiet within the house. Regina listened, for Settimia's room was overhead, and when she moved about her footsteps could be heard in the sitting-room. Regina had heard her just before Marcello had come in, but there was no sound now; she had probably gone to bed. Regina lit a candle and went into her own room.

On a shelf near the little toilet-table there was a box, covered with old velvet, in which she kept the few simple pins and almost necessary bits of jewelry which she had been willing to accept from Marcello.

With them lay the long pin she used to stick through her hair on Sundays when she went to church.

It had been her mother's, and it was the only thing she possessed which had belonged to the murdered woman who had given her birth. It was rather a fine specimen of the pins worn by the hill peasant women, and was made like a little cross-hilted sword, with a blade of fire-gilt steel about eight inches long. A little gilt ball was screwed upon the point, intended to keep the pin from coming out after it was thrust through the hair. Regina took the ball off and felt the point, which was as sharp as that of a pen-knife; and she tried the blade with her hands and found that it did not bend easily. It was strong enough for what she wanted of it. She stuck it through the heavy knot of her hair, rather low down at the back of her neck, where she could easily reach it with her right hand; but she did not screw on the ball. It was not likely that the pin

would fall out. She was very deliberate in all she did; she even put up her hand two or three times, without looking at herself in the mirror, to be quite sure where to find the hilt of the pin if she should need it. Marcello had told her to get the information he wanted "at any cost."

Then she went back, with her candle, through the cheerful sitting-room, and out through a small vestibule that was now dark, and up the narrow staircase to find Settimia.

She knocked, and the woman opened, and Regina was a little surprised to see that she was still dressed. She was pale, and looked very anxious as she faced her mistress in the doorway.

"What is the matter?" she asked, rather nervously.

"Nothing," Regina answered in a reassuring tone. "I had forgotten to tell you about a little change I want in the trimming of that hat, and as I heard you moving about, I came up before going to bed."

Settimia had taken off her shoes more than half an hour earlier in order to make no noise, and her suspicions and her fears were instantly aroused. She drew her lids together a little and looked over Regina's shoulder through the open door towards the dark staircase. She was not a tall woman, and was slightly made, but she was energetic and could be quick when she chose, as Regina knew. Regina quietly shut the door behind her and came forward into the room, carrying her candlestick, which she set down upon the table near the lamp.

"Where is that hat?" she asked, so naturally that the woman began to think nothing was wrong, after all.

Settimia turned to cross the room, in order to get the hat in question from a pasteboard bandbox that stood on the floor. Regina followed her, and stood beside her as she bent down.

*WHOSOEVER SHALL OFFEND. By F. Marion Crawford. The Macmillan Co., New York. Copyright, 1904, by The Macmillan Co.

Then without the slightest warning Regina caught her arms from behind and threw her to her knees, so that she was forced to crouch down, her head almost touching the floor. She was no more than a child in the peasant woman's hands as soon as she was fairly caught. But she did not scream, and she seemed to be keeping her senses about her.

"What do you want of me?" she asked, speaking with difficulty.

Policemen know that ninety-nine out of a hundred criminals ask that question when they are taken.

"I want to know several things," Regina answered.

"Let me go, and I will tell you what I can."

"No, you won't," Regina replied, looking about her for something with which to tie the woman's hands, for she had forgotten that this might be necessary. "I shall not let you go until I know everything."

She felt that Settimia's thin hands were cautiously trying the strength of her own and turning a very little in her grasp. She threw her weight upon the woman's shoulders to keep her down, grasped both wrists in one hand, and with the other tore off the long silk cord that tied her own dressing-gown at the waist. It was new and strong.

"You had better not struggle," she said, as she got the first turn round Settimia's wrists and began to pull it tight. "You are in my power now. It is of no use to scream, either, for nobody will hear you."

"I know it," the woman replied. "What are you going to do with me?"

"I shall ask questions. If you answer them, I shall not hurt you. If you do not, I shall hurt you until you do, or until you die. Now I am going to tie your wrists to your heels, so that you cannot move. Then I will put a pillow under your head, so that you can be pretty comfortable while we talk a little."

She spoke in a matter-of-fact tone, which terrified Settimia much more than any dramatic display of anger or hatred could have done. In a few moments the woman was bound hand and foot. Regina turned her upon her side, and arranged a pillow under her head as she had promised to do. Then she sat down upon the floor beside the pillow, and looked at her calmly.

"In this way we can talk," she said.

Settimia's rather stony eyes were wide

with fear now, as she lay on her side, watching Regina's face.

"I have always served you faithfully," she said. "I cannot understand why you treat me so cruelly."

"Yes," Regina answered, unmoved, "you have been an excellent maid, and I am sorry that I am obliged to tie you up like the calves that are taken to the city on carts. Now tell me, where is Signor Corbario?"

"How should I know?" whined Settimia, evidently more frightened. "I know nothing about Signor Corbario. I swear that I have hardly ever seen him. How can I possibly know where he is? He is probably at his house, at this hour."

"No. You know very well that he has left the villa. It will not serve to tell lies, nor to say that you know nothing about him, for I am sure you do. Now listen. I wish to persuade you with good words. You and Signor Corbario were in South America together."

Settimia's face expressed abject terror.

"Never!" she cried, rocking her bound body sideways in an instinctive attempt to emphasize her words by a gesture. "I swear before heaven, and the saints, and the holy——"

"It is useless," Regina interrupted. "You have not forgotten what you and he did in Salta ten years ago. You remember how suddenly Padilla died, when 'Doctor' Corbario was attending him, and you were his nurse, don't you?"

She fixed her eyes sternly on Settimia's, and the woman turned livid, and ground her teeth.

"You are the devil!" she said, hoarsely.

"But it is all a lie!" she cried, suddenly trying denial again. "I was never in South America, never, never, never!"

"There is a lie," observed Regina, with perfect calm. "If you do not tell me where Signor Corbario is to-night I shall go to the police to-morrow and tell all I know about you."

"You know nothing. What is all this that you are inventing? You are a wicked woman!"

"Take care! Perhaps I am a wicked woman. Who knows? I am not a saint, but you are not my confessor. It is the contrary, perhaps; and perhaps you will have to confess to me this night, before going to the other world, if you confess at all. Where is Signor Corbario?"

As she asked the question, she quietly took the long pin from her hair and began to play with the point.

where Signor Corbario is? I want to know?" Settimia must have feared Corbario more than she feared Regina and the sharp pin

at that moment, for she shook her head and set her teeth. Perhaps she believed that Regina was only threatening her, and did not mean to do her any real bodily hurt; but in this she was misled by Regina's very quiet manner.

"I shall wait a little while," said Regina, almost indifferently, "and then, if you do not tell me, I shall begin to kill you. It may take a long time, and you will scream a good deal, but nobody will hear you. Now think a little, and decide what you will do."

Regina laid the pin upon the floor beside her, drew up her knees, and clasped her hands together over them, as the hill women often sit for hours when they are waiting for anything.



FRONTISPIECE FROM "WHOSOEVER SHALL OFFEND"

The minutes passed and Settimia's terror grew till the room swam with her, and she lost hold upon herself, and did not know whether she screamed or was silent, as her parched lips opened wide upon her parted teeth. But she had made no sound, and Regina did not even look at her. Death had not come yet; there was a respite of seconds, perhaps of minutes.

Regina turned her head very slowly, and looked coldly down at the agonized face.

"I am tired," she said. "I cannot wait any longer."

"Are you going to murder me?" groaned the wretched woman, watching the terrible little weapon.

"I should not call it murder to kill you. This point is sharp. Should you like to feel it? You shall. In this way you will, perhaps, be persuaded to speak."

She gently pressed the point against Settimia's cheek.

"Don't move, or you will scratch yourself," she said, as the woman tried to draw back her face. "Now. will you tell me

Settimia's eyes seemed to be starting from her head, and her dry lips were stretched till they cracked, and she thought she had screamed again; but she had not, for her throat was paralyzed with fear. Regina rose upon her knees beside the pillow, with the pin in her right hand.

"Where is Corbario?" she asked, looking down. "If you will not tell I shall hurt you."

Settimia's lips moved, as if she were trying to speak, but no words came from them. Regina got up from the floor, went to the washstand and poured some water into the glass, for she thought it possible that the woman was really unable to utter a sound because her throat was parched with fear. But she could speak a little as soon as Regina left her side, and the last peril seemed a few seconds less near.

"For the love of God, don't kill me yet," she moaned. "Let me speak first!"

Regina came back, knelt down, and set the glass on the floor, beside the pin.

"That is all I want," she said, quietly, "that you should speak."

"Water," moaned Settimia, turning her eyes to the glass.

Regina held up her head a little and set

the tumbler to her lips, and she drank eagerly. The fear of death is more parching than wound-fever or passion.

"Now you can surely talk a little," Regina said.

"Why do you wish to know where he is?" Settimia asked in a weak voice. "Are the police looking for him? What has he done? Why do you want me to betray him?"

"These are too many questions," Regina answered. "I have been told to make you tell where he is, and I will. That is enough."

"I do not know where he is."

In an instant the point of the sharp little blade was pressing against the woman's throat, harder and harder; one second more and it would pierce the skin and draw blood.

"Stop!" she screamed, with a convulsion of her whole body. "He is in the house!"

== F o r C h r i s t m a s * ==



A Needed Institution

"Oh, sir, what is this place so strange,
Filled full of trinkets fine?"

"This is the Christmas Gift Exchange,
A clever plan of mine.

Your misfit presents here may be
 Exchanged for others that you see."
 I turned my head and laughed aloud
 To see the eager, hurrying crowd.

A Christmas Thought

"Tis blessed to bestow, and yet,
 Could we bestow the gifts we get,
 And keep the ones we give away,
 How happy were our Christmas Day!



Retribution

"My daughter, surely you've received
 Full many a Christmas present.
 What makes you look so sad and grieved?
 Why can't you look more pleasant?"

"Oh, mother dear," Susanna sniffed,
 "To-morrow I must write
 A note of thanks for every gift
 That I've received to-night!"

Out of All Proportion

On Christmas Eve, as pretty Jane
Came tripping down the stair,
The spicy smell of Christmas greens
Pervaded all the air.

"Now this I can not understand,"
Said Jane. "Why is it so?
A hundred sprays of holly
And but one of mistletoe!"



An Irishman's Story*

THE career of which this volume is the story was not an adventurous one; nor was it marked by any startling changes of fortune. It was, how-

*AN IRISHMAN'S STORY. By Justin McCarthy.
The Macmillan Co., 1904.

ever, bound up with great political issues, constantly in touch with great men, and interestingly diversified by travel and by excursions into various fields of activity literary and practical. It was, upon the whole, a fortunate, successful and happy

career, full of difficulties buoyantly met and responsibilities manfully shouldered.

Though fate did not spare the young McCarthy the pinch of genteel poverty, it was still kind in placing him in a family circle which fostered his instinctive love for books and stimulated his intellectual curiosity. Later it was to lead him into a wider circle of friends and acquaintances where his naturally active and vigorous mind was exercised and his interest in life quickened. His father, clerk to the city magistrates of Cork, in the near neighborhood of which city he was born, was something of a classical scholar, and—what was very rare in his time—a devoted student of the Gaelic language and literature. Further, he was an antiquary deep in the historic and legendary lore of the south of Ireland, and consumed, like the rest of his ilk, with a desire to dispel the mystery that obscures the origin of the Round Towers of Ireland. Young Justin McCarthy grew up amid a group of young men who were stirred by the intellectual life and aglow with the patriotism of the Young Ireland movement. Considering the low level of intellectual life in the provincial Irish cities in the generation just preceding his youth, and remembering the congenial atmosphere and associations of his early years, one cannot but consider him singularly fortunate in that the time and the surroundings conspired to develop the talents with which nature had endowed him.

Justin McCarthy's career has three aspects. He was at once journalist, man of letters and politician. For, roughly speaking, the first thirty years of his active life he was journalist and literary man. From 1879, the year of his election as member for Longford, his political life began; and it continued until 1897, when ill-health compelled him to abandon his arduous labors in the House of Commons. On the partial recovery of his health, he again took up the pen, and once more became active as journalist, novelist and historian.

It was on the Cork Examiner that Mr. McCarthy began his newspaper work. Thence he went to Liverpool to accept a position as reporter on the Northern Daily Times. Of this paper he subsequently became one of the editors. London is the goal to which British literary men naturally gravitate as to the fairest field for their labors, and when, in 1860, Mr. McCarthy

was offered an engagement on the London Morning Star, he accepted it gladly. For a time he acted by turns as parliamentary reporter, as special correspondent and as foreign editor. At last he became editor-in-chief. This position he eventually resigned, because the absorbing and unceasing labor it involved gave him little opportunity for other literary work. His resignation from the Morning Star—John Morley, it may be said, by the way, filled his place—marked the end of his career as an editor, though he continued to contribute constantly to papers and magazines, both in England and America.

In certain respects, Mr. McCarthy's account of his editorial work leaves one somewhat puzzled and surprised. From his own showing one is never led to infer that he valued his position as head of a London paper for the opportunities it afforded for advancing his political ideas. Nor would one suspect that the Irish cause, for which he was later to battle bravely in the political arena, was dear to his heart or held a place in the forefront of his mind. Journalism at this time he seems to have regarded as a means of livelihood. He was keenly interested, too, in the stir and movement of the world around him, and to record and comment upon these was to him a more or less congenial task. But what chiefly delighted him in his editorial work, it would appear, was the relations it established for him with the famous men of the day. Among the many with whom he came in more or less close touch were Bright and Cobden, Tennyson and Browning, Carlyle, Dickens and Thackeray, Froude and Lecky, Spencer, Huxley and John Stuart Mill, and later D. G. Rossetti, Swinburne, William Morris and Madox Brown.

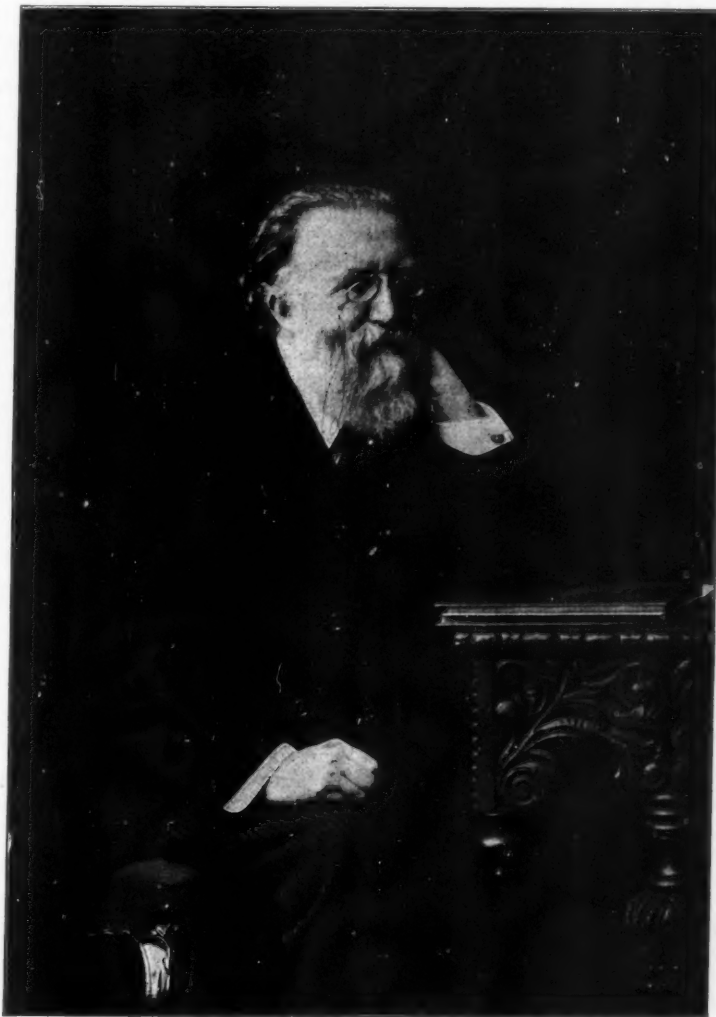
Mr. McCarthy's political career, which is outlined in the autobiography, is fresh in the minds of many, and can only be touched upon here. In 1879, as has been said, he was elected member for Longford, and began, as a nationalist champion, the parliamentary battles that for him were to last close upon two decades. He soon became vice-chairman of the Irish party, and stood behind Parnell through years of the most exacting and exhausting parliamentary struggles. "I took part," he says, "in all the obstructive movements that spread through so many sessions; I had often for session after session to turn night into day

and day into night; to go home after the sun had risen over the Westminster scene which Wordsworth has depicted; I can remember having had to spend once three days in the House without ever leaving its precincts." Many picturesque incidents, and many of the dark moments of this long struggle he records, and they make some of the most interesting pages of his book. He tells of the forged Parnell letters; of the suicide of the forger; of Parnell's entanglement in the divorce proceedings of Mrs. O'Shea; of his consequent fall from power; and of the disastrous effect of this upon his party. He tells also of the course he himself steered through these troubled waters, and of how an honor he never coveted came to him when Parnell's scepter was put in his hands. Mr. McCarthy has always an extraordinary capacity for work, yet one cannot but marvel, as he reads the story of his political life, how he stood for so long the stress and strain of his heavy burden of labor and responsibility. For while actively engaged in politics he still found time and energy to support himself and his family by his pen. But he always loved the life of the House of Commons, despite the almost herculean labors of these trying years. His robust nature found a pleasure in its conflicts and a delight in the society of the great and distinguished men with whom he was associated.

Though he gave long years and much of his energy to politics and journalism, litera-

ture, it would seem, was his first love and his constant preoccupation.

Neither his journalistic successes nor his political honors seem to have given him a thrill of pleasure like that he experienced when John Stuart Mill or Miss Martineau praised his literary criticism, or when the



MR. JUSTIN MCCARTHY

public welcomed his "History of Our Own Times." In the planning and writing of his novels he seems to have found as keen a pleasure as others can extract from the reading of them. In the very thick of the most exciting political struggles, when he

himself was the leader of the Irish party in the House of Commons, he was forever stealing off to a secluded corner or lobby or smoking-room to ponder the plot of a novel, to write a page of a history or to drive some literary task. And yet, though his love of pure literature cannot be questioned, his work has everywhere the journalistic stamp. All that he wrote came from the surface of his mind. He accomplished much that, from the literary standpoint, was good, nothing that was excellent. He seems ever to have been a journalist in this, that he was a stranger to the artist's passion for perfection.

Perhaps most of those who take up this book will expect to find their chief pleasure in the passages that record the author's impressions of his great contemporaries in politics and literature. But just such a record he had already offered to the public in earlier volumes—his histories, his "Reminiscences," his "Portraits of the Sixties." To avoid repetition he here but names the names of many of whom we would most gladly hear. And even in the case of personages upon whom he dwells at some length the characterizations are for the most part lacking in real insight, and even—a criticism that cannot be applied to much of his early work of the same kind—in animation and vitality. Mr. McCarthy has little of that gift for swift and graphic portraiture which Carlyle, for example, possessed in so high a degree, and so often misused. He has not the faculty for seizing unerringly upon the characteristic features of a personality and stamping them forever upon the mind in a few terse phrases. And in a general way it may be said of this autobiography that it is not greatly successful in reviving for the imagination the issues of the past and in peopling that past with living men. In style it lacks the buoyancy and freshness and the rapid movement that sweeps one down the stream of narrative in the "History of Our Own Times."

The chief charm of "An Irishman's Story" will be found to lie not in its record of the author's fortunes, nor in the descriptions of the great men he knew, but rather in the revelation of his own generous and

genial nature. And this revelation is the more delightful that it seems quite unconscious. On one side the character is singular. It lacks many traits distinctive of the Irishman. Humor is not wanting, but the wit that can flash and scorch, and the quick play of a quaint and lively fancy are never seen. The special aptitude for heady anger and quick quarrels is conspicuously absent from this eminently pacific disposition. Intensity is peculiarly an Irish trait. The histories and memoirs of Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, a noble Irishman, and a contemporary of Mr. McCarthy's, strikingly exemplify it. To compare Gavan Duffy's writings, in which there is scarce a page that is not aglow with an impassioned patriotism, with writings of a like kind by Mr. McCarthy is to realize that intensity is nowhere a characteristic of the latter. A patriot and a fighter Mr. McCarthy was, yet his utterances are uniformly marked by moderation and restraint, and a coolness and steadiness of temper quite alien to the stock of which he was a scion. But though not representatively Irish, the character the book makes known to us is rich in fine traits. Above all, it is kindly and magnanimous. His political opponents might shatter his carriage windows with stones; the British feeling against him as a Parnellite might hinder the success of the books that were a livelihood to him and his family; but no exasperating experiences of any kind—and heaven gave him his share of them—could leave a drop of malice in his heart or call a bitter word to his lips. Overcast as many years of his life were by the dark clouds of English prejudice and Irish hate that loomed up large and ugly around him, his inexhaustible kindliness and magnanimity give a bright and peculiar grace to his character and lend it a touch of distinction.

Though earlier works of Mr. McCarthy's have appropriated in advance a great deal of good material that one might look for in the present volume, "An Irishman's Story" cannot fail to afford pleasure and satisfaction to the large audience that is ever ready to give its author a hearing.

Horatio S. Krans.

The Drama

Edited by Jules Eckert Goodman

Some day some man with a keen insight into the inner meaning of things, and with an accurate knowledge of the drama and its limits, will write a treatise concerning the influence of the personality of the actor upon the playwright, and hence upon the drama, *per se*. When that day comes we will understand at a glance many things which now are ambiguous. We will see why dramatists of really great inherent worth are willing to produce claptrap stuff in order to "fit" the personality of some actress or actor, and in order to meet the popular taste. It is safe to say that many of the "successful" writers have hidden away plays which they firmly believe contain their best, but which go begging in the market because they are not built around a single character, or are not lightly amusing, or cheaply sensational. They keep these hoping against hope that some day they will have a reputation so great that their name alone will suffice to secure a production. Sometimes they resort to "special matinées." And meanwhile they go on making the pretty, not-too-deep, non-thought-evoking sort of thing which catches the public fancy and the public cash. After all, it is the public, not the actor, nor the manager, that determines the standards, and the box-office is the only true critic.

Sorcery and a Magician

Perhaps as good an example of the play made for the actress as can be chosen is M. Sardou's "The Sorceress." Of course, even as far back as the time of Shakespeare parts were built to suit an actor's characteristics. Every practical dramatist must be cognizant of that fact; and it is the practical dramatist, not the scholastic, who determines the drama. The Shakespearean tragedy was not long in triumphing over the Senecan. Hugo went down into the pit and fought the battle out with pseudo-classicists. The mention of Hugo's name is both fortunate and unfortunate. It is manifestly unjust to compare M. Sardou with Hugo, and yet, when one recalls such plays as "Patrie," one is almost forced to

do so. The pity of it is that not all of Sardou's plays are of the standard of that historical play. Placed beside his greater countryman, he is found to be on a far lower scale.

Sardou is first and foremost the man of the theater. He is a master technician. There is no other man writing to-day who knows, as he the externals of his craft, who can make so much of little, and can illumine the dead with vitality. Dramaturgically, he is wonderful. There you have his greatest claim. When you examine closely his work, when you cut away this outside veneer, you find his plays bordering often on melodrama—that is, relying almost entirely upon situation. Character, psychology, all are subservient to situation. But these situations themselves of recent years have been directly based upon the personality of the actor or actress who was to play them. So in this play, "The Sorceress." It is not Zoraya, the Moorish maiden, gifted with the science of hypnotism; it is not the poor creature broken upon the wheel of her own love that you see; but rather an intensely dramatic scene, done with the greatest skill in which a woman faces her accuser before the Inquisition, a character in whom you cannot but note the author watching his actress. It is not so much the struggle between the Moor and the Christian and the love struggle that you are aware of as the acting of the principal actress. It is Sarah Bernhardt that you feel all through the play. Mme. Bernhardt did not play the rôle of Zoraya here; instead, it was Mrs. Patrick Campbell. Mrs. Campbell is not a Bernhardt; but she is an actress of unquestionable talent and ability; and she made the rôle and the play as convincing as could anyone except the aforesaid Bernhardt. Above all, she dressed the part beautifully, and this, added to her own natural beauty, gave a glamour and charm to her performance. If more need be said about the play it may be summed up something as follows: It is first, last and always Sardou; it has one or more scenes of great intensity and splendid acting

quality; it is worth seeing for itself, and more for the acting of Mrs. Campbell,

Close to the Soil

Probably nothing could be more opposed to such a play than Richepin's "The Harvester," which Mr. Skinner produced on the same night at a theater just across the street. "The Harvester" is everything almost that "The Sorceress" is not. Its story is simple, direct and idyllic. It relies upon poetry and character entirely for its success. In plot it tells of a vagabond who comes to a farm and helps with the harvesting until the *Wanderlust* grows so strong in him that he must on the way again. He goes, leaving behind Toinette, to whom he has made love, stealing from her not because he does not care for her, but because he is, and always must be, a rover. It is nineteen years later that he returns to the same place, and by chance. Again he meets Toinette, and with Toinette their child, a boy of eighteen. The boy is wretched and miserable because he cannot marry the girl whom he loves on account of his parentage. How the rover brings happiness to his son and Toinette and Toinette's husband, and how when he has accomplished all this, and there is before him the opportunity of settling down, and he, the old spirit of unrest coming over him, takes up his bundle and goes on his way again—all this is poetic and exquisite.

It is a beautiful play, beautifully acted in the main by Mr. Skinner, though here and there the theatric note is struck a little too strongly. In the adaptation from the French, too, there is a tendency in spots toward rural melodrama where one would expect fancy and simplicity and pathos. Taken on the whole, however, the production is delightful, and so far from the beaten track as to be refreshingly novel. Moreover, it does bring one close to the soil and the great out-of-doors; and of this we can hardly have too much.

A Shakespearean Revival

We have had many Shakespearean productions the last two seasons. We have had them with scenery, and with little except scenery. We have had them in the manner of operas, comic and otherwise. It remained, however, for Mr. Frohman to show the scope and value of the apparent trend when he brought together in one

company Miss Marlowe and Mr. Sothorn for a series of Shakespearean presentations. At the time of this writing these excellent artists have appeared in only "Romeo and Juliet," but that has been sufficient to assure the success of the undertaking. It was a worthy, intelligent production of the play, portrayed throughout in a satisfactory manner, and in one instance at least with greatness.

Miss Marlowe has so long been playing the heroine of the popular novel that many of us have forgotten almost upon what type of work her reputation rested. One glance at her Juliet brought it all back to mind again. Not within the memory of the younger generation of playgoers has such a Juliet been seen upon the stage. Possessed of a voice of exquisite richness, skilled by years of training in the reading of Shakespearean verse, graced by nature with beauty and charm, she made of the Veronese maiden a creature of loveliness, worthy of Romeo's most florid sentiment. You could see in this Juliet the being who would awaken in the young Montague a headlong passion. It may be that in the first act the girlishness seemed a bit mature; that was inevitable; but when it came to the development of the girl into womanhood, the ripening influence of love changing in a day adolescence into maturity, this Miss Marlowe showed with rare skill. The Juliet of the potion scene was a different Juliet than the Juliet of the ball-room scene. Like Marchbanks, she could cry out, "This morning I was eighteen; now I am as old as the world." The tragedy of her love for Romeo had made its awful mark upon her soul, and behind this tragedy lay a still greater one for her. The scene with her father and mother following close upon the grief for her lover and husband, who had just left her, brought her face to face with the doom which was hanging over her. Then came the final stroke; she turned to the Nurse. The last shred of hope went, and with it her last ideal, under the urging of the Nurse that she marry Paris. For the first time she saw life in all its futility and cruelty and immorality.

It was just here that Miss Marlowe rose to her greatest height, portraying in no uncertain way the workings of the woman's soul. It was acting which might with justice be termed great. And it showed Miss Marlowe to be an actress of tragic force and

power. It was, too, as far removed from the conventional, emotional acting of the scene as a genuine statue is from the poorly made plaster-of-Paris cast. It was all done so simply and directly, without cheapness or stage trickery, that it held you with the force of its convincingness. You might have been witnessing the play for the first time, so distinctive was it in its quality. There can be no question after this of Miss Marlowe's place upon the American stage.

When we come to Mr. Sothern's Romeo, it is not so easy to grow enthusiastic. That his interpretation is marked by thought and study cannot be doubted. That he can find some justification for it is also true. That he reads his lines with distinction and with beauty of tone is not to be gainsaid. It is hard, however, to think of a Romeo as gloomy and disconsolate as Mr. Sothern's. It is Elsinore and its battlements, not Juliet's garden walls, that he recalls. Of course one can conceive of a Romeo melancholy with love madness; but there was in him also youth and the impetuosity of youth; there was, for example, the gay companion who went with such gay spirits as Mercutio and Benvolio; there was the fiery young blood in his veins that made the duel with Tybalt almost a slaughter; there was, in a word, the dash and fire of youth. It was a grief-stricken boy who threw himself on the floor in Friar Laurence's cell and refused to be comforted. The Romeo of Mr. Sothern, on the other hand, gives one the feeling of a man of maturity. It is contemplative and sad as opposed to melancholic. And it is here that, in my opinion, it fails of the greatness of Miss Marlowe's Juliet.

The entire production is, however, of such a character that it should be regarded as an opportunity by all lovers of Shakespeare, and should receive hearty support from all others. There are some who will doubtless find fault with it, and speak knowingly of the past—which they have gleaned from books and older people. There are some also who will sententiously talk of the days of Daly, and that sort of thing. This is inevitable. Yet the fact remains that all that, better or worse, as it may be, was in the past, and that we have

this with us now, and this production is so much better than any other we have seen in recent years as to make comparison needless.

Mrs. Gilbert and "Granny"

Mention of Daly recalls the *début* as a star of Mrs. Gilbert. This *début* is also Mrs. Gilbert's farewell to the stage upon which she has been for over seventy years. Mr. Fitch wrote the play, and felicitously called it "Granny." It is one of those charming little domestic studies which every now and then the French writers produce, and it is to a French source that Mr. Fitch is indebted for it. One might say considerable about the play, but in the present case the actress is so much the main point of interest that it is just as well to pass over it with the remark that it offers splendid opportunity to Mrs. Gilbert to show all the talent which she possesses. As for her acting, it is still full of skill, and still possesses the powers of long ago. Shrewish, pathetic, comic, she can still draw laughter and tears. Mrs. Gilbert emphasizes anew the value of the stock company as a training school. She also emphasizes the great place that personality plays in success upon the stage. There is no other woman who is regarded with such affection as Mrs. Gilbert. She is eighty-three, and has earned a rest; but it is hard to think of seeing her no more behind the footlights.

Musical Comedy

It is remarkable how much musical comedy the public will stand—yes, and stand for, to put it colloquially. Mr. George Ade seems to have made another success with his semisatirical "The Sho-Gun." There is a good deal of fun in this composition, and some lines that are far above the ordinary.

From England there are two pieces of rather pleasing character and above the ordinary quality. "The School Girl," in which Miss Edna May and an excellent company are appearing, is really a charming little trifle, free from all objectionable elements, and not without some tuneful music. "The Cingalee," while somewhat lacking in the way of a book, is full of color, and is beautifully staged.

Science and Invention

Condensation Nuclei

Commonplace things often become the most interesting things when we attempt to investigate their causes. Faraday's "Chemical History of a Candle," Tyndall's "Forms of Water," Boys' "Soap Bubbles," Perry's "Spinning Tops," are a few instances of the way in which common objects may lead us into the mysterious and fascinating region of science. The following passage may be regarded as a chapter in some future "History of a Rain-drop" which will astonish by the way in which it will penetrate into every field of physics. It well exemplifies not only the depth of the mysteries which baffle the investigator, but also the keenness of the spirit in which the search is carried on. The excerpt is a summary of a paper presented by Prof. C. T. R. Wilson before the recent International Electrical Congress, and is taken from the "Electrical World and Engineer":

In a very general way, the popular understanding of the nature and production of rain is unusually rational and precise. Rivers feed the oceans. The sun evaporates fresh water vapor from the salt seas. The warm, invisible vapor, carried far and high, chills into cloud and fog on reaching colder climes. Finally, cloud precipitates, by a yet greater chill, into the gentle rain from heaven that falls upon the earth beneath. But although this theory is clear enough for rough practical purposes, yet, when it comes to actual detail, every stage of this vast and wondrous process of distillation is beset with difficulty of comprehension, so limited is our understanding of the simplest events in nature. Thus, confining attention to the phenomenon of condensation, it is hard to understand how drops are formed from water vapor. What is it that starts a drop? What force fosters or retards its growth? Why are fog droplets produced under some conditions and raindrops built up under other conditions? Many such questions must yet remain unanswered.

Professor Wilson has developed an apparatus which is called a cloud chamber, and which permits of suddenly rarefying, in adjustable ratio, a known volume of moisture-laden air, for the purpose of studying the cloud thereby produced. From the amount of the expansion the extent of the sudden chill is known, and knowing the temperature and vapor pressure of the water in the chamber before the chill takes place, the degree of supersaturation at which the miniature cloud forms is readily determinable.

It was shown long ago by Lord Kelvin that a small drop of pure water suspended in pure air must evaporate in air that is saturated with water vapor from the standpoint of a flat surface

of water. That is to say, when there is so much water vapor in air that pure water in a lake or a saucer will no longer evaporate into it, the air is said to be saturated with water vapor for the particular existing conditions of pressure and temperature. Nevertheless, into such saturated air water from a little spherical drop will evaporate. Consequently, air which is saturated to a flat surface of water is unsaturated to a spherical surface of water on a small drop, owing to the action of the surface tension on the curved surface. In general, air must be many times supersaturated with moisture before a small drop will be able even to hold its own, much less to grow. If, however, a little drop of water receives an electric charge, or, if it holds a substance in solution, such as common salt, then it may become stable and a smaller degree of supersaturation will enable it to grow. Electric ions in dust-free air are pointed out as serving as nuclei upon which pure water drops may grow, when the supersaturation is about four-fold. Fog droplets, *i. e.*, a more numerous aggregation of relatively smaller drops, are formed when the saturation is eight-fold. An electric field is capable of clearing fog-laden air, because it develops a moving force towards all the electric charge nuclei on which the fog droplets are built.

It would seem, therefore, that neither clouds nor fog can form in moisture-laden air in the absence of nuclei. There must be something upon which to make a start in the process of building up a water drop. The nuclei are usually electric ions, but exceptions are found in certain cases, the nature of which is not clear. Thus, air which has been passed over phosphorus, a substance that slowly oxydizes on exposure to the atmosphere, is found to possess the property of forming clouds with but little supersaturation of moisture, and an electric field has but little influence upon such drops. Ultra-violet light, also, passing through air, seems to have the property of producing therein ions that are loaded in some way. These ions will not readily disperse under the action of an electric field, nor do they require much supersaturation for the building of water particles.

There are three principal classes of nuclei on which water can condense in air. The first are ordinary ions such as are produced spontaneously or by Roentgen rays, which move with a velocity of one centimeter per second in a field of one volt per centimeter and require a four-fold or six-fold saturation for drops to form on them. The second class are loaded ions which move with less than one-thousandth part of the velocity of first-class ions in a given electric field, and which require little or no supersaturation of moisture to build up drops. The third class are uncharged nuclei, also capable of building without sensible supersaturation. It is evident that only a first-class fog can be dispelled by electric machines. Second-class fogs would be very slow to dissipate, and third-class fogs might not dissipate at all under electric action.

Fixation of Nitrogen

Ever since the importance of nitrogen in the process of plant growth has been realized attention has been called to the insufficiency of natural deposits of nitrates for the demands of agriculture. The discovery that the nodules on the roots of the *Leguminosæ* were the homes of organisms which had the property of extracting nitrogen from the air had the effect of lessening the anxiety, but in the face of the fact that the known natural supplies of nitrates would be exhausted in less than half a century, attention was compelled to some means of gathering the valuable element from the air in a form in which it would be available for the manufacture of artificial nitrates. The "Electrical Review" of October 8 has an article which sums up two important papers upon the subject. The first is by Dr. Somerville, the chairman of the agricultural section of the British Association, and is thus condensed:

The chemical method is, in a sense, partly electrical, since it depends upon the action of calcium carbide upon nitrogen. This gas, freed from oxygen, is passed through finely disintegrated calcium carbide at a high temperature. One atom of carbon is displaced by two atoms of nitrogen, and calcium cyanamide is formed. When pure, this substance holds about thirty-five per cent. of nitrogen, but in crude commercial form contains only about twenty per cent. Experiments conducted during the past three years at Posen and Darmstadt, Germany, have shown that calcium cyanamide itself is a useful nitrogenous manure. Field experiments have given results about twenty per cent. below those obtained by the use of an equal amount of sulphate of ammonia. In prepared soil in pots, the results surpass those obtained both with nitrate of soda and sulphate of ammonia. It is thought that the less satisfactory yields obtained in the field were due to the action of the organic acids on the cyanamide, for when this substance is treated with acid, a dicyanamide is formed, which is directly poisonous to plants.

The second method, described by Mr. J. S. Edstrom, at the International Electrical Congress, is summarized thus:

The electrical method described by Mr. Edstrom does not differ in principle from those which have already been described in the "Electrical Review." Priestley and Cavendish, a hundred years ago, discovered that electric sparks, when passed through the air, caused the nitrogen and oxygen of the air to combine, with the formation of nitric acid. A number of investigators have worked, and are still working, to develop a process of applying this action commercially. One of the best known systems is that devised by

Bradley and Lovejoy, who have done an enormous amount of work in an excellently equipped establishment at Niagara Falls. The method described in this paper is due to C. Birkeland and S. Eyde, of Christiania. The two electrodes between which the arc is established are connected to a high-voltage generator. The points of the electrodes are at such a distance that the pressure of the generator can maintain an arc between them. Placing the electrodes in a strong magnetic field causes the arc to be blown away from the field. When the arc first jumps across the gap, the difference of potential between the electrode falls; but as the arc is blown outward by the magnetic field, the voltage rises until it again reaches a point sufficient to cause another to start. As soon as this is done, the lower resistance of the new arc extinguishes the older and longer one. It is said that this action is so rapid that several thousand arcs are formed per second, and that the appearance to the eye is that of a disc of light. If the source of supply is direct current, the arcs are formed all on one side; if an alternating supply be employed, the arcs are formed on two sides of the electrodes. The efficiency claimed is 900 kilogrammes of nitric acid per kilowatt-year. The indications are that before long artificial nitrate will replace the natural article, and that the future will be able to take care of itself.

Horse vs. Motor in War

The "Passing of the Horse" has been pathetically set forth in nearly every field of its use; and now we have to face its possible exemption from the dangers of war, because its utility is gone. "Engineering" (London) says:

The advantages of the motor-tractor are admitted by practically all military authorities. Briefly summarized, they are as follows: Long and continuous journeys can be performed without fatigue; the bulk and cost of fuel are considerably less than the weight and value of the food supply for animals; the personnel required for actual haulage is less than when horses are used. Again, climatic influence has comparatively little effect in the working of motors. The length of convoys will be reduced, with a corresponding decrease in the strength of the escort; and when the enemy is likely to capture wagons, it becomes a simple matter to render the engines useless, with the result that the train will be of too great a weight to enable the enemy to take it away and thus profit by the supplies. The advantages from the health point of view are too obvious to need comment; and the wastage of animals would not be nearly so great. Motors, also, are capable of taking guns with their carriages up slopes almost beyond the powers of horses, such as one in nine and one in six, doing in three hours what would probably take more than a day if animal haulage were employed.

Educational Questions of the Day

Women as Public-school Teachers

Every now and then one hears expressions of regret that women predominate as teachers of public schools, especially in country districts, and old-fashioned people talk about the lack of the firm hand upon the boys in mixed departments under female instructors. Every rural township school board, doubtless, could give instances in which they have had to interpose their authority in some case of a recalcitrant hobble-de-hoy, but such cases are fortunately rare, and there can be but little doubt that the woman teacher is, at least, as successful as the man, even under the conditions of coeducation. It will be well, however, to hear what a person fully competent to deal with the question says upon the subject. Dr. Maxwell, Superintendent of Schools, New York City, said in a paper read before the Educational Congress at St. Louis:

Attention has recently been attracted by the report of the Mosely Commission to what has been called the feminization of American schools, because the great majority of public school teachers are women. It was an economic reason, in the first instance—the fact that women work for smaller wages than men—that led to the present preponderance of the feminine element in the teaching force. It is more than doubtful, however, whether American schools and American education have deteriorated in consequence. It is quite certain that the refined woman of to-day who has been thoroughly trained, is a much better teacher than the coarse, ignorant, pedantic schoolmaster of fifty years ago, who excited no feeling but contempt, hatred, or terror in the breasts of his pupils. We all believe in the salutary influence of the masculine mind in teaching, particularly in the case of older pupils, but we also believe that the influence of a strong woman is better than that of a weak man; and that a woman teacher of ability who is devoting her life to educational work is apt to be a better teacher than the male fledgling who take up teaching as a makeshift, and whose mind is set, not upon education as a career, but upon law or medicine. In short, to increase the efficiency of the public school teaching force by increasing the number of efficient men teachers—men who would devote their lives to the work—would involve a largely increased expenditure of money, in order to induce such men to make teaching their life work.

Taxation for Education

The problem of finance thus introduced by Dr. Maxwell is indeed an important one. We have only to take up the daily journals of

some of our Eastern cities to learn how inadequate sometimes are the appropriations made for public education. Instead of being regarded as of primary importance and granted liberally, but at the same time judiciously and economically (for there is such a thing as a liberal economy), appropriations for schools appear to have to run the gantlet of an adverse crowd of schemes demanding precedence. The following words of Dr. Maxwell, therefore, are worth the notice of all taxpayers who feel the slightest interest in the welfare of the educational system of the country:

If we are to have school-houses properly equipped for the training of the body, as well as the mind, for manual training, play, gymnastics, and athletics; if all children are to enjoy their God-given right to education; if schools are to be equipped for scientific as well as literary studies; if salaries are to be paid to teachers that will attract men and women of breeding and refinement to the teaching profession, and if all the teachers are to be thoroughly trained so that they will be models to imitate and persons capable of arousing interest and inspiring effort; if all these things are to be accomplished, it is evident that the sums devoted to education in America, enormous as they are, must be very greatly increased. For effective purposes, the revenue of a public school system ought to possess two characteristics: First, it should be ample, and second, it should be stable. It should be sufficiently ample in each community to provide schooling for all children in classes not to exceed forty to a teacher, and in adequately equipped buildings; to pay teachers reasonable salaries so that they may be able to live in refined surroundings and take advantage of opportunities for self-improvement; and to provide pensions after retirement so that while in active service they may be relieved of anxiety regarding provision for old age. It should be stable so that the educational authorities may be able to carry out a consistent and progressive policy. It should not be subject to the whims and caprices of the politicians who control the municipal administrations of our large cities. It should not be fluctuating from year to year and thus lead to the establishment of activities one year which must be abandoned for lack of funds the next. The most efficient plan so far devised to avoid these dangers and to secure stability and liberality in the support of public schools, is the fixing by legislative authority of a school tax rate that increases with the increase in the value of property and with the growth of population. If the schools are to meet the demands which society makes upon them, a sufficient school tax must be fixed by law and the proceeds of this tax must be held sacred to the causes of education.

Public Schools in the West

In connection with Dr. Maxwell's criticism of the public-school system, evidently based upon experience in the Eastern part of the United States, it will be of interest to look at some comparisons which have been made between the public schools in the East and in the West. It would appear that the "Independent," of New York, secured for its issue of October 20 the opinions of two competent observers in two articles written independently, "The West through Eastern Eyes" and "The East through Western Eyes." The Eastern writer, Stephen M. Dale, speaking of schools, says:

One of the things that most of all surprises one is the efficiency of the working of the Public School System in the West and the dignified place that institution holds in the opinion of the people. It has always been and still is in cities of the second, third and fourth class that the public school system is seen at its best. The teaching force, on the one hand, is better, and the patronage of the best people, on the other hand, is more hearty. The teachers are better, in part because they are better paid, and in part because that there the "teacher" has a higher social status, and the profession, therefore, attracts more competent and more ambitious men and women. The schools themselves are better, both ward and high schools, because that in these cities they are practically the only schools. The best people of the city, therefore, stand back of them; their interest is keen in the work that these do for their children, and that because private schools have not, as yet, divided with the public school these people's interest.

Dr. E. E. Slosson is a Westerner living in New York, and his comment on the respective schools of East and West is to the same point:

In the West the word "public" as applied to institutions, offices, buildings, museums, parks, assemblies, libraries, schools and the like has a noble and attractive sound. In the East it is a degrading adjective. In the West the public library is the pride of the town. In New York I find that it is not the proper thing at all to know where the circulating libraries are. In the West if a boy or girl does not attend the public schools the parents are careful always to explain why, or it would be inferred that their son or daughter was feeble-minded or incorrigible. The public school is usually the largest and handsomest building in Western towns. In the East the country schools are often very poor, and the city schools do not accommodate those who wish to go to them. I am told that the moral and mental atmosphere of the public schools of New York City is so bad that all respectable parents who can afford it send their children to private schools. If this is so it seems to imply that the poorer and less reputable classes are the better citizens. Would it not improve the public schools if the

children who have the best home training were sent to them?

The Teaching of English

For some time there have been complaints from the colleges that applicants for admission from the high schools come up but indifferently prepared in the requirements in English. Dr. Eugene Bouton, Superintendent of Schools, Pittsfield, Mass., has made a study of the question, and gives his conclusions in the September number of "Education." As in the world of health, so in the world of education, there are epidemics. Fads seize upon the teaching profession, old methods are swept away and attempts are made to find shorter and easier "royal roads" to learning. Such has been the case with the teaching of English. Spelling and grammar have been relegated to the position of incidentals of the reading lesson, with the result that presidents of colleges and merchants in offices alike declare that the younger generation cannot spell or write grammatically. This is what Dr. Bouton says in discussing a remedy:

The subject of high school English is of importance without regard to the question of college entrance. Perhaps the importance of a usable knowledge of English is as the square of the distance from college that a pupil's schooling ends. I have no disposition to introduce subjects into the grades for the sake of lessening the labors or magnifying the dignity of the high school. But it is evident that the work of preparing pupils for college or for life cannot be done by the high school alone. It seems to me that the cry about poor English has been essentially coincident with the predominance of language lessons and the snubbing of grammar in the grades; that the losing of the art of spelling has gone hand in hand with the idea that spelling will take care of itself without a separate place in schools. Was it Izaak Walton who said that "God might have made a better berry than the strawberry, but he never did?" Perhaps spelling can be well taught incidentally in schools, but I doubt if it ever has been. I believe that about the first book a child has should be a spelling book, and that very early in his school work he should learn the grammatical forms and the correct uses of the words which make up the body of everyday English speech. If these are presented to him as simple facts without hindrance of rules and machinery, they present no more difficulty than the observation of similar facts in nature or number. There is no reason why third-grade pupils should not change singulars to plurals and learn to use correctly in sentences the degrees of adjectives and the principal parts of the irregular verbs of their natural vocabulary. In fact, one may almost claim that the sooner they learn the correct uses of such forms the more easily will they learn them.

Medical Questions of Popular Interest

Medical Examination Reciprocity

It may be questioned whether the public at large is aware that a physician, no matter how learned, skilful or famous he may be, cannot migrate from one State to another and begin to practise without undergoing an examination in each State in which he may set up his domicile. It is one of those anomalies which the proverbial "Martian" may be pardoned for not understanding. It is difficult to see what valid reason there can be why a person properly qualified to practise in one State should be debarred from doing so in another. The question is lucidly dealt with in an editorial in the "Yale Medical Journal":

The more we study and inquire into the requirements of each state in the Union for the practice of medicine, the more convinced we become that general interstate supervision is necessary in this line. We certainly believe that reciprocity should exist between the states, but not in the present condition of requirements. The chief difficulty with the present system is the fact that even a good physician, having established a successful practice in one state, is not allowed to practice in any other, even though his health, by reason of a changed climate, might be bettered. And again, a specialist, who wishes to enlarge his field somewhat by opening an office in a large city in an adjoining state, must also arduously review the whole subject of general medicine and take the examination of the state. The functions of the state boards are: (1) To protect the public from quacks; (2) to conserve the interests of the practitioners already settled in the state; (3) to keep out incompetent practitioners. The laws made by the state to this effect are comparatively new. They have been a step in the right direction, but they do not meet all cases. There are still many humbugs who are allowed to practice their art (?) of healing the sick. To be sure, the more intelligent of our communities are fast becoming convinced that medicine, as applied to the human body, is something not to be trifled with; but notwithstanding this, there exist many in our own community who still like to be humbugged by the so-called professional medical men.

We believe that all medical services to mankind should be so controlled by law that the unfit who pretend to practice medicine would not have the privilege of displaying their ignorance. To this end we would gladly see another step taken in the law. We believe that there should be a board of examiners appointed by the American Medical Association, or some other such organization, and that this board, in co-operation with a board appointed by the executive of each state, should fix the requirements of medical practice in the United States. Any state not in sym-

pathy with such organization could fix its own requirement and allow any whom it saw fit to practice in its own territory. The general interstate examining board, by fixing the general requirements, would do away with the question of reciprocity among the states and would raise the standard of medical education to a high level. We believe that such a solution of the problem is possible, and we trust that interstate medical examination will soon replace the present system of examinations.

Modern Faith in the Mysterious

The "Yale Medical Journal" is undoubtedly right in saying that the course it advocates "would raise the standard of medical education to a high level"; but in the meantime the laity ought to be saved from itself, and all "quackery put down by the law." As we regulate the sale of poisons, so ought we to regulate medical treatment. No one ought to be allowed to offer any treatment for disease or any nostrum, secret or otherwise, unless he is affiliated with some responsible medical or pharmaceutical body. There is a world of truth in the following words of Dr. Paulson, given in "Good Health":

It is apparently being demonstrated that an era of great intellectuality is as favorable to the development of superstition as were the times that we are pleased to call the Dark Ages. We read of the medical superstitions of those days with mingled pity and disgust, while we are likely to forget that the patent medicine vendor, the nostrum fakir, the healer by occult means, is today reaping a bountiful harvest by preying upon those possessed of similar superstitions.

Dr. Osborne, professor of materia medica at Yale University, has been making a careful study of this subject, and reported the results of his investigations at the recent meeting of the American Medical Association at Atlantic City. "Recent investigation in Berlin shows that sixty per cent. of the quacks who are doing good business were ordinary day-laborers before they became so-called benefactors of mankind, eighty-five per cent. had been servant girls, and thirty per cent. of the total number of quacks had criminal records."

Dr. Osborne calls attention to a man who claimed, through the daily press, that he had wonderful powers of curing. He was arrested for fraudulent use of the mails, and during the time that he was in detention, 32,000 letters were seized, most of them containing money. He also states that a magnetic healer who proposed to heal by absent treatment, was, in a short time, taking in twenty-five hundred dollars a day.

Another magnetic healing concern that claims to cure by absent treatment, or influence, has developed such a business that it keeps eighty typewriters busy.

Dr. Jacobi, the eminent New York physician, is authority for the statement that American people are spending two hundred million dollars a year for patent medicines, nostrums, and quack remedies. The real potency of most of them consists in the amount of cheap whisky, morphin, and cocain in their composition. The Board of Health in New York City has investigated the composition of the headache powders so freely sold at almost every drug store, and found that nearly all of them contain acetanilid, which is well known to be distinctly a heart depressant. Professor Jacobi also insists that "it is an actual tissue poison, to be used only with great care."

Reliable information in regard to how to develop physical health and strength can now be readily obtained by anyone; yet thousands of people scorn the right way, and superstitiously seek to secure health by patronizing quackery. The newspapers are filled with disgusting advertisements which would never appear if they did not pay. Beautiful scenery all over America and Europe is disfigured with hideous sign-boards flaunting advertisements of various remedies purporting to do the impossible. They would not be there if it were not for a large class of people in this enlightened age who are so thoroughly wedded to superstition that they have more faith in this spectacular display of the mysterious than they have in the power of the plain, common-sense principles underlying physiologic methods of caring for themselves.

Cancer

Much has been said of late about cancer. The two following excerpts will show the uncertain character of the present knowledge about this dread disease. The first passage is from Dr. Anna M. Galbraith's own summary of an article read before the Alumnæ Association of the Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania. It is taken from the "Medical Record":

Some of the most striking features of the study of cancer covering the last two hundred years are (1) cancer is almost totally absent from the tropics; (2) cancer is very rare among savage races; (3) with the advance of civilization, and the increased prosperity of the nations, there has been a steady and marked increase of cancer; (4) this disease is more prevalent among the well-to-do and wealthy than it is among the very poor; (5)

it is more common among women than among men; (6) it is a disease par excellence of the climacteric; (7) it is hereditary; and (8) in order for tumors to become malignant a lessened physiological resistance of the local tissues, or of the body in general is necessary.

In view of the facts of the great and increasing prevalence of cancer, and the inadequacy of the present surgical resources to cope with it, it is to the renewed clinical study of this disease, which has almost been lost sight of, and to experimental serum therapy that our attention must now be directed to seek the cure for this most terrible and fatal of the diseases of the present day.

If we now turn to the "Pacific Medical Monthly," we find a summary of the year's work of the Cancer Research Fund in Great Britain:

Civilization is not the cause of cancer, which pervades animal as well as human life, and attacks all its subjects at relatively the same age and periods. It is not an infectious disease and is not transmissible from one species to another. A cancer cell can reacquire powers of self-propagation. Cancer is not caused by a parasite. The malady is not on the increase. Radium has been found to exercise no curative effect. A serum has been discovered from which good results are hoped.

If we turn to "The Lancet" (Eng.), we read:

Herbert Snow calls attention to the progressively increasing mortality from cancerous diseases in apparently all civilized communities. The common practice of grouping together a large number of diverse maladies under the single title "cancer"—no more definite and precise a term than "fever"—he believes to be fatally opposed to the interests of science. Classification, according to tissue origin, reveals nine distinct *genera* of malignant new growth, with thirteen well-marked *species*. Each of the nine owns a different mode of causation; and of every one the exciting cause is accurately known and clearly defined in technical works. He urges that an attempt should be made to place our knowledge of malignant diseases upon a truly scientific basis, and also that there should be placed on record authoritatively the facts we already know respecting their genesis and phenomena.

Comment here, therefore, upon any discrepancies between conclusions arrived at by different investigators would be out of place. These quotations are only given to prepare the reader for any sensational statements that may be made.

Nature. In and Out-of-Doors

Edited by Robert Blight

Subduing Wild Animals

What would happen if a herd of wild captured elephants were endowed with the human capacity of acting in concert, instead of individually? Stories of stampeding buffaloes in olden times, and of cattle in modern times, convey but a very inadequate idea of the irresistible force that would be exercised by a stampede of a thousand elephants confined in an Indian keddah. If the creatures which exhibit such sagacity under human training only knew their power man would be helpless before them. Fancy asks where man would be, if an elephant Alexander, Cromwell, Napoleon or Washington arose. The elephant, however, is only individually intelligent. He has not arrived at the stage of the *wilenagemot*, and, consequently, cannot elect a *cyning*, king or "son of the tribe." Mr. Caspar Whitney, in an article called "The King's Mahout," in the October "Outing," gives us a striking picture of the way in which a troop of elephants behaves when enclosed in the *keddah* or corral.

The attitude of a herd when first it realizes that it has been trapped and cannot escape, varies according to the temperaments of its members, and is enlightening, not to say enlivening, at times, to the onlooker. For the herd which, without serious opposition, has permitted itself to be taken from its jungle and driven, uttering scarcely an objection through days and nights, when once in the kraal, throws off its good manners and becomes rampant. Some fight the posts, some fight one another; in groups they surge against the stout sides of the enclosure, grunting prodigiously, and wherever a venturesome spectator shows a head between the posts, it is charged. Not all the herd are so violent. Some show their perturbation by thrusting their trunks down into their stomach reservoir and drawing forth water, which they squirt over their backs; others express contempt for things generally by making little dust piles which they blow over everything in sight, including their own legs; some utter the mouthing low note; some rap the ground with their trunks, which loosen several peculiar rattling, crackling high notes. The calves squeak through their little trunks shrilly and frequently.

Mr. Whitney also gives a good picture of what is the most ironical feature in the elephant's intelligence—the subduing of the

wild ones by the tame ones. The fable of the fox who, having lost his own tail, went around trying to induce his companions to conform to his own fashion, has its counterpart in the life of the elephant. In fact, we might take the activity of the elephant in subduing his forest mates to be a strong proof of the receptivity of the elephantine brain, for it is one of the most characteristic phases of human mentality that each man goes round endeavoring to convert everyone else to his own opinions.

The most interesting feature of the performance in the kraal is the work of the trained elephants. You would never think from the peaceful, open countenance of the trained tusker, that he is in league with the men on his back. He is the most casual thing you can imagine, sidling up to the victim in manner unpremeditated and entirely friendly. It is the same unhurried, unrelaxing work he did in the jungle under the eye of the King's Mahout, who is now no doubt viewing proceedings critically from the covered platform. Sometimes a cantankerous elephant is looking for a fight; and then the tusker is a business-like and effective bouncer, and such "rough house" as results on this occasion you have not elsewhere seen. The tusker moves not swiftly but with overwhelming momentum, and not infrequently an offender is sent quite off its feet, surprised and wiser, rolling in the dust.

The actual catching consists in slipping the noose, held at the end of the bamboo prod by the second mahout, over the elephant's foot, when it is at once pulled taut, and the end attached to the tame tusker's rattan girdle let go, to be subsequently, as occasion offers, carried by a dismounted mahout to the edge of the enclosure, where other attendants fasten it to the post, and take in the slack as the captive is pushed back by the tuskers. When the victim is snubbed fairly close to the post, comes the putting on of the rattan collar, which is accomplished by the mahouts, while two tame elephants hold the victim between them. With the collar lashed on, the captive is butted out through the gate, where he is pinned between the tuskers and fastened to them by the collars they also wear for this very purpose. When, thus handcuffed, with noose rope trailing and a third elephant behind to keep him moving, the captive is carried off to the stables and securely tied up. And that is the last of that elephant's liberty.

The Migration of Birds

No phenomenon of nature is more mysterious and puzzling than the seasonal mi-

gration of birds. For centuries it has been a subject of observation, and theory after theory has been proposed for the solution of the problem; but no single rule or supposed motive has been offered which has not had as many exceptions as agreements. Even if we accept the supposition that food and suitable regions for nidification are the causes, there remains the question as to what guides the wanderers over thousands of miles, often over trackless ocean. When each explanation has been tested and exhausted, we are still reduced to the supposition, as unsatisfactory as it is incapable of verification, that birds have an intuitive perception of direction. The following passage from "Field and Stream" gives some particulars which will interest all who have ever studied this curious question:

The greatest migrations are those of the wading birds. Of these a typical one is the golden plover, perhaps the most traveled individual in the world. These birds appear on the Barren Grounds, above the Arctic Circle, early in June. They may go hundreds of miles further north than that, for they have been seen at latitudes eighty-one degrees. They make their rude nests before the ice is out of the ground. In August they drop down on Labrador and feed fat on the local berries; then, at about the time of the first frost in New England, these birds leave Nova Scotia and start across 1,800 miles of ocean, touching at the easterly islands of the West Indies. It is 600 miles thence to South America. Sometimes the birds do not pause at the Antilles, but fly clean on south to the mainland. A storm may drive them in-shore. When they appear at the Antilles they are lean and hungry. Three or four weeks later they appear in Southern Brazil, in Argentina, and almost to Patagonia. Here they remain from September until March. They never nest in this southern country, although it is summer time in that hemisphere at the time of their stay. They go back north for their nesting, although they leave behind them abundance of wild and open country. Their northward route in the spring is something not yet known. When they disappear from Argentina they are not seen along the Atlantic coast of South America, but by March they appear in Texas. In April they are all over the Middle West; in May they are at the edge of the British possessions, and in June they are in the Arctic country once more. They travel, in all likelihood, around an ellipse 8,000 miles across one way, and 3,000 miles the other! Yet this course is not absolute. The golden plover may be seen in the upper Mississippi Valley in September, though that is rarely the case now, and the two last weeks in April are most apt to show the greatest numbers of that species.

There is much interest in studying the speed of migrating birds. The rate of speed increases as the birds get farther north. For instance, the black-poll warbler takes thirty days to travel 1,000 miles, from Louisiana to Minnesota, but it

needs only fifteen days to travel the 2,000 miles from Minnesota to Alaska. The average speed of all the species which cross the United States from south to north is twenty-three miles a day. But from the northern boundary of the United States onward the rate of speed is vastly increased, 75, 100 or 150 miles a day being frequently covered.

It seems to us that a careful study of the mysteries and curiosities of migration will leave the man who has any consideration in his soul very much indisposed to attempt to destroy these stout-hearted travelers at both stages of their mysterious journeying. Give them at least the spring, their season of love and increase. Give them a chance.

Carnivorous Plants

In "Popular Science Monthly" for September there is an article well worth reading by all plant-lovers. It bears the title "Some Plants which Entrap Insects." These carnivorous plants are a curious object for study. There are probably more of them than we are at present aware of, for it is possible that the viscidities of some plants that have not been suspected of carnivorous tendencies is an indication of the flesh-eating habit. Those at present known do not belong to any special family, but are scattered up and down among the natural orders. Thus, the sundews are probably related to the saxifrages; the side-saddle flower, together with the *Darlingtonia* of California, with the *camellia*; while the pitcher-plants of the Malay Archipelago, the *nepenthes*, are allied to the *spurges*; and the curious bladderwort is a *butterwort*. It is evident, then, that the habit is not a development in the chain of the evolution of families, genera and species, but a specialization. In this lies the charm of the study, and the problem is to discover what part the specialization plays in plant life. The question has been treated by Darwin in his work, "Insectivorous Plants," a book that yields in interest to the celebrated "Fertilization of Orchids."

It would be impossible to follow Mr. Forrest Shreve, of Johns Hopkins University, the author of the paper spoken of above, through all his descriptions of the known species of carnivorous plants. We must be content with quoting one:

Perhaps no one of the insectivorous plants possesses what may more truly be called a trap than does the bladderwort (*Utricularia*). This is a floating aquatic plant without roots, confined to pools and quiet streams where it is in no danger of being washed away. Borne thickly upon the fine leaves, and like them, entirely submerged in

the water, are the traps, minute hollow globular structures bristling with hairs at one end. Buried among the hairs is the entrance to the trap. Swimming about in search of food or in an attempt to escape from enemies, some minute crustacean or insect larva will push in among the hairs. Spying the entrance, it will dart forward and striking the almost transparent door it will unwittingly pass into the trap. But the door has instantly sprung shut again and vain will be all the efforts of the prisoner to escape. Starvation soon ends its struggles, death is followed by decomposition, and in the absorption of the products of this the plant accomplishes the end for which it possesses the traps—it gets its needed nitrogen.

Passing over the descriptions of several species, we come to some general remarks:

How have such complex structures as those of pitcher-plant and sun-dew had their origin in the course of the evolution of the plant world? Such a question will ever remain a mystery, and on its solution we shall be able merely to throw an occasional ray of light. Very many plants have their stems or flower-stalks beset with glandular hairs secreting sticky substances; an example in point, the clammy cuphea of our fields which sticks to the fingers tenaciously if we attempt to pluck its flowers. So far as known, the sticky secretions serve the plant in no way other than making it unpleasant browsing for herbivorous animals and ridding it of marauding ants, which become stuck to the glands and seldom escape. Might not such a condition have existed in the ancestors of the sun-dew?

Marvelous as are the adaptations of the insectivorous plants, they have not been all these years upon the earth without certain crafty insects having learned not only to escape falling a prey to them, but to use them to their own ends. The pitchers of the California pitcher-plant are the home of a small moth which is provided with sharp spurs on its middle legs, which enable it to crawl easily over the slippery surfaces of the interior. So fearless has the moth become that it even lays its eggs in the interior of the pitcher, and here, protected from all the manifold dangers of the outside world, they hatch out in security. The young caterpillars spin a web over the slippery surfaces and the projecting hairs, making a safe path for themselves to the outside. There is a blow-fly which is able, too, to crawl over the slippery surfaces by aid of peculiar claws which give it a good, sure footing. The grubs of this fly hatch out in the water of the pitcher, and, far from yielding themselves up for food, they live their brief term of larval life here, and escape by boring a hole in the side of the pitcher.

Growing Bulbs in Sand and Water

When the snow lies deep, and all nature outside the house is cheerless, it is pleasant to look out at the grayness over a mass of beautiful and fragrant flowers in the window. This luxury is not so difficult to attain as some persons think. Here is an article in "Country Life in America" that will put anyone in the way of securing much enjoy-

ment. The writer, Mr. James Harvey Spencer, has been very successful in window-gardening, and knows whereof he writes. Take notice of what he says about the temperature of the room in which you make your garden.

The method of growing bulbs in sand and water has several advantages over any other. With jardinières and bowls instead of common flower-pots, the garden is more attractive, while the bulbs are less likely to suffer from drought, even when they have less attention. It is also a cleanly method, as there are no saucers for water to overrun. Moreover, the bulbs bloom sooner in water, and the flowers are in no wise inferior to the best produced from bulbs grown in garden soil. It must, of course, be remembered that some excellent species, such as Roman hyacinths and tulips, cannot be grown in water.

A jardinière, six or eight inches in diameter, has proven the most desirable receptacle for the purpose. Put several pieces of charcoal in the bottom to help keep the water sweet, then plant the bulbs in sand or pebbles, leaving the tops well above the surface. It is also desirable to place some stones among the necks of the bulbs, to keep them firmly in position. Plant the bulbs as closely together as possible, taking care, of course, to leave plenty of room below for the roots. Twelve jonquils, eighteen crocuses, or six of the Grand Soleil d'Or Narcissus are the required number for a bowl six inches across. In a large jardinière I grew fifteen Paper Whites, and they produced 154 flowers. Such a plant was a glorious sight, and the blooming period covered six or seven weeks. One exception, however, is that of the Dutch hyacinths; it is better to plant them singly in a five-inch jardinière.

After planting the bulbs, put them in a cool, dark place, and leave them for from one to three months to root thoroughly. Then they may be placed in the window, though it is better to bring them to the full light gradually. We place the bulbs under the window for about ten days. When in the dark, merely keep the sand moist, but after transferring the jardinières to the window garden, water may stand in them until the base of the bulbs is well covered.

We choose a north bay-window for our garden because it is the coolest place in the house. It is an advantage that the Holland bulbs do not require much direct sunlight to bloom. The plants, however, were usually transferred to a sunny window for several days just as the buds were beginning to open. Out of three hundred bulbs which we grew under these circumstances, only twelve failed to blossom, and not a bud blasted. While there are few house plants so easy to handle successfully as bulbs, nevertheless they will not thrive in an overheated room.

To learn definitely the conditions under which success may be achieved, I took a series of temperature observations among the plants during January and February. The result was as follows: Average temperature at 6.30 A.M., 49.0 degrees; Average temperature at 1 P.M., 58.8 degrees; Average for two months, 54.2 degrees; Highest temperature observed, 66 de-

degrees; Lowest temperature observed, 37 degrees. It will be noticed that the hours for taking these observations were the coldest and warmest for the twenty-four hours, within doors as well as without. The window was undoubtedly kept somewhat cooler than absolutely necessary. If the day temperatures had been eight or ten degrees higher, I believe the bulbs would still have prospered.

The Basket Willow

It is interesting to note how industry after industry is being perfected year after year, so that it really seems as if the time was approaching when this country will produce not only all her necessary things, but even the greater part of her luxuries. The following passage from "Forestry and Irriga-

tion" gives an account of the development of the willow industry.

The culture and manufacture of basket willow have not attained, in the United States, the degree of perfection and profit that mark the industry in Europe. The growing, harvesting, care and manufacture of willow require manual labor wholly unassisted by machinery. The cheap labor of Europe has grown willow, and woven it into baskets at a profit impossible with us and our better paid labor. The Bureau of Forestry has taken up the matter and given it careful study. Its expert has investigated the methods of culture and manufacture in England, Germany and Holland. A willow plantation has been established near Washington, where the best species of basket willows were set out on different soils and spaced in accordance with the different methods of planting. The results of this research will shortly be made known by the Bureau in a bulletin entitled "The Basket Willow."

M u s i c a n d A r t

The outlook for the coming musical season in New York is alluring, even if the overwhelming array of events makes the musical amateur gasp and the overworked critic shudder. The tabulation of the plans and dates of the old-established orchestras, of the new organizations, of the concerts, opera, choral societies, and special "star" concerts would fill pages of this magazine and prove dry reading, after all. There stand out from the general scheme two or three features of unusual interest, and of these we will speak here.

The rehabilitation of the Philharmonic Society, which was accomplished last season by the experiment of having a different virtuoso conductor for each concert, was so successful and complete that the society is to repeat the scheme this season. It has secured for its concerts a fine list of conductors, who will, it is to be hoped, sustain the high standard established last season. That the public have faith in their achievement of this aim is shown by the fulness of the subscription list, which is already very large.

The conductors who have been engaged for the season are Gustav F. Kogel, of Frankfurt; Edouard Colonne, of Paris; W. J. Safonoff, of Moscow; Felix Weingartner, of Munich; Karl Panzner, of Bremen; and Theodore Thomas, of Chicago—all of whom are familiar to Philharmonic audiences, with

the exception of Mr. Panzner, who is a newcomer.

Mr. Panzner, we learn from an account in the New York Times, is a Bohemian, born at Teplitz in 1866, although his family moved to Dresden three years later, and there he was reared. He received his first education in music from his mother, and at the age of ten made his public appearance as a pianist. When seventeen he became a student of the Dresden Conservatory of Music, under Draeseke, Wuellner and Nîcodé. He won the first prize for piano playing there. He afterward became a pupil of Anton Rubinstein, but in spite of that master's advice to become a virtuoso of the piano he was determined to follow the career of a conductor. He was engaged first at Cottbus, where he directed performances of operetta. Engagements at Sondherhausen and Elberfeld soon followed. When Emil Paur was called to Boston in 1893, his successor at the Leipsic Opera House was Mr. Panzner. He attracted particular attention there by his production of the Nibelungen Trilogy in its entirety, and during the six years of his engagement at the Opera House in Leipsic twenty-five new operas were given. In 1899 he succeeded Felix Weingartner as conductor of the Bremen Philharmonic Orchestra, and now holds that post. He has a wide-spread reputation in Europe as a conductor of orchestral concerts, and has

been invited to appear in Paris, Moscow, Vienna, Barcelona and most of the large European cities.

To the concert-goers of the elder generation the conductor who will enlist the lion's share of their appreciation and esteem will be Theodore Thomas, who was for thirteen seasons a conductor of the Philharmonic Society, and that period was, perhaps, the most successful in the former history of the organization. He appeared with the society last on April 11, 1891. It is an appropriate circumstance that he will celebrate when conducting the eighth concert of the orchestra the fiftieth anniversary of his *début* as a conductor. His reappearance will give a special pleasure to the many friends he has in this city.

In the field of opera there is little that is new to relate so far as the forces and plans of the Metropolitan Opera House are concerned. There is the same list of familiar old names, "of tenors fat and tenors lean," as a bright metropolitan journal puts it, and of other singers of similar physical caliber, together with the same list of familiar works. A few novelties have been scheduled, but, in this case, "hearing is believing," and when Ponchielli's "Gioconda" or Strauss' "Fliedermaus" or Puccini's "Manon Lescaut" has actually been heard at the big house in Broadway, it will be time enough to credit the manager's promises. The cry of "wolf" has so often been heard in the neighborhood of the Metropolitan as to leave one incredulous of its good intentions.

The one striking novelty of the opera season is the first production in America, or anywhere else, of "Parsifal" in English. Mr. Conried signalized his first season at the Metropolitan Opera House last winter by producing "Parsifal" for the first time outside of Bayreuth—a bit of musical history with which everyone is now familiar. This year Mr. Henry W. Savage has presented the "sacred opera" in English and with a complete double-barreled outfit—from conductors to choruses.

It will have been heard in New York by the time this notice is in our readers' hands,

but at this writing Boston is the only city which has heard it. But it has given a favorable verdict, and thereby increased the interest the production will have for a New York audience, which, after all, means an audience of people from every section of the country.

Of the Boston performances the New York Tribune says in part: "The company which Mr. Savage has organized for the special purpose of giving 'Parsifal' in English began its season on last Monday evening at the Tremont Theater, in Boston, in which city it will remain until it comes to New York. All critical comment, not only after the first Boston performance, but after the second, when an entirely different cast was used, was unanimous in the opinion that Mr. Savage had succeeded in accomplishing what many had believed to be an impossibility. 'Parsifal' sung in English lacked few if any of those elements of spirituality and reverence which are deemed necessary in a performance of the work. The scenery, costuming and lighting were praised most highly. The panoramas and the transformations worked smoothly and with much illusion. The principal singers, the chorus, and conductors and orchestra shared equally in the general commendation. Mr. Savage, it would seem, has succeeded in gathering together a company of young singers who bring to their work fresh voices and a stage training received for the most part in some of the best opera houses of the Continent. Mme. Kirkby Lunn is known here, having been a member of the Grau company two years ago. Mr. Pennarini, one of the tenors, comes from the Hamburg Opera. Mr. MacLennan, another, is an American who has done much work in London, and Mr. de Voss, the third, comes from the Royal Netherlands Opera. Mme. Mara, who alternates with Mme. Kirkby Lunn as Kundry, comes from the Breslau Opera, and so on through the list—Messrs. Cranston, Griswold, Bischoff and Egenieff, Lind and Coombs. Mr. Rothwell, one of the conductors, comes from Amsterdam, and Mr. Grimm, the other, is from Stettin."

In the World of Religious Thought

Edited by Owen R. Lovejoy

That Dreaded Millennium!

Everyone who dares speak with the hope of the prophets of all ages that the time will come when certain evils will be done away, certain injustices will be unknown, or certain forms of oppression will give way before principles of justice, is accustomed to the reply that "It will never be so, for human nature is always the same," or "When that happens the Millennium will dawn." And the reply is advanced with the stubborn conviction that it expresses the final word—sometimes, indeed, with evident delight in the impossibility of the ideal. But those who are "slow of heart to believe all that the prophets have spoken" can never have the final word, for the prophets continue to utter the word of order and hope. Mr. Edwin D. Mead, in his notable address before the recent International Peace Congress in Boston, said:

Men tell us war will cease in this world and our dreams come true only when the millennium comes. I pity men who have such poor notions of the millennium. The evils which we fight are among the grossest and most barbarous. They befit only the early and low stages of civilization. Our effort is but to clean the Augean stables. Horrors and wickedness such as those going on at this hour in Asia ought to be so far behind as not even to be mentioned among civilized men. Toleration of war in this twentieth century after Christ is like setting up the Ten Commandments on the walls of Christian churches, warning presumably decent Christians not to steal or kill or commit adultery. Put the beatitudes on the walls of your churches. It is only when we have done forever with such savage and gross forms of wrong as war that we shall be in a position to make a first fair and decent start for the millennium.

How men belittle the possibilities of human development and discredit the entire divine plan by the assumption that we are witnessing the full glory of character revelation! We are to learn that earth is still in its infancy, that the human race—still unable to feed and clothe itself without sacrificing half its own children in the attempt—is not yet grown out of awkward childhood, and that the wealth at man's disposal has as yet hardly been touched. Browning says:

Progress is

The law of life, man is not Man as yet.
Nor shall I deem his object served, his end
Attained, his genuine strength put fairly forth,
While only here and there a star dispels
The darkness, here and there a towering mind
O'erlooks his prostrate fellows: when the host
Is out at once to the despair of night,
When all mankind alike is perfected,
Equal in full-blown powers—then, not till then,
I say, begins man's general infancy.

To Proclaim Liberty to the Captives

A banker in Detroit, Mich., was sentenced in 1901 to imprisonment in the State prison at Jackson, after confessing that he had used the deposits of the bank customers for private speculation, had lost all the money and wrecked the bank. After a year's servitude he was paroled by the State board, and has since been enjoying "conditional" liberty. A few days ago he announced that he was prepared to pay in full the accounts due 250 of his creditors, and was also prepared to tell anyone having a right to know exactly how he had earned the money to make restitution.

In commenting upon this announcement, the "Star of Hope," published within the prison walls at Sing Sing, says editorially:

This man has set the pace for us.

One thing sure there is in the lives and affairs of men: We cannot commit a wilful wrong against any creature without paying a bitter penalty which never ceases, though the form of the punishment may change, until the wrong is righted. And to the extent of our power to right the wrongs which we have done, to that extent is our freedom from punishment. This is not a moral law, for it never changes and moral laws do. It is not a divine law in that we need to seek an author for it in a mystical power that some of us clothe with one form and some with another and to which all of us attribute our own pitifully limited conceptions of might. It is a natural law, and we observe its unfailing operations within the experiences of each of us.

There is only one way by which we may ever hope to entirely escape from the terror of the punishment to which nature sentences us for the injuries which we have wilfully inflicted upon others, and that is by complete restitution.

This is not an ideal standard of honesty; it is plain, common honesty. It is the only possible means by which our class can attain to success in life, for all the forces of nature stand between

good fortune and the thief, and until we rid ourselves of the character, as well as the name, we haven't any chance on earth to amount to anything. All the forces of nature join in assisting the honest man. That's as true as nature itself.

We are bound to say that no prison walls can be high enough to imprison the soul to whose vision the moral universe has so clearly been revealed.

That Chinese Boxer Indemnity

An interesting sequel to the Boxer uprising in China is the reported disposition being made of a fund which was paid to the China Inland Mission for the murder of two missionaries in the province of Hunan. There was a wide-spread feeling that it was both un-Christian and unwise for the missionary societies to accept any indemnity for the losses sustained in this terrible uprising, many maintaining that the Christians ought to accept "joyfully the spoiling of their goods," and even the loss of life. Such will be pleased to know that in this instance, at least, their ideal has been realized. The China Inland Mission refused to accept the indemnity, the Chinese Government refused to take it back; it was then passed to the British Government but was declined; and it was then offered to a number of British missionary societies, all of which refused to receive it. It is now reported that the fund, amounting to \$40,000, has been transferred to the treasury of the mission which Yale University is developing in China, and will all be utilized in work among the people where the mission is located.

Poetry the Soul of Religion

The "Homiletic Review" is publishing a series of articles by the poet, Edwin Markham, on the relation of art to religion. His purpose is to show the essentially religious nature of all the great poetry, as well as all other expressions of art which are truly noble. The series will close with a study of "The Poetry of Jesus." The author's interpretation of his terms may be understood by an opening sentence in the first of his contributions—"poetry embodied in life is religion." He argues that "Religion and poetry are one in essence, and they pursue the same end—the realization of the Ideal through the expansion of the social sympathies and the practice of the tender and heroic virtues. Religion seeks this end through life; poetry seeks it through beauty."

"The path of the divine education," says Mr. Markham, "is the path of the sympathies. This quickening of the heart is a work that is wrought by great poetry; and this work is the purpose and prayer of all gospels and all revelations. It is the mighty business of religion to create a social bond that shall draw all beings into the wreath of brotherhood. The religious man is the man who looks through the eyes of others, feels through their hearts, and carries their welfare in his own. We look out on the surging century behind us, and what do we see? The growth of materialism in science, of mammon worship in the church, of plutocracy in the state. We also see here and there the growth of a social sympathy among the people, and we hear among our poets a reassertion of the old faith in the soul and its high concerns."

The high moral purpose—or religious mission—of all the poets who hold a commanding place in history is shown by a delightful selection of evidence in which Mr. Markham's own poetic nature has guided him. His study is therefore rich in literary value and will be prized for this as well as for its specific purpose.

Mr. Markham asks the question which traditionalism and institutionalism are always asking about religion.

Is religion declining? Is science hacking away the props of the religious sentiment? If so, the best remedy for this evil will be found in the cultivation of the imaginative faculty among the people. Let there be schools of poetry to quicken in us the springs of beauty and wonder. To poetry more than to any other power must we look for the radiant energy that shall repel the march of scientific realism. To poetry we must look also for the glowing life that shall fling off the clutch of an archaic theology. The fatal error of the old theologians was their attempt to probe the abyss with a cold prose logic, a logic that searched for God with a syllogism, and destroyed Him with a definition. They forgot that the One we adore must reach down beyond the fathomable gulfs. To poetry, then, we must turn, for she only can refresh our spirits with a sense of the Unseen, with a sense of the living Mystery at the heart of the world. Where there is no poetry religion will perish; and where there is no religion the people will perish.

He believes that "if all churches were swept away and all Bibles abolished, the principle of religion would stand firm, and would again find foundation in the world of men." The Bible is true to everlasting because it is poetry.

C h i l d ✎ ✎ V e r s e

No Time of Day St. Nicholas

"If any one ever reaches the North Pole he will find no north, no east, no west, only south, whatever way he turns. The time of day is also a puzzling matter, for the pole is the meeting place of every meridian and the time of all holds good."

"What will they do?" said the midshipmite,

"With the North Pole, if they find it?"

"Run up the flag!" quoth old Jack Tar,

"And set the watch to mind it.

"Every man Jack who rounds his back

Against the pole to shore it

Will find, when he attempts to tack

South—only south—before it;

No north, no east, no western way;

In fact, no proper time of day."

"No time of day!" said the midshipmite.

"What could be more complete?"

All times of day must be all right

Where all meridians meet.

"So there will be, beyond a doubt,

No proper time for 'turning out,'

Or knocking midshipmites about,

And, in that blest retreat,

No time the galley sweets to lock,

But 'plum-duff' all around the clock!"

Adele M. Hayward.

His Tenth Birthday World's Events

He has said good-bye to his rocking horse,

And the games he used to play;

While the house of blocks lies a tumbled heap,

He is ten years old to-day!

The soldier of tin, in its suit of blue

With trimmings of finest gold,

Is behind the door, unnoticed now,—

Its owner is ten years old!

The top and drum have lost the charm

Which was theirs for many a day,

And the woolly sheep give a lonely "Baa"

For the boy who has gone away.

His mother sighs as she looks at him,

And knows that all earth's gold

Can not restore the curls and kilt

Of her boy who is ten years old.

The little lad, who sat on her lap

And rocked, but yesterday;

His feet now touch the floor, of course,

For he's ten years old to-day.

B. A. Pitman.

The Presidents in Rhyme Boston Budget

First, the great Washington appears,

And Adams serves for four brief years.

The House elects, then, Jefferson,

And Louisiana's grandly won.

Madison's is the next great name,

A war drags through, with checkered fame.

Then James Monroe assumes the Chair,

His famous doctrine to declare.

A second Adams next is chief

(Thanks to the House). His term is brief.

The next is Jackson, who declares

We are a Nation, and who dares

Nullification's host to fight.

Van Buren next, and panic's blight.

Then comes the hero of Tippecanoe,

Brave Harrison,—and Tyler, too.

Death claims our Chief; and Texas, far,

To grace our banner, adds her star.

Polk takes the helm. The Mexican war

Brings us a vast Pacific shore.

Oregon rounds our vast domain.

Then Taylor and Fillmore! Once again

Comes the Death angel! Fillmore tries

To heal our quarrels with compromise.

Pierce brings hope of a better day,

But Kansas-Nebraska is in the way.

Buchanan essays to calm the strife,

But secession aims at the Nation's life.

Abraham Lincoln guides our ship

Through seas of blood, on its fearful trip,

But falls a martyr, when war is done,

And the land is saved, and the victory won.

Johnson fills out the lingering years,

And Grant, the hero of war, appears.

Then Hayes by the narrowest margin wins,

And a newer national life begins.

Garfield and Arthur come next in view,

But the first is slain ere the year is through.

Cleveland is next, then Harrison,

Then Cleveland again is the favored one.

McKinley carries our banner far

O'er distant seas, in the Spanish war,

But falls a victim of murderous hate,

And Roosevelt takes the Chair of State.

Such is the Presidential line

From the days of 1789.

Hubert M. Skinner.

Just a Boy's Dog New York Sun

No siree, that dog won't bite,

Not a bit o' danger!

What's his breed? Shore I don't know;

Jest a "boy's dog," stranger.

No St. Bernard—yet last year,

Time the snow was deepest,

Dragged a little shaver home

Where the hill was steepest.

Ain't a bulldog, but you bet

'Twouldn't do to scoff him.

Fastened on a tramp one time—

Couldn't pry him off him.

Not a pointer—jest the same,

When it is all over,

Ain't a better critter round

Startin' up the plover.

Sell him? Say, there ain't his price,

Not in all the Nation!

Jest a "boy's dog"; that's his breed—

Finest in creation.

McLanburgh Wilson.

The Library Table

Aubrey de Vere

PROF. GEORGE WOODBERRY, in 1894, by bringing out "Select Poems of Aubrey de Vere," did somewhat to place before the American lovers of poetry a poet who is less known and studied than he deserves to be. While not in the first flight of the poets of the Victorian Period, Aubrey de Vere is, nevertheless, one of sterling merit, characterized by a depth of ethical introspection, a warmth of imagination, and a dignity of diction not often combined in a single person. While his work is finished and correct in form, he is less a slave to his measures than many who have been favored with a greater share of popular enthusiasm. For these reasons it is to be hoped that Wilfrid Ward's "Memoir"* will find a hearty reception among American readers, and, perchance, direct a greater degree of attention to his writings than has hitherto been accorded them.

Aubrey Thomas de Vere was the third son of Sir Aubrey de Vere, of Curragh Chase, in County Limerick, Ireland. He was born on January 10, 1814, and died January 21, 1902. His father himself was a poet of some mark, being the author of "Julian the Apostate," "Mary Tudor," and other dramatic and poetic works.

When we look at the period covered by the life of Aubrey de Vere, we are struck with its wealth of literary production. He was a child during the best days of Wordsworth and Coleridge, and Tennyson, five years his senior, passed away nine years before him. For this reason the life of Aubrey de Vere, who lived in close contact with the literary world of which he was part, is in itself almost a history of the literature of England during one of its brightest ages, and if Mr. Ward's "life" be combined with Aubrey de Vere's "Recollections" (London, 1897), we have, indeed, such a history as yields to few in completeness and interest.

After an education conducted chiefly at home under a tutor, Aubrey went at the age

of eighteen to Trinity College, Dublin, and there enjoyed the benefit of intercourse with one of the foremost minds of the day—Sir William Rowan Hamilton, mathematician and astronomer, who became a life-long friend. Already the poetic genius was strong within him, and, after a Byronic and Shelleyan fever, he became a devotee of Wordsworth and worshiped at that shrine as long as he lived, making after the poet's death an annual pilgrimage to his grave at Rydal. When Trinity College days were over, Aubrey de Vere paid a visit to Oxford and Cambridge, meeting at the former place the mighty spirits who were at the head of the High Church movement, John Henry Newman and Pusey; while at the latter he came in contact with the famous "Apostles' Club," who were inspired by Frederick Dennison Maurice and John Sterling. Of this club Alfred Tennyson was a member and became an intimate friend of his brother poet.

A man with as receptive a nature as that of Aubrey de Vere could not fail to imbibe something from such groups, and while the former imparted to him a spark of their own religious fervor, the latter undoubtedly gave a tone of inquiry and breadth of sympathy which held him for several years from taking the step which, from the present writer's point of view, prevented him from following the bent of his sympathetic nature and devoting his poetic genius to the widest fields of human interest. It must suffice to say, in connection with this, that after long deliberation and hesitation he finally followed his friend, John Henry Newman, into the fold of the Roman Catholic Church, in November, 1861. With the mental attitude which led to this conversion we have nothing to do, and Mr. Ward's "Memoir," written from the Roman Catholic standpoint, presents only one side of it. We may, however, notice the effect upon Aubrey de Vere.

In 1842 he had published "The Waldenses, or The Fall of Rora," a lyrical drama which gave indications of poetic power. In 1843 he followed this with "The Search after Proserpine," which placed him at once in the ranks of poets to be reckoned with.

*AUBREY DE VERE. *A Memoir.* By Wilfrid Ward. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. \$4.60.

After the publication of this latter work, his religious experiences were evidently becoming too pressing, for his "Poems, Miscellaneous and Sacred," of 1853, have a totally different tone, and most of them were evidently written during the state of transition. In 1857 he sent out "May Carols," a series of religious poems written with the express intention of bringing Roman Catholic teaching before his readers, and, probably, inspired by the exhortation of Pius IX to him to "write hymns to Our Lady and the Saints." Beautiful as some of them are, they are yet imbued with a narrower spirit than his earlier works, and, in the disturbed state of English feeling consequent on wholesale perversions to Rome, did more than anything else to lessen the favor with which his poetical powers were looked upon by the public. Possibly the stormy period of unrest now passed away, and his mind, accustomed to the new outlook, began to have a clearer and wider vision, for in 1861 he began a series of poems on Irish legends which are in a very different mood and exhibit him at his very best. The Wordsworthian influence is less apparent, the all-absorbing idea of Roman supremacy is more subdued, although loyalty to the Church never fails, and we have work which shows a higher lyric power than any of even his best earlier efforts. These Irish poems are as well worth reading as they were in the "sixties" and "seventies," but have curiously fallen out of the ken of many who enjoy poetic genius.

Essentially Irish, as his splendid patriotic service to his country during the famine of 1847 and his spirited defense of her cause in the Smith O'Brien days show him to be, he had less success in treating subjects not Irish, such as "Alexander the Great," "St. Thomas of Canterbury," and "Legends of Saxon Saints," and we may conclude that the poetic fire was growing cold by 1876.

It is not the purpose to dwell here upon the prose works of Aubrey de Vere, but one can scarcely pass over his famous "English Misrule and Irish Misdeeds," which caused no little sensation in 1848, but his literary essays prove him to have been endowed with a well-balanced critical spirit and a true literary instinct. Mr. Ward has dealt lovingly and sympathetically with his history, and a perusal of the "Memoir" will excite a longing for the experience of a man who

lived so close to some of the finest spirits of his age. His friendships were not confined to England and Ireland. Charles Eliot Norton and his sister, Miss Grace Norton, were among his intimates, and his letters to them, included in the present volume, are sufficient indication of a deep mutual appreciation. If the world does not believe in the reality of "Platonic affection," and takes every opportunity of casting a stone at it, let it read the story of Aubrey de Vere and Mrs. Edward Villiers, and, above all, of that remarkable and spiritual Sarah Coleridge. In truth, the volume is full of evidences of the rare goodness of the poet's nature and the rarer virtue of a devotion to friendship which knows no limit of time or space. If any reader of these pages knows not Aubrey de Vere, either as a man or a poet, let him become acquainted with him in both capacities, and he will have a treasure at least worth having, although persons may differ as to the intrinsic value of it.

The point, however, which the present writer wishes to make is that Aubrey de Vere's life is a striking instance of the limitations of the poetic nature. So long as the view of the poet's mind is open and wide over the whole field of humanity and nature, so long will the spirit within respond worthily in power and beauty. Narrow the outlook in any way you please, the restraint is fatal to poetry. Its spirit brooks no chains of any special phase of either human life or of nature. If, at times, it devotes itself to any one single crisis or special phase, its efforts may be effective for that moment, but when the moment has passed, the work done by the effort dies. To be permanent, the scope, tone, and sympathy must be universal. Shakespeare's men and women are not confined by any period or country. His human nature is as wide as the race. Milton's angels, devils, and even our first parents, are molded on the narrow type of his own puritanic nature. We read Shakespeare daily. We allow Milton to remain upon the shelf, although we should be reluctant to be without him there. It is just so with Aubrey de Vere. Take the poems of his middle period, and, unless you see with his eyes, you will not care to read them. Open "The Search for Proserpine" or the legends of later days and you will find a wealth of reflection, imagination and beauty which you will not readily part with.

Robert Blight.

John Burroughs in a New Rôle *

TO several of his books Mr. Burroughs has given allegorical titles, such as "Locusts and Wild Honey," "Wake Robin," and "Pepacton," and it may seem at first glance that he has followed this practice in the present volume. But, as a matter of fact, "Far and Near" is literally quite accurate, as well as generally appropriate, since about one-half of the pages are devoted to descriptions of the far-away Alaskan country (which Mr. Burroughs saw in 1899 as a member of what has come to be known as the "Harriman Expedition"), while another score or so tell about what he saw in Jamaica during the month of February, 1902. The "near," as may be surmised, concerns essentially that of which he has been writing for many years. The "far" element gives this volume a peculiar interest, since it represents the author's most elaborate and sustained description of a country utterly different from that in which he has spent his life, and which would be as strange to the eyes and senses of most of his readers as it was to his. Yet Mr. Burroughs' poetic insight and his literary skill were fully equal to these new demands upon them, and as a result we have a series of exceedingly vivid and skilful descriptions of Nature in her heroic and truly awe-inspiring moods.

Mr. Burroughs saw much that was impressive and full of significance for him, both as a naturalist and as a farmer, before he got to the coast. "Of course," he says, "the picturesque is not an element of the Western landscape as it is of the Eastern. One does not say, what a beautiful view, but, what beautiful farms; not, what an attractive home, but, what a superb field of corn, or wheat, or oats, or barley. The crops and herds suggest a bounty and a fertility that are marvelous, but the habitations for the most part look starved and impoverished."

It was on May 31st that the party took possession of their state-rooms on their steamer, the *George W. Elder*, which had been chartered by Mr. Harriman, and turned their faces northward. "Our completed party," says Mr. Burroughs, "now numbered over forty persons besides the crew and officers of the ship (126 persons in all), and embraced college professors from both the

Atlantic and Pacific coasts—botanists, zoologists, geologists, and other specialists, besides artists, photographers, two physicians, one trained nurse, one doctor of divinity, and at least one dreamer." Presumably, we are to consider Mr. Burroughs himself the "dreamer," but no one of his readers will take that self-disparagement very seriously.

In Clarence Straits—"Etolia Island was ahead of us, and Prince of Wales Island on the west"—the party saw the most striking sunset of the voyage—

a scene such as artists try in vain to paint and travelers to describe: towering snow-clad peaks far ahead of us, rising behind dark blue and purple ranges, fold on fold, and all aflame with the setting sun. . . . The solid earth became spiritual and transcendent. Presently another dark gateway opened in the mountains on our right and other transfigured summits came into view, riding slowly along above and behind other blue purple ranges—such depth and softness of tint and shadow below, such glory of flame and gold above!

And of White Pass, Mr. Burroughs writes:

It was as appalling to look up as to look down; chaos and death below us, impending avalanches of hanging rocks above us. How elemental and cataclysmal it all looked! I felt as if I were seeing for the first time the real granite ribs of the earth; they had been cut into and slivered, and there was no doubt about them.

Several pages are devoted to an especially graphic description of the great Muir glacier, with its booming front of falling bergs, liberating other enormous bergs from the bottom. These "rise slowly and majestically, like huge monsters of the deep, lifting themselves up to a height of fifty or a hundred feet, the water pouring off them in white sheets. Nothing we had read or heard had prepared us for the color of the ice, . . . its deep, almost indigo blue. Huge bergs were floating about that suggested masses of blue vitriol." The party spent five or six days exploring this glacier, but it is doubtful if all their observations, made into a symposium, would include much of interest to the lay mind that is not to be found in Mr. Burroughs' very vivid and sympathetic picture. Space limitations forbid our reproducing more of it, but we cannot forbear quoting this from the description of Kadiak Island:

I feel as if I wanted to go back to Kadiak, almost as if I could return there to live—so secluded, so remote, so peaceful; such a mingling of the domestic, the pastoral, the sylvan, with the wild and the rugged; such emerald heights, such

*FAR AND NEAR. By John Burroughs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. \$1.10 net.

flowery vales, such blue arms and recesses of the sea, and such a vast green solitude stretching away to the west and to the north and to the south. Bewitching Kadiak! the spell of thy summer freshness and placidity is still upon me.

From Mr. Burroughs' always readable and informing accounts of the other interesting places visited, or viewed from a distance by the expedition, the "space" ogre again forbids us to quote; but the reader may infer

how they are treated from the foregoing excerpts. In the latter half of the book there are seven essays of the kind which have given Mr. Burroughs his unique position in American letters—sympathetic and intimate, but obviously careful and truthful accounts of Nature as his near neighbor. There is no better literature of the kind, and none quite like it. *George Gladden.*

A Story of the Times of the Louisiana Purchase

"THE Rose of Old St. Louis"* is what may be called a timely novel, for it deals with the times of the Louisiana purchase and closes with a striking description of the moment when the flags of Spain and France were hauled down, and the United States took formal possession of that vast tract of land which the pessimists of that day declared would never be inhabited.

The story has to do with the fortunes of a young French girl, of Bourbon blood, and so near the throne that the disposal of her hand in marriage is of great importance. This young girl has been living in what was then the village of St. Louis, under the care of an old French *émigré* and his wife, Dr. Saugrain. Mademoiselle Pelagie, as she is called, has a vague remembrance of her early home in France, but does not know who she actually is. At the opening of the story, Dr. Saugrain has become aware of a plot to abduct Pelagie, take her back to France, and marry her to a young Orleanist, the Chevalier le Moyne, who has come to St. Louis to conduct the kidnaping himself, with the assistance of some Indians whom he has hired.

The hero, who is nameless, like the Virginian, is a Philadelphia youth who has come to St. Louis with Captain Clark, the man who, with Captain Lewis, was soon to make his celebrated expedition to Oregon. He meets the fair Pelagie and falls in love with her. During his stay in St. Louis he is instrumental more than once in rescuing her from her would-be abductors, and it is finally decided to send her to France as soon as a suitable escort offers. Pelagie is sent to

Washington, and from there goes to Paris under the care of Mr. Monroe, who is sent thither by the President to negotiate the Louisiana purchase. Just previous to this the hero has gone to France to visit his uncle, and he and Pelagie meet again at the court, if one may so call it, of the First Consul. Again he helps to rescue her from the machinations of the Orleanist villain, and they part, only to meet once more in St. Louis at the formal cession of Upper Louisiana to the United States.

Things had been looking badly for the Bourbons in France; the net was even then closing around Pelagie's cousin, the Duc d'Enghien, and she had once more sought safety with the Saugrains. A Bourbon on American ground is no more awe-inspiring than an American girl, and this time there is no more parting.

The book is extremely readable, and the portraits of the prominent men of that time—Jefferson, Monroe, Gouverneur Morris, and others—are sketched in with a skilful touch. The description of Washington as it was at the beginning of the last century makes a most interesting picture, and when the scene of action is shifted to Paris the story is no less absorbing, the interviews of Monroe, Marbois, Livingston and Talleyrand being most vividly portrayed. In a preface Miss Dillon says that her story does not claim to be history, "but in every important historical detail it is absolutely faithful to the records of the times as I have found them." We have been inundated with historical novels of late; were all of them as entertaining as "The Rose of Old St. Louis" we should be fortunate. *Mary K. Ford.*

*THE ROSE OF OLD ST. LOUIS. By Mary Dillon. The Century Co., New York. \$1.50.

Glimpses of New Books

Biographical

In the Days of Chaucer. The Story of His Life and Times, by Tudor Jenks. A. S. Barnes & Co., New York, 1904. \$1.00 net.

The first in a series of books to study the "Lives of Great Writers" "with such surroundings as will convey a clear impression of" their daily life. As an introduction to the study of Chaucer, the little book is admirable. It will help to an understanding of the definition of a poet given by Hamilton Wright Mabie in the Introduction, as a man "who sees not only with his eyes but with his imagination and his reason."

Herbert Spencer. By Josiah Royce. Fox, Duffield & Co. New York, 1904. \$1.25 net.

The author has based his work upon a study of the "Autobiography" of Spencer and discussions of various scientific theories growing out of it. The special contribution of the great thinker to the scientific world, in his interpretation of evolution, is considered with discriminating appreciation. The volume also contains a chapter of "Personal Reminiscence," by James Collier, for some years Spencer's assistant. For those who own the "Autobiography" this little volume will be found an invaluable addition, while those less familiar with Spencer will be able to gather from this a fair and very enlightening estimate.

Thackeray's Letters to an American Family. With an Introduction by Lucy D. Baxter. The Century Co., New York. \$1.50.

During his first lecture tour in this country, Mr. Thackeray became acquainted with the family of Mr. George Baxter, of New York, and a very close intimacy was the result. The genial author wrote to various members of the family, and these letters, published for the first time, are so many pictures of that simplicity, humor and warm affection which characterized Mr. Thackeray's private life. There has been no "editing," but one reads exactly what Thackeray wrote just as he wrote it. There are several facsimiles of his handwriting, and of the sketches with which he loved to accentuate and illustrate his epistles. The volume is a welcome addition to Thackerayana.

The Youth of Washington. Told in the Form of an Autobiography. By S. Weir Mitchell, M. D. The Century Co., New York. \$1.50.

Dr. Weir Mitchell has adopted a curious ruse in his "The Youth of Washington," which reminds one of the man who took delight in imitating the signatures of his friends, and attained such perfection that you could not tell the real from the fictitious. Of course, he did not commit forgery.

Dr. Mitchell has studied the history and personality of Washington to good purpose; has copied his very habits of thought and expression so closely that you cannot tell "which is which,"

and has made the great President tell the story of his youth as it came back to him in the retirement of Mt. Vernon. So perfect is the illusion that it may be confidently said that if the volume had followed the antiquated spelling of Washington's day, and had purported to be taken from some old manuscript discovered in some long-hidden carved oaken chest in the attic of Mt. Vernon, few would hesitate to admit its authenticity. Dr. Mitchell, however, saves himself from any imputation of a genius like that of Chatterton by boldly acknowledging the authorship of such a modern-ancient record. The work is undoubtedly a clever one, and it presents in a most striking manner the early life, supposititious and real, of Washington, which hitherto has only been known to us by fragments.

Literary

Recreations of an Anthologist. By Brander Matthews. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York, 1904. \$1.00 net.

This little volume has not only afforded recreation to the author, but is decidedly refreshing to the reader. Mr. Matthew's intimate familiarity with all that is best in literature renders his study of literary themes of rare value. The two chapters on "Unwritten Books" and "Seed-Corn for Stories," are particularly fine, while "The Uncollected Poems of H. C. Bunner" will be a pleasure to those who formerly enjoyed the "Airs from Arcady."

American Short Stories. By Charles S. Baldwin. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. \$1.40.

Students of American literature should not miss reading this book. Professor Baldwin's Introduction is, in itself, a very valuable lesson, for, not only does he deal with the development of the "short story" in a clear and even exhaustive manner, but he also treats of the essential characteristics of this form of fiction in a very able way. As short-story writing may be said to be a distinguishing feature of the present literary age, with its multitude of daily, weekly and monthly periodicals in which the short story is regarded as an absolute necessity, it is difficult to imagine a more valuable training for the aspirant in this field than this introductory sketch. The body of the book is divided into two portions, dealing with "The Tentative Period" and "The Period of the New Form." In each well-chosen specimens are given, and these have an increased literary value from their mere juxtaposition which renders comparison easy. There are fifteen such specimens, ranging from Washington Irving to Harold Frederic. The tale selected from Poe is "The Fall of the House of Usher," while that from Bret Harte is "The Outcasts of Poker Flat." To mention these is to give a notion of the literary acumen of the editor. Certainly, short story writers—and readers, too—will get many suggestions from these examples of classics in this field of literature.

Political

The Roosevelt Doctrine. By E. E. Garrison. Robert Grier Cooke, New York, 1904. \$1.00.

A concise compilation of the President's utterances on many public questions, condensed from his addresses, messages and books. Designed as a campaign book, it will also possess a more permanent value. While these doctrines are the frank expressions of an honest and strenuous man, the reader may wish to reserve the right to judge whether, as the compiler claims, "It is full as lofty as, though far more practical than, the teachings of the great reformers."

Poems

Old Voices. By Howard Weeden. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. \$1.50.

In this collection of verses there are some pleasing poems, characterized by point and simplicity. The majority of them deal with negro types, and it is evident that Miss Weeden has studied very closely the tone of the old field-hand, the "ole mammy" and the pickaninny. The drawings of negro heads are very clear and striking, and are admirably reproduced.

Miscellaneous

The Star of Bethlehem. A Miracle Play of the Nativity adapted to modern conditions, by Charles Mills Gayley. Fox, Duffield & Co., New York, 1904. \$1.00.

This adaptation of the Old English Cycles was composed for Mr. Ben Greet, who has already presented it with strong effect. It is certainly a well-wrought reconstruction of a rightly cherished form of earlier religious expression. The spirit of the composer is well expressed by himself in his Introduction to the English Miracle Plays, which is of historical value: "I cannot close without expressing my gratitude to Mr. Ben Greet. . . . I should certainly not have meddled with so sacred a subject had I not been confident that the presentation of the miracle would be wisely entrusted to his exquisite taste and masterly technique." The little volume is highly artistic.

Songs of Southern Scenes. By Louis M. Elshemus. Eastman Lewis, New York. \$1.00.

Mr. Elshemus has traveled far and wide, and has wooed the Muse from Samoa to Rome. Here and there she has bestowed upon his work touches of poetic sweetness, but the greater part of the volume is merely commonplace. Because words are strung together in a certain measure so many feet in length, it does not follow that the result is "poetry." Verses are plentiful, but poems are few—a fact the literary world of to-day is painfully conscious of. Mr. Elshemus gives us abundance of the former; only a few of the latter.

A Browning Calendar. Edited by Constance M. Spender. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York, 1904. 50 cents net.

Those who always find inspiration in Browning will be thankful for this dainty bit given out by him for every day in the year. Unusual discernment has been displayed in the selection of passages. The volume is beautifully printed at The Merrymount Press, Boston.

Fiction

The President. By Alfred Henry Lewis. A. S. Barnes & Co., New York. \$1.50.

When you have once reconciled yourself to the absurdity of the conduct of the hero of the story, "The President" is a really good novel. A multimillionaire places all his wealth in the name of his very commonplace English butler, but retains control, while he ostensibly acts as secretary. A mansion is taken in Washington, the real plutocrat is a mere "nobody," while the valet is sought out as a desirable acquaintance. The pith of the story lies in the political movement which is to land a certain Senator, father of a charming daughter, in the presidency, through the influence of a railroad controlled by the millionaire. There is a thorough-paced villain in the person of a Russian adventurer who talks about "my friend the Czar," and who finally attempts to plunder the United States Treasury by means of a tunnel opening from a sewer. A love story, perforce, runs through the book, and the efforts of the Senator's wife to secure the Russian for her daughter are amusing. Of course she fails. "The President" is good reading.

Olive Latham. By E. L. Voynich. J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. \$1.50.

Mrs. Voynich, an Englishwoman who married a Lithuanian subject of the Czar, has already shown herself to be thoroughly conversant with Russian conditions, and "Olive Latham" only strengthens this impression. It is a powerful story, terrible in its disclosures concerning the way in which the Russian Government treats those under suspicion of plotting against its peace, vivid in its descriptions, and wholesome in its characters. The heroine is an English lady who devotes herself to nursing, becomes betrothed to a Russian refugee, goes to Russia to nurse him in sickness, undergoes the torments of governmental cruelty, sees him carried from a dying bed to spend his last hour in a dungeon. She is drawn in her sorrow to her lover's greatest friend, and ultimately marries him in England, so that she has some compensation for her griefs. "Olive Latham" is undoubtedly a strong character. If at times it is difficult to read her, she nevertheless commands our admiration and sympathy.

Blazed Trail Stories. By Stuart Edward White. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York, 1904. \$1.50.

Mr. White gives more than a book to be read. He takes you into the depth of the forest or through mountain passes to the great Northwest frontier, and gives a personal introduction to the rivermen, frontiersmen, Indians, stage-drivers and Government scouts who live on his pages. The book is in two parts: "Blazed Trail Stories" and "Stories of the Wild Life." Fitzpatrick, Black Hank, Billy Knapp and "Alfred," the bandy-legged little miracle, become familiar figures.

The Pagan's Progress. By Gouverneur Morris. Illustrated by John Rae. A. S. Barnes & Co., New York, 1904. \$1.00.

A story of the life of man at that period in his evolution at which, as John Fiske would say, Nature began to discover that greater advantage

could be gained through psychical than through physical variation. The elemental passions and instincts of the highly specialized brute are blended with the dawning of such faculties as are now regarded exclusively human. The cruelty, revenge and great physical strength combine with jealousy, pity and tender love to form characters strikingly interesting, and teach lessons of deep suggestion. "No Man," who scratches pictures on flat bones, and afterward invents the bow and arrow, is more than a match for the brawnier members of the tribe.

In the Closed Room. By Frances Hodgson Burnett. Mc Clure, Phillips & Co., New York, 1904. \$2.00.

If this sweet story of the life and death of a little girl were less real and pathetic it would be a fairy story. The veil between what is commonly called the real and the eternal things not seen is drawn away by the art of an author unsurpassed in delicacy and tenderness of narration. The volume is extremely artistic, and well illustrated in colors by Jessie Willcox Smith.

New Samaria. By S. Weir Mitchell. J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia, 1904. \$1.25.

Two stories in one volume, as against one story in two volumes, is a delightful advance, and many who failed to see the end of the second volume of Hugh Wynne will read the two short stories—"New Samaria," and "The Summer of St. Martin"—with genuine satisfaction. The second is perhaps the best love story Dr. Mitchell has ever written, and it is difficult to see how it could be surpassed.

The Seeker. By Harry Leon Wilson. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York, 1904. \$1.50.

Bernal Linford, the grandson of a Presbyterian preacher, becomes emancipated from the sort of religious superstition which was called faith something less than a century ago, but which can rarely be found among the even mildly intelligent to-day. The caricatures of a Calvinistic fatalism are sometimes funny in the extreme, and it is to be feared there are still survivors of the old school who will be shocked. The author discusses some of the more modern adaptations of a theory which feels itself compelled to account for the *post-mortem* history of all the race. The theory of "conditional immortality" is entertainingly discussed. One is compelled to feel, however, that the book is too largely devoted to a phase of religious discussion which is rapidly passing out of the realm of human interest before the more vital problems of divinely human conduct.

Monarch, the Big Bear. By Ernest Thompson Seton. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 1904. \$1.25 net.

This story of Gringo Jack, the giant grizzly, is told with all the exciting detail so characteristic of Ernest Thompson Seton, and will be read with delight by those who enjoy such evidences of human wisdom in the "beasts of the field." The author's critics will be interested to note that this animal is even more wise and resourceful than any with whose genius he had already made the world acquainted. The book is beautifully designed and illustrated by Grace Gallatin Seton.

Children of the Forest. By Egerton R. Young. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York and Chicago, 1904. \$1.25 net.

This story of Indian love is written by Dr.

Young with fidelity to real Indian life. And he has woven the facts into a story of intense interest and simple beauty. Love, courage, fidelity, patience—in suffering, adventure and war—all the noble traits of the disappearing Red Man are painted by an artist, whose personal acquaintance with the Ojibway Indians is possibly more intimate than that of any other man, and who has the rare gift of telling what he has seen and heard.

The Son of Royal Langbrith. By William Dean Howells. Harper & Brothers, New York and London, 1904. \$2.00.

Mr. Howells has touched so many of the vital problems in this novel that it is impossible to present an adequate estimate of it in a single paragraph. Yet it is by no means a "purpose novel." It is the story of a widow of rare beauty of character, who conceals from her son, for a score of years, the real character of his dead father. The secret is finally revealed with blunt frankness by a brother of the dishonorable man who had been so highly honored since his death. The strong, manly love of Dr. Anther for the widow of Royal Langbrith, and his sacrifice of himself to her patient devotion to duty, present striking and dramatic situations. The story is unquestionably one of the best Mr. Howells has given us.

Gwen. By Ralph Connor. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York, 1899 and 1904. 75 cents net.

An attractively bound volume giving the story of the unfortunate girl of the Western Canyon who is made to believe the fatalistic doctrine taught by the Sky Pilot, and doubtless expressing the conviction of the author, that God cripples and maims and afflicts people "because he loves them." Ralph Connor as a story teller is bright and dramatic, but as a theologian he smacks of the Dark Ages.

The River's Children. By Ruth McEnery Stuart. The Century Co., New York. \$1.00.

Mrs. Stuart's new book is a graphic, almost loving picture of Louisiana just preceding and just following the Civil War. Her description of Southern hospitality has not been surpassed in warmth and color by any writer we can at present call to mind. As for the story itself, it is delightful and pleasing, but distinctly secondary to character and descriptive quality. All those who have watched this author's work will be amply satisfied with this new offering from her pen.

Tommy & Co. By Jerome K. Jerome. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. \$1.50.

Not since "Three Men in a Boat" has Jerome K. Jerome written so delightful and so excellent a book as "Tommy & Co." At bottom this tale of Fleet Street journalism is a number of short stories joined together by the slightest of connecting themes; but it is brimful of fancy and humor and, above all, charming character drawing. In this last respect it probably surpasses all other of Mr. Jerome's writings.

The Canterbury Tales. By Percy Mackaye. Fox, Duffield & Co., New York, 1904. \$2.50 net.

A modern rendering into prose of the prologue and ten tales from the Canterbury Tales

of Geoffrey Chaucer. The attempt is made to present this masterpiece of English literature "in such form as shall best preserve for a modern reader the substance and style of the original." The result of the effort is most gratifying, as Mr. Mackaye has performed his task with great delicacy, and has been able to make everything clear without sacrificing anything of value. The volume is beautifully printed on rich, wide-margin pages, and contains six strikingly appropriate pictures in colors by Walter Appleton Clark.

God's Good Man. By Marie Corelli. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York, 1904. \$1.50.

The author announces this as "A Simple Love Story." As a story teller she is excellent, but it is to be regretted that she rarely permits the reader to forget that she is a teacher and engaged in entertaining him with a great lesson which will do him good. This latest book is possibly freer from the defect than any former one, and is by so much the most satisfying. Let us not be thought as comparing this really helpful novel to the author's analysis of life—"But life, as we all know, is not made up of great events so much as of irritating trifles—poor, wretched, apparently insignificant trifles, which, nevertheless, do so act upon our destinies sometimes as to put everything out of gear, and make havoc and confusion where there should be nothing but peace." We would, however, venture the suggestion that, on purely pedagogical principles, the author who extends a story through over five hundred closely written pages encourages, on the part of the public—including the reviewer—the vicious habit of superficial reading, thus defeating the purpose of her own homilies.

A Dog's Tale. By Mark Twain. Illustrated in color. Harper & Brothers, New York, 1904. \$1.00.

Charmingly written, with a deep moral purpose. It is the "Uncle Tom's Cabin" of the dog world.

More Cheerful Americans. By Charles Battell Loomis. Henry Holt & Co., New York, 1904. \$1.25.

A delightful group of Americans, just as bright and "Cheerful" as those formerly introduced by Mr. Loomis in "Cheerful Americans." Each of the eighteen stories is a gem of good cheer, and true to some dominant American trait. To these is added a charming satire on "How to Write a Novel for the Masses."

Strong Mac. By S. R. Crockett. Illustrated by Maurice Greiffenhagen. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York, 1904. \$1.50.

The lovers of Mr. Crockett's Scotch tales will be particularly pleased with this story of life among these "pilots of the dry land, these dauntless navigators of the red-streaming furrow," who are equally at home at the plowing-match and in the hiding-places of the border smuggler. Donald Gracie, "the Lowran Dominie," figures as one of the characters, and his daughter Adora is the heroine, in a novel of love, loyalty and daring adventure, which is decidedly one of the best books of the year.

The author's strong passion for honor and justice, and his admiration (seasoned with discerning criticism) of the Scotch character, lend to the volume more than a passing value.

Elinor Arden, Royalist. By Mary Constance Du Bois. The Century Co., New York. \$1.50.

This is a very readable historical romance of the Stuart period of English history. Elinor Arden is the daughter of a staunch royalist, and niece of as staunch a parliamentarian. Her father dies, leaving her a jewel, which is connected with the family history, and which cannot be lost while the holder is loyal to the king. She enters the Puritan family of her uncle, becomes exemplary for her goodness, and aids in the escape of the young daughter of Charles I, losing her jewel in the exhibition of her loyalty. In Restoration days she regains it, although she has married a Cromwellian officer. It is a good story. The local and contemporary coloring is well managed, and the romance is altogether above the average of the fiction of this kind provided for the young.

Kibun Daizin. From Shark-boy to Merchant Prince. By Gensai Murai. The Century Co., New York. \$1.25.

In addition to the interest attaching to a picture of Japanese life in the eighteenth century this volume carries with it the attraction that it is a specimen of the work of one of the foremost living writers of Japan. Gensai Murai, born in 1861, is one of the most popular novelists of Nippon. In this work, which was translated for the "St. Nicholas Magazine," he has taken for his hero a boy who rose from poverty to the position of a merchant prince entirely by his own efforts. The story is well told, and its pictures of Japanese life are remarkably interesting. As a book for boys it ought to be successful.

Secret History of To-Day. By Allen Upward. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. \$1.50.

We have here fictitious solutions of many of the great and mysterious events of recent years—the destruction of the "Maine," the Dreyfus affair, the assassination of King Humbert, Kaiser Wilhelm's celebrated Boer telegram, etc. The solver is a detective, who appears to be favored with the personal confidence of the great ones of the earth, and moves in circles far beyond the reach of even the famous Sherlock Holmes. The stories are really clever and possess such an air of verisimilitude that they might easily pass for history itself. They appeared some little time ago in "Pearson's Magazine," but deserve a permanent form, for they are good specimens of the modern "Short Story."

Jess & Co. By J. J. Bell. Harper & Bros. \$1.25.

Mr. Bell has only partly forsaken the realm of Wee Macgregor in his new book. This story of a young wife who manages the business affairs of her good-hearted but lazy husband is full of charm and atmosphere. In a way it is as fine as Mr. Bell's previous work. It has humor and interest, and its character drawing is delightful. It is more than worth while.

List of Books Received

What to Read—Where to Find It

Essays and Miscellany

- Elinor Arden, Royalist.** Mary Constance Du Bois. With Illustrations by W. Benda. Century Co., New York. \$1.50.
- Glimpses of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition and City of St. Louis in Color: A Scenic Panorama of Beauty and Art.** Laird & Lee, Chicago. 60c.
- Good of the Wicked, The.** Owen Kildare. Baker & Taylor Co., New York.
- Guns, Ammunition and Tackle.** By A. W. Money and Others. With many illustrations. Macmillan's, New York. \$2.00.
- Hollow Earth, The.** F. T. Ives. Broadway Pub. Co., New York.
- How to Bring Up Our Boys.** S. A. Nicoll. T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 30c.
- Ideals of Science and Truth.** Essays of various authors, Edited by the Rev. J. E. Hand. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. \$1.60.
- If I Were a Girl Again.** Lucy Elliot Keeler. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. \$1.00.
- I'm from Missouri.** Hugh McHugh. G. W. Dillingham Co., New York. 75c.
- Jim Hickey: A Story of the One-night Stands.** Geo. V. Hobart. Illustration by McKee Barclay. G. W. Dillingham Co., New York. 75c.
- Journalism and Literature, and Other Essays.** H. N. Boynton. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. \$1.25.
- Kibun Daizin.** Gensai Murai. Translated by Masao Yoshida. With illustrations by Geo. Varian. Century Co., New York. \$1.25.
- Little Book of Life after Death, The.** From the German of Gustav Theodore Fechner. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. \$1.00.
- Lost Art of Reading, The.** W. Robertson Nicoll, M.A., LL.D. T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 35c.
- Masters of English Literature.** Stephen Gwynn. Macmillan's, New York. \$1.10.
- Messages of the Masters.** Spiritual Interpretations of Great Paintings. Amory H. Bradford. T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 30c.
- Nature and Culture.** Hamilton Wright Mabie. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. \$2.00.
- New Samaria and the Summer of St. Martin.** S. Weir Mitchell, M.D. J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. \$1.25.
- Our Friend the Dog.** Maurice Maeterlinck. With Illustrations by Paul J. Meylan and Decorations by Chas. B. Falls. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. \$1.00.
- Pictures.** Geo. Watts. Fox, Duffield & Co., New York. \$5.00.
- Poe's Corner, The.** Max Beerbohm. Dodd, Mead & Co., N. Y. \$1.50.
- Sheridan's Comedies: The Rivals and The School for Scandal.** Edited by Brander Matthews. T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 35c.
- Stories of King Arthur and His Knights: As Told in Malory's "Morte d'Arthur."** Fully illustrated. T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 35c.
- Stories of Robin Hood and His Merry Outlaws.** J. Walker McSpadden. Fully illustrated. T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 35c.
- Story of Wireless Telegraphy, The.** A. T. Story. Illustrated. D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$1.00.
- Study of Words, The.** Richard C. French. Howard Wilford Bell, New York. 50c.
- Synopses of Dickens's Novels.** J. Walker McSpadden. T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 45c.
- Table, The, and How to Decorate It.** Mary Whipple Alexander. Illustrated. D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$1.25.
- Traffics and Discoveries.** Rudyard Kipling. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. \$1.50.
- Tragedie of Macbeth, The.** William Shakespeare. T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 50c.

Juvenile

- Eight Cousins.** Louisa M. Alcott. Illustrated by Harriet Roosevelt Richards. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. \$2.00.
- Fantasma Land.** Chas. Raymond Macauley. With Illustrations by the author. Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis.
- Good Tales.** Alphabetically told. Gelett Burgess. Fredk. A. Stokes Co., New York. \$1.50.

- Granny's Wonderful Chair.** Frances Browne. With an Introduction by Frances Hodgson Burnett. Illustrated by Edith Truman. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. \$1.50.
- His Majesty's Sloop Diamond Rock.** Houghton, Mifflin & Co., New York. \$1.50.
- In Search of the Okaki.** A Story of Adventure in Central Africa. Ernest Glanville. Illustrated by Wm. Rainey, R. I. A. C. McClure & Co., Chicago.
- In the Closed Room.** Frances Hodgson Burnett. Illustrations by Jessie Willcox Smith. McClure's, New York.
- Lady Spider.** In the King's House. Harriet A. Cheever. Illustrated by Diantha W. Thorne. Dana, Estes & Co., Boston. 50c.
- Little Precious.** Gertrude Smith. Illustrated. Harper & Bros., New York. \$1.30.
- Loe.** Harriet A. Cheever. Illustrated by Bertha G. Davidson. Dana, Estes & Co., Boston. \$1.25.
- Lucy and Their Majesties.** A Comedy in Wax. B. L. Farjeon. With Illustrations by Fanny Y. Cory and Geo. Varian. Century Co., New York. \$1.50.
- Mysterious Beacon Light, The.** The Adventures of Four Boys in Labrador. Geo. Ethelbert Walsh. Illustrated by Arthur E. Becker. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. \$1.50.
- River-Land.** A Story for Children. Robt. W. Chambers. Illustrated in color by Eliz. Shippen Green. Harper & Bros., New York. \$1.50.
- Rose in Bloom: A Sequel to "Eight Cousins."** Louisa M. Alcott. Illustrated by Harriet Roosevelt Richards. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. \$2.00.
- Santa Claus' Wonderful Candy Circus.** Illustrated in color. Olive Aye. Laird & Lee, Chicago. 50c.
- "Sequel" to the Real Diary of a Real Boy.** Henry A. Shute. The Everett Press, Boston.
- Story of Little Paul, The.** From the "Dombey and Sons" of Charles Dickens. Illustrated by Bertha G. Davidson. Dana, Estes & Co., Boston. \$1.00.
- Well in the Wood, The.** Bert Leston Taylor. With Illustrations by F. Y. Cory. Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis.

Poetry

- Misrepresentative Men.** Harry Graham. Illustrated by P. Strathmann. Fox, Duffield & Co., New York. \$1.00.
- Mixed Beasts: Rhymes and Pictures.** Kenyon Cox. Fox, Duffield & Co., New York. \$1.00.
- Songs from the Dramatists.** Edited by Robt. Bell. With an Introduction by Brander Matthews. T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 75c.
- Songs of a City.** Howard V. Sutherland. Star Press, San Francisco. \$1.00.
- Thelka, and Other Poems.** Stephen Hughes-Gaines. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 3s. 6d.
- Through Prairie Meadows: A Little Book of Southwestern Rhymes.** Carol Elmore. Dem. Co., Little Rock, Ark. 75c.
- Tragedy of Saul, The: First King of Israel.** Lewis A. Storrs. G. W. Dillingham Co., New York. 75c.
- Trail to Bayland, The, and Other Poems.** With Illustrations by Will Varotes. Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis.
- Closed Book, The: Concerning the Secret of the Borgias.** Wm. L. Jux. Smart Set Publishing Co., New York. \$1.50.
- Confessions of Marguerite.** Opie Read. Rand, McNally & Co., New York.
- Deacon Lysander.** Sarah Pratt McLean Greene. Baker & Taylor Co., New York. \$1.25.
- Eagle's Shadow, The.** James Branch Cabell. Illustrated. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. \$1.50.
- Ellwoods, The.** Chas. Stuart Welles, M.D. Morgan M. Renner, New York.
- Farm of the Dagger, The.** Eden Phillpotts. Illustrated by F. M. Relyea. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. \$1.50.
- Fergy, the Guide.** H. S. Canfield. With Illustrations by Albert D. Blashfield. Henry Holt & Co., New York. \$1.50.
- Flight of a Moth, The.** Emily Post. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. \$1.50.
- Georgians, The.** Will N. Harben. Harper's, New York. \$1.50.
- Gil Blas.** Alainé René Le Sage. Translated by Tobias Smollett. Illustrated. T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York. \$1.50.
- Gray World, The.** Evelyn Underhill. Century Co., New York. \$1.50.

Among the December Magazines

The Diplomatic Corps in Washington Society

The diplomatic corps, always an important factor in the social life of the capital, has become more so since the great powers of Europe began accrediting ambassadors to our government, instead of ministers. Indeed, I know of no capital in the world where the diplomats are as much made of as they are in Washington. Neither in London nor in Paris, and certainly not in Vienna, does the fact that you are a diplomat open the doors of a single private house to you. In no first-class London club are its privileges extended to a diplomat as such. No self-respecting woman in Berlin or St. Petersburg would thrust—thrust, that's the word—her hospitality upon strangers for no other reason, apparently, than that they happened to be in the diplomatic service of their countries.

Yet, here we have homes, not many, fortunately, which fairly yawn to admit within their walls any foreigner, provided he be a diplomat. It is one of the worst evidences of Washington society's provincialism.

The truth is, that too many European governments still regard Washington as a sort of Botany Bay, and that too many diplomats prefer going to a comparatively obscure part of Europe rather than to Washington. No one would pretend to say that the men who represent their countries in London, Paris, Vienna, or Berlin would ever voluntarily come here. The reasons do not concern us. The facts remain to set us thinking. At least, they ought to.

Our society closes its eyes to many things in the family life of diplomats, which it would not tolerate for a single moment in the family life of Americans. The number of diplomatic closets containing awkward skeletons is appallingly large at all times; it never was as large as it is now. Yet it does not seem to impair the standing of any diplomat bold enough to open and shut his closet at will.—From "The Social Side of Washington" in "Ainslee's" for December.

The Campaign as a School of Politics

Let us hope the best party won. Let us hope we are good people, as people go, and that the politician's estimate of our dispositions and aspirations is justified by our qualities. It is a far more vital matter what sort of folk we are and what we want, than what particular set of public servants are at any time deputized to ascertain and carry out our wishes. It is not buncombe to say that. That is what, in the long run, our officers of Government do. They carry out the wishes of the majority. If they don't, we turn them out. Of course, on many public questions the people are slow in reaching conclusions. Of course the intricate machinery by which their convictions are translated into governmental policies is often very sluggish in its operations. But when they know what they want eventually

they get it by putting into office the men who will do their will.

It is by electing presidents that the voters learn what national policies they approve, and they learn their will in State or local matters by electing governors or mayors. A great political campaign is the greatest school of all the schools our country maintains, and none of us who is attentive comes out of it exactly as he went in. It educates the voters, the speakers, the writers; makes them consider and weigh and decide. And what an education it must be to the candidates! To run for president is like facing the last judgment. The great book is opened, all the candidate's misdeeds are revealed—besides many that he never did—and his chief consolation must be that his opponent, too, is mortal man like himself, and has made mistakes. Even in the flush of success his high resolves for the future must be stiffened by his invaluable experience of having seen himself for months as his opponents see him.—From "The Point of View" in the Christmas (December) "Scribner's."

Women and Church Finances

If women desired to draw the sex line in the church, as men do in politics, they might hold all its offices and control its policy—that is, if they had the money to pay the bills—for they comprise two-thirds of the membership.

What we actually have is a condition something like this: First, an organization of men and women, officered largely by men, collecting and disbursing funds for its own maintenance plus benevolent enterprises. Then a suborganization, generally known as the "Ladies' Society," composed of practically the same women, who enter into all sorts of devices, of varying degrees of economic soundness, to capture the nimble penny from a one-time unsuspecting public.

This is the natural outcome of two conditions: First, the lack of control, by so many women, of a definite income, necessitating the old expedient of "bricks without straw"; and, second, the prevalence of the ambitious woman who is a "born manager," she whose executive ability is of rare excellence. When a woman can so finance a church ten-cent supper as to clear five cents a plate, she deserves a field of action. In many cases the only one available is the church dining-room. Born under another star, she would have unquestionably risen to the position of manager in either the Standard Oil Company, or the United States Steel corporation—probably both. Her genius is evident, but must an entire church be whipped into line, and appear to approve a financial policy so detrimental to its influence, in order to provide scope for the ambitious genius?

We have no desire to question the devotion of the women who, in what must surely have been the dark ages, originated this tasteful scheme of paying church debts via the stomach; but loyalty to the spirit does not necessarily imply present

adherence to antiquated and indirect methods. Dual boards are inexpedient, entailing duplication of energy that should be diversified.—"Cosmopolitan" for December.

How a Doorkeeper Won from Senator Ingalls

There are exceptions to all rules, and occasionally a Senate official, even a doorkeeper, has a sufficient sense of humor and sufficient intelligence to put him on a proper footing with the great men. Such a one is Charles S. Draper, who has been on the Senate pay-roll in various capacities for over forty years.

On one occasion, several years ago, the Senate showed a disposition to vote down a proposition to give an extra month's pay to the employees, and Senator Ingalls of Kansas made a characteristically bitter speech in opposition to the gift. The burden of his speech was, "There is no precedent for this, Mr. President; there is no precedent." The employees held an indignation meeting, and Draper was selected to plead with Mr. Ingalls to withdraw his batteries. The Senator listened to the tale of hardships endured by the clerks, doorkeepers, messengers, laborers, etc., in being compelled to work twelve months out of twenty-four without getting thirteen months' pay each year, and then asked abruptly: "Draper, if you are so dissatisfied with your job, why don't you resign and let some one else get it?" The doorkeeper looked the Kansas Senator a moment in the eye, and then replied with unconscious imitation of Mr. Ingalls's voice and manner in debate: "Why, there is no precedent for this, Mr. Senator; there is no precedent." Ingalls's astonishment gave way to loud laughter, and when the extra pay proposition came up again for final action he was out of his seat, and it passed.—"Pearson's" for December.

"Ainslee's" for December has a story by Miriam Michelson, the author of "In the Bishop's Carriage" and "The Madigans," a great piece of good fortune for the magazine and its readers. Those who have read and enjoyed her two books will be still further delighted by "The Mother of the Gracchi," which is an almost perfect bit of short fiction. The humor of the story is delicate, and there is mingled with it a vein of pathos that makes it wonderfully effective.

How America Looks to the Russian Jew

In the "Yiddish of the East Side," written by a Russian Jewish cap-maker, there is a strange pathetic story of a tailor who comes home one evening to celebrate a quiet jubilee because, at the end of ten years in the garment-making industry, he is still alive!

Ten years was then a long life in an East Side tailor-shop. A bronzed, wiry young peasant, coming here to the land of freedom and hope from the oppressions of Russia, sat down at a sewing-machine in a hot, dusty, fetid tenement-shop in East Broadway or Clinton street; and sometimes he lasted five years, sometimes seven, rarely ten. In Russia he might have lived in comparative comfort to a green old age; in America, caught in the wheels of a "cold, universal, laissez-faire," he was wrung dry, worn out in half a dozen years, and flung upon the human scrap

heap. He had merely changed oppressions—from the political tyranny of Russia to the industrial tyranny of America; and while the former had robbed him of some of his rights, the latter took his life.

This was the introduction given to hundreds of thousands of immigrants coming here with large ideas of American freedom; this was the training accorded hundreds of thousands of future citizens, upon whose shoulders was to fall the supreme responsibility of a self-governing commonwealth.

In grappling with these conditions, the Church was never an effective influence; the social settlement was able to be of assistance only in limited localities, though its work, especially in Chicago, has been notable, and the school, the greatest influence of all, elevated the second generation, but left the original immigrant in the slough of misery. And the state, until spurred to the passage of a modern factory legislation, concerned itself not at all with these workers until, crushed or made desperate by the conditions of their life, they became invalid paupers or criminals.—Ray Stannard Baker in December "McClure's."

The New Method of Purifying Water

Man would seem to have at last discovered an effective weapon against typhoid fever, Asiatic cholera, and similar merciless scourges which invade our intestinal and digestive organs through polluted water. It is yet too soon to declare positively that we shall exterminate these dread diseases, but we have good reason to believe that we shall be able to drive them out of cities and towns, and camps and prisons, and wherever men are living herded close together. The weapon is not of steel or iron, but copper, the most convenient form being the common compound of copper and sulphur known as blue vitriol, copper sulphate. Every school laboratory contains some beautiful blue crystals of copper sulphate. Every schoolboy for generations has dabbled with these blue crystals, or has watched his teacher use them for ordinary class-room experiments. And yet who would have imagined that a pinch of these crystals dissolved in the water-tank in the attic, or in the cistern or well, would kill any typhoid germs that might be lurking there; that its use would insure healthful drinking water in a crowded military camp; that it would exterminate malaria- and yellow-fever-carrying mosquitos in stagnant pools and swamps by destroying the vegetable organisms on which the mosquito larvæ feed; that it would, in a few hours, make the water of an evil-smelling and foul-looking city reservoir, containing billions of gallons of water, clean and sweet; and that the amount of copper that accomplishes all this is so small that while it kills the bacteria in the water it does not make the drinking water poisonous or injurious to the human system?

It has been known for a long time that copper destroys bacteria, but the metal has not been much used heretofore for the purpose, because scientists have generally believed that the dose required to kill the bacteria must be very concentrated—so concentrated, in fact, that it would poison the water. Dr. George T. Moore has now announced, with the authority of the United

States Government behind him, that he has discovered how to get the good effect of copper without any dangerous result; that he has a way of using copper so diluted that it cannot hurt a baby, and yet so active that it will destroy virulent cholera and typhoid bacilli in four or five hours.—Gilbert H. Grosvenor, in "Century" for December.

The English Family

The spectacle is a condition of that old, secure society which we have not yet lived long enough to have known, and which we very probably never shall know. Such civilization as we have will continue to be public and impersonal, like our politics, and our society in its specific events will remain within walls. It could not manifest itself outside without being questioned, challenged, denied; and upon reflection there might appear reasons why it is well so.

We are quite as domestic as the English, but with us the family is of the personal life, while with them it is of the general life, so that when their domesticity imparts itself to their outdoor pleasures, no one feels it strange. One has read of something like this without the sense of it which constantly penetrates one in London. One must come to England, in order to realize from countless little occasions, little experiences, how entirely English life, public as well as private, is an affair of family. We know from our reading how a comparatively few families administer, if they do not govern, but we have still to learn how the other families are apparently content to share the form in which authority resides, since they cannot share the authority. At the very top—I offer the conjecture towards the solution of that mystery which constantly bewilders the republican witness, the mystery of loyalty—is of course the royal family; and the rash conclusion of the American is that it is revered because it is the *royal* family. But possibly a truer interpretation of the fact would be that it is dear and sacred to the vaster British public because it is the royal *family*. A bachelor king could hardly dominate the English imagination like a royal husband and father even if his being a husband and father were not one of the implications of that tacit Constitution in whose silence English power resides. With us, family has less and less to do with society, even; but with the English it has more and more to do, for the royal family is practically without political power, and not only may, but almost must, devote itself to society.—W. D. Howells, in "Harper's" for December.

An Old Neighborhood in Virginia

Half the life of the boys was spent on pallets made up on the floor, and at seasons of reunion, such as Christmas and other festive occasions, there was scarcely an available spot from garret to cellar which was not utilized. In one family of which he knew, the master and mistress always retired to the attic at Christmas, so full was the house. It was a season so given up to jollity that the hiring contracts of servants ran from New Year only to the "Christmas holidays." Its joys and its sanctities have survived all the manifold chances and changes of our times, and

every one still knows that "Christmas comes but once a year."

That this hospitality was not always appreciated by the guest is illustrated by a story which the writer used to hear in his youth of one who after a visit asked the loan of a good horse to carry him on to his next stopping place, a town which lay at a considerable distance. The host accordingly lent him his horse and sent along a negro boy to bring the horse back. As, however, after some days the boy did not return, someone was sent to hunt him up. The messenger finding him demanded to know why he had not returned with the horse. He had not returned, he said, "'cause dat gent'man done sell de horse."

"Well, why didn't you return and say so?" demanded the messenger.

"Hi! He done sell me, too," said the boy.—Thomas Nelson Page in "Metropolitan" for December.

The Regular and the Savage

The fear of Wok Woks, a sort of ghost gorilla that devours Moros in the dark, has prevented night attacks in Jolo. But in Mindanao the long-haired lake people love the night best of all. A camp will scarcely be formed at twilight before out in the thicket is the bang of a Remington and the sound of a shrill, wild yell. In answer a half-dozen Krag's bark sharply. From then on the duel continues, Krag's and Remingtons snarling at each other across the underbrush until long after the blue smoke of the camp-fires next morning has cheered the hearts of the tired watchers with the promise of relief.

Outpost duty for the sentinels is a serious business. The lake Moros go through the grass silently, swiftly, like rats. They have crept into the midst of armed camps and stolen rifles from beside their sleeping owners. It is not so many weeks since an outpost of five men at Marahui was jumped and cut to pieces beyond the camp. A faint rustling at a man's elbow may be a wild pig or it may be a breeze. But again it may be a black terror that in another second has launched itself upon him, outlined against the sky with a war-knife shivering above in the starlight.

A people who lie among the heaps of dead after a fight and spring to their feet to murder you as you pass to look for their wounded, who cut you down in the back from the grass after you have gone by, who give their first warning on an outpost by ripping up your stomach with a yard of cold steel—that is the race with which the Regular is now contending.

In spite of the crude style of warfare employed, the losses are considerable, because one and one make two, and two and two make four, and twenty-five times four makes a hundred. As in the old Indian wars, there is no glory in the business. We are too much occupied at home to think of the sunny islands where the flag is staying exceedingly put. Yet on the whole it seems that the Nation boasts of many things less worthy than these men in soiled khaki and torn flannels, who hike all day through the scorching sun and the stinking swamps, and sit at night, gaunt against the line of the hills, their

Krags across their knees, playing their ears and eyes and their steady brown hands against death.—December "Lippincott's."

A Physician in the Arctic

Since 1889 it has been my fortune to live among deep-sea fishermen, both on this and the other side of the Atlantic. Splendid material they are, none better. Their simple, hard lives and their constant business on great waters develops all that is good and virile in them, and indeed, who ever knew a mean deep sea-man? Their self-reliance and simple courage are sermons needing no words. Their many deeds of self-sacrificing bravery are still done where there can be no doubt about the motive, for they neither expect nor receive reward in gold and silver, or in the praise of men.

The constant perils and great hardships of their lives and the lives of the fisher folk along the coast are brought home to us every year by new tales of suffering and bravery. The experience of one fisherman we knew is typical of what happens only too frequently in that country. This man, wishing to go South for the winter, started in his small fishing boat, with his wife, four children, a servant girl and his fishing partner. Scarcely had they left when a furious gale of wind sprang up. The mainsail and jib, with the mast, were all blown over the side, and the boat was driven before the wind. Three days and three nights they drove off into the Atlantic. On the third day the wind veered, and they were able to put up a small foresail they had saved and drag in the direction of the land. Two more terrible days, and at last, when the boat was quite unmanageable, they found the land close under their lee. Their condition was seen just before they drove ashore and a rescue attempted, but too late to save their boat. All their lives, however, were saved by the indomitable perseverance of the half dozen settlers. Instead of being south of where they left, they were a hundred and fifty miles north, and indeed were in Labrador. There was no chance to leave so late in the season, and there they had to stay till the following summer fed by the kindness of their poor neighbors and dead to all their friends for at least six months. A similar accident to one of our English fishing vessels left the crew of ten men on the south coast of Iceland all one

winter. When they came back in the following spring by the first possible boat, not only had the insurance on all their lives been paid and mostly spent, but one man's wife had married again.—Dr. Wilfred Grenfell in "Leslie's" for December.

Russell, the West's Cowboy Artist

The virile life of the Great West has had no lack of interpreters. But it is only once in a while that the genius arrives on the scene—the man who is capable of putting down the "real thing." When he arrives, the West takes off its hat to him. Of late years the West has been doffing its sombrero to a painter who has generally limited his subjects to cowboys and Indians, for the reason that cowboys and Indians he knows best, having lived with both. C. M. Russell is the artist's name, and his studio, instead of being pitched among the sky-scrapers of New York, has been modestly sidetracked at the little town of Great Falls, Montana. The town of Great Falls is busy, and prosperity has set its seal there—but as for art, nobody ever thought of it in connection with Great Falls until "Charley" Russell struck town and began to paint and draw. It was in 1892 that Russell, to use his own expression, "quit the range," and took to the serious work of art, and in that span of years the cowboy, in spite of lack of academic instruction, has made a name for himself as one of the best and most faithful delineators of Western scenes.

It is only because he loves the West and its life that Russell did not long ago turn to the centers where art is supposed to flourish best. Indeed, it is recorded that one time the cowboy determined to attend art school and get the technical training which some folk said all artists required. Some say that he remained one day in school—some say less. But at any rate he was soon back in Great Falls, Montana, where he could fling a saddle across the back of his faithful pony and get the good, crisp air of the plains when the voice of the range called him away from the canvas and the easel. A genuine cowboy like Russell is not going to get far away from the creak of saddle leather, and consequently it is likely that the ateliers of Paris will be won in vain for this Western genius who, like Walther in "De Meistersinger," is "by nature taught."—"Outing" for December.

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Veteran Skater's Gossip, A. Atlantic Monthly

Open ❀ ❀ Questions

1092. Information is wanted concerning a poem called "Rest," "Requiescam," or "In the Hospital," beginning:

"I lay me down to sleep,
With little care,"

and containing six stanzas, the best known being:

"My half day's work is done,
And this is all my part,
I give a patient God
My patient heart."

It is credited to Mary Woolsey Howland, Mrs. Robert G. Howland, and is also said to have been found under a soldier's pillow in the hospital at Port Royal. Can you tell me anything of the author or of the circumstances and place where it was written or published?

LUCY FORNEY BITTINGER, Sewickley, Pa.

[The poem is included by Rossiter Johnson in his volume of "Famous Single and Fugitive Poems," Henry Holt & Co., 1880, and is accredited to Mrs. Robert S. Howland, under the title "In the Hospital." A note makes the statement that it was long believed that it was found under a soldier's pillow at Port Royal, S. C. The poem is given below.

I lay me down to sleep
With little thought or care
Whether my waking find
Me here or there.

A bowing, burdened head,
That only asks to rest,
Unquestioning, upon
A loving breast.

My good right hand forgets
Its cunning now;
To march the weary march
I know not how.

I am not eager, bold,
Nor strong—all that is past;
I am ready not to do
At last, at last.

My half-day's work is done,
And this is all my part—
I give a patient God
My patient heart.

And grasp his banner still,
Though all the blue be dim;
These stripes as well as stars
Lead up to Him.]

1093. A literary society in this city has given one of its members the subject, "The Magazine Illustrators of To-day." I wish you would give me some idea as to where I can find a work in this line. JOE C. RUSSEL, Breckinridge, Mo.

[Magazine articles on the subject of contemporary illustrators, American illustrators and illustration in the last century give the most accessible data: "The Art Journal," vol. 50, pp. 268 and 303; "The Critic," vol. 37, pp. 43, 131; "Chautauquan," vol. 13, p. 597, and "The Bookman," vol. 10, p. 548; 11, pp. 49, 334; and earlier numbers by A. Hoeber in "A Century of Illustration." Harper Bros. publish a work on painting, by Henry James, Jr., which treats of illustrations in "Harper's Magazine" ("Picture and Text"); and English illustrators are described by Buxton in "English and American Painters," 1885, and by Rose E. D. Sketchley, "English Book Illustration of To-day," 1903. "The Life of W. T. Smedley" should also be consulted.]

1094. Can you tell me where I can find any information on Irish influence in America?

Mrs. B. H. COLT, Spencerville, O.

[The Irish have had a large influence in America, and the subject has been treated in many works of general character. Magazine articles treat special topics like the Irish brigade in the Rebellion ("United Service Magazine"), the Irish vote in the United States ("North American," vol. 147, p. 185, Irish in America ("Chautauquan," vol. 8, p. 31), power in American cities ("Living Age," vol. 171, p. 382), and the "American Catholic Quarterly" has an article in vol. 9, p. 35. "The Journal of the American Irish Historical Society, Boston, will give much on this subject. "The Scotch-Irish," C. A. Hanna, published by Putnam in 1902, and A. L. Perry's "Scotch Irish in New England," published by Cushing & Co., Boston, should be consulted.]

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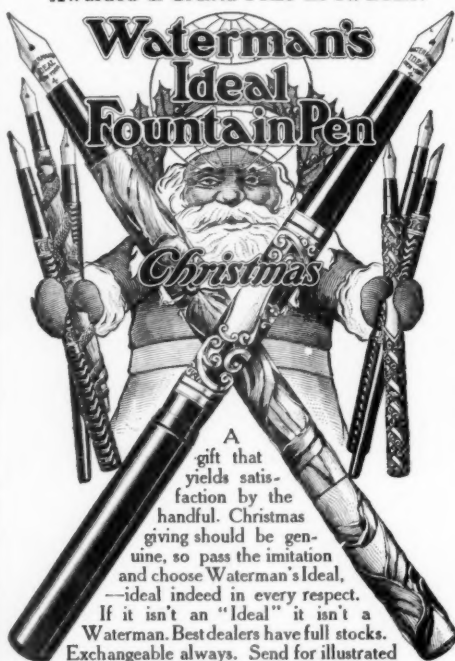
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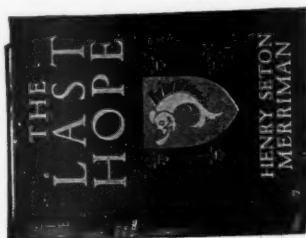
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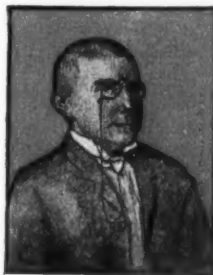
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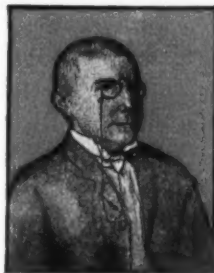
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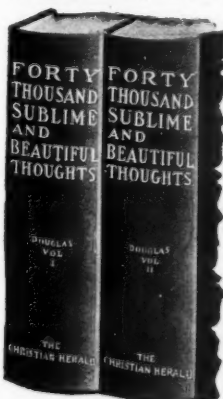
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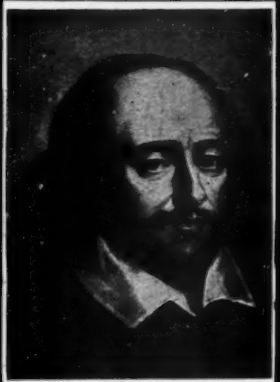
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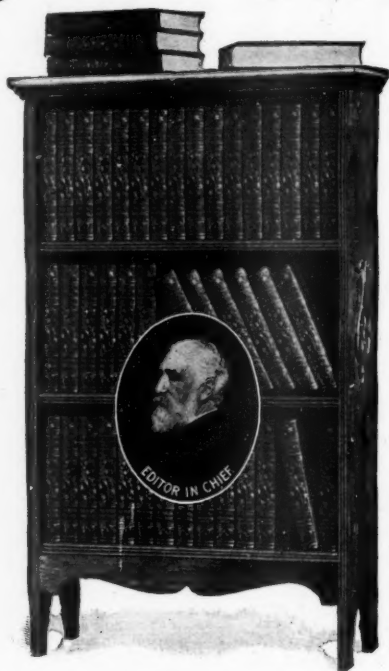
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Senator Tillman was expounding on the efficacy of mildness in a debate, and to illustrate his views told of a man who turned to a stranger in a theater and raised a violent row because the other had sat on his silk hat and ruined it. The offender looked at the hat, which was truly a wreck, and said: "I am sorry. This is too bad. But," he added, "it might have been worse." "How might it have been worse?" exclaimed the first man, with an oath. "Well," was the unexpected answer, given so mildly that it placated the owner of the tile, "I might have sat on my own hat."

Colossal Natural Bridges of Utah

The Natural Bridge in Rockbridge County, Va., 115 miles west of Richmond, has long been regarded as one of the chief natural curiosities of the United States. Until recently it stood alone in its class, but now the West supplies three others of similar character which dispute with it the place of pre-eminence. For the convenience of those who desire to make a comparison between the Virginia and Utah bridges, the proportions of the former are here given. The Virginia bridge spans a deep chasm through which a small stream flows. The arch is 215 feet high, with a span of 45 to 60 feet. The thickness of the crown is about 40 feet, and the thickness of the rock—that is, the width of the bridge, is 60 feet, a public road passing over it. A description of the Utah bridges is given from the "National Geographic Magazine," but a beautifully illustrated account of the natural phenomena will be found in the "Century Magazine" for August.

Three gigantic bridges, greatly surpassing the great Natural Bridge of Virginia, have recently been discovered at the head of the White Cañon, in San Juan County, Utah. The bridges are many miles from the railway, and, it is said, can be reached only during the spring of the year, as lack of water makes the region inaccessible except during the early months. In March, 1903, Mr. Horace J. Long, a mining engineer, conducted by a cattleman named Scorup, who had caught a distant glimpse of the bridges in 1895 and had desired to examine them ever since, entered White Cañon at a point two days' march from Dandy Crossing, on the Colorado River. They ascended the cañon for several miles, passing numerous ancient cliff dwellings, until they had their first sight of the first of the great bridges.

"The travelers had with them no scientific instruments for making accurate measurements,

but by a series of rough triangulations Long obtained results which are doubtless correct within narrow limits. The first bridge, which they named the Caroline, in honor of Scorup's wife, measures two hundred and eight feet six inches from buttress to buttress across the bottom of the cañon. From the surface of the water to the center of the arch above is a sheer height of one hundred and ninety-seven feet, and over the arch at its highest point the solid mass of sandstone rises one hundred and twenty-five feet farther to the level floor of the bridge. A traveler crossing the cañon by this titanic masonry would pass three hundred and twenty-two feet above the bed of the stream. The floor of the bridge is one hundred and twenty-seven feet wide, so that an army could march over it in columns of companies, and still leave room at the side for a continuous stream of artillery and baggage wagons."

The second bridge is three and a half miles farther up the canyon. Its height is more than twice, and its span more than three times as great as those of the famous Natural Bridge of Virginia. Its buttresses are one hundred and eighteen feet farther apart than those of the celebrated masonry arch in Maryland, known as Cabin John Bridge, a few miles from Washington city, which has the greatest span of any masonry bridge on this continent. The bridge would overspan the Capitol at Washington, and clear the top of the dome by fifty-one feet; and if the loftiest tree in the Calaveras grove of giant sequoias in California stood in the bottom of the cañon, its topmost bough would lack thirty-two feet of reaching the under side of the arch. Emulating the example of Mr. Scorup, Long named this bridge the "Augusta," in honor of his wife. "This bridge is of white or very light sandstone, and, as in the case of the Caroline, filaments of green and orange tinted lichens run here and there over the mighty buttresses and along the sheltered crevices under the lofty cornice, giving warmth and color to the wonderful picture."

About twelve miles down the cañon is the third bridge. "Long, in his rough notes of the trip, calls this the 'Little Bridge,' and we may well retain this designation. Its dimensions, however, are only small as compared with the gigantic proportions of the Caroline and the Augusta, for it has a span of two hundred and eleven feet four inches, and the under side of the arch is one hundred and forty-two feet above the bottom of the cañon. The crown of the arch is eighteen feet eight inches thick, and the surface or roadway thirty-three feet five inches wide. The slenderness of this aerial pathway and the fact that the cañon here opens out into a sloping valley beyond rendered it possible for the camera to give a proper impression of loftiness. It was comparatively easy to reach the top of this bridge, and among Long's notes I find the following: 'Rode our horses over. I am the first white man who has ever ridden over this bridge.'"

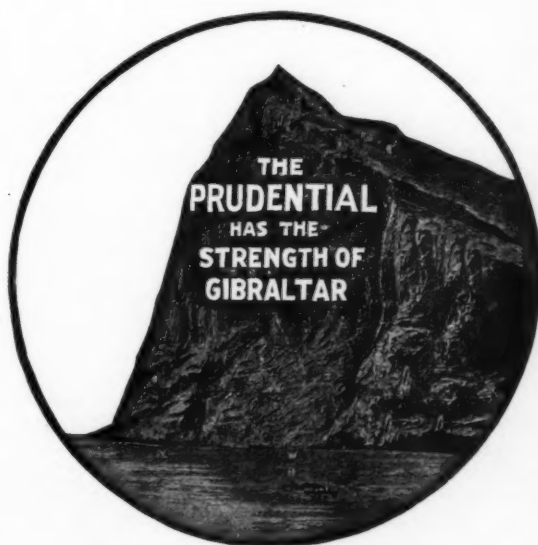
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In this country it is of supreme importance, because a vast area is occupied by forests, and, as they have a commercial value, the question arises, What is the result of deforestation? The subject of the subtle relation of forests to rainfall, part of the larger question, is dealt with by James W. Toumey in the Year-book of the Department of Agriculture for 1903, and the essay has been recently issued as a separate pamphlet.

Space only admits of the brief summary given in the document, but it will be seen that indiscriminate cutting down of forests cannot be otherwise than injurious.

It may be said that although the forest may have, on the whole, but little appreciable effect in increasing the annual rainfall and the annual run-off, its economic importance in regulating the flow of streams is beyond computation. The great indirect value of the forest is the effect which it has in preventing wind and water erosion, thus allowing the soil on hills and mountains to remain where it is formed, and in other ways providing an adequate absorbing medium at the sources of the water-courses of the country. It is the amount of water that passes into the soil, not the amount of rainfall, that makes a region garden or desert.

The Salvation Army

The Third International Congress of the Salvation Army recently held in London has been extensively discussed, both in England and America. The remarkable growth and continued influence of this movement are a gratifying tribute to the zeal and patience of General Booth and his efficient co-workers.

It cannot, of course, be claimed that the Salvation Army has accomplished the chief purposes of its organization, for from the first it has stood as the exponent of "individual salvation." Indeed the belated theological arguments with which the average army worker appeals to people have a decreasing influence upon the mind of the age.

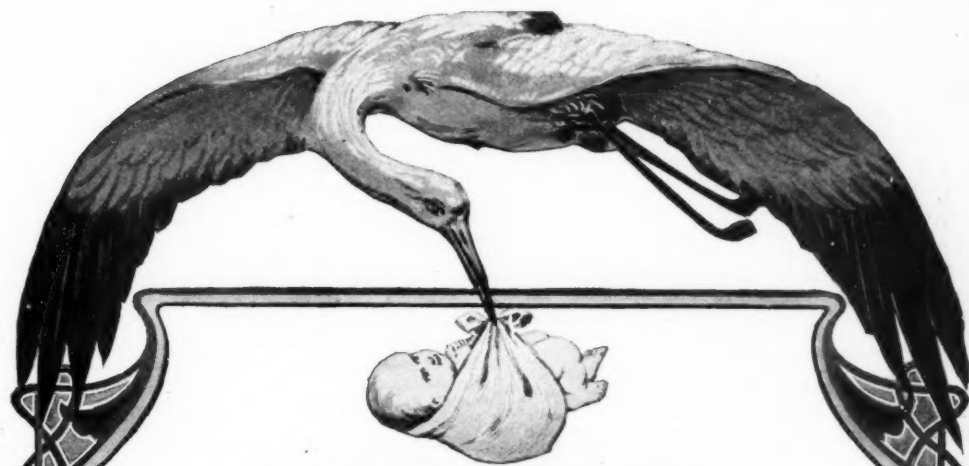
On the other hand, it may be confidently affirmed that the workers in this movement have builded better than they knew. The Guardian says: "The success of the army has been social rather than religious; it lies in the community life which it has in-

stituted rather than in the conversions which it has made." The movement has been something of a disappointment from what the Guardian, and doubtless the majority of the army workers, would call the "religious" standpoint. We dissent emphatically from the definition and are glad to record the fact that the by-product of this great evangelizing agency has been its chief contribution to the world. "In the community life which it has instituted" no one can measure the extent of its benign influence, or follow to their logical results the forces that have been set in motion for the elevation of the home, the employment of the neglected idle, the rescue of the outcast and the colonization in the country of the crowded denizens of the great cities. For the achievements of the colonization work alone society owes a far greater debt than can be estimated to these self-sacrificing people, while the people themselves among whom the Army works, would probably give the heartiest testimony to its sincere purpose and actual accomplishment of good.

If "Knee drills" and "Penitent forms" have proven less potent than was hoped, who shall say that the army has failed religiously? James defines pure religion as: "Visiting the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and keeping oneself unspotted from the world." Certainly we may agree that the definition has been exemplified, for the editorial already quoted is true in saying that—

"They have embraced a life of hardness and of poverty. They have willingly faced ridicule and persecution. They make no compromise with anything that they hold to be evil. They have been free from the timidity which is the bane of so many religious bodies and individuals, and they have not hesitated to adopt an aggressive attitude."

One is forced to entertain the question whether the entire religious atmosphere would not clear and society become quickly responsive to Christianizing institutions if all the churches were to become as prodigal of their own interests and as evidently willing to lay down their life for the sin of the world.



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RANDOM READING

A New Torpedo Boat

The idea is gathering strength that the best way to put an end to war is to make it mean annihilation to the parties who engage in it. Hence, it is a step towards universal peace when some deadly engine of warfare is invented. One such, says "The American Inventor," is coming from the workshops of the Herreshoffs.

The craft is to be constructed of aluminum and will be equipped with electric motors as the motive power, capable of attaining from twenty to thirty knots an hour. It will be loaded with high explosives, which will be set off by contact with the object to be destroyed. Manned by a crew of only two men, it is assumed that she may be sailed to a point near enough to this object, where the steering gear may be set and locked, the vessel started on her deadly mission with a certainty of accomplishing it, and then abandoned to her fate, the crew jumping overboard with life-belts to save themselves, as the torpedo boat is self-destructive.

Railroad Botanizing

Did you ever botanize as you were hurrying along in a railroad car? It adds interest to a journey, and affords information about the local distribution of plants that can scarcely be attained in any other way. Here is what Willard N. Clute says about it in "The American Botanist."

In all parts of the country the railway is recognized as an excellent botanizing ground. The railways, albeit, unintentionally, do more to preserve the native flora than all the plant-protection societies put together. Railway lands are neither plowed nor cultivated nor grazed, and, in consequence, many of the wildlings maintain a foothold here long after they are driven out of the fields adjoining. Would that we might add that railway lands are not mowed; but the average railway official has the same ideas of "improvement" that characterize the country road-maker, and both express them in the same way. Therefore, at frequent intervals, the verdure and beauty that clothe the unsightly railway embankments are ruthlessly removed, and the traveler gazes out upon heaps of dying vegetation instead of the flowers that once grew in the region. At the same time, in order to make the railways more attractive, exotic shrubs are planted about the stations as if the borders of the entire line were not full of native shrubery that is hardier, and even more useful for decorative work. But if it is desirable that the stations be beautified with blooming herbs, shrubs, and vines, it seems equally desirable that the roadsides between stations be also. The first can only be accomplished by the landscape gardener, but the second will be amply taken care of by an ancient dame named Nature, if the section boss will only stay his scythe. If he must mow, let it be late in the year when the dead vegetation might otherwise be a menace to the fences if accidentally fired.

By affording a sanctuary to many a hard-pressed plant afield, the railways preserve to us perhaps a better representation of the original flora than is to be elsewhere found in the neighborhood. This is especially true of prairie and other scantily wooded regions. In others, the woods and fence-rows also afford protection.

It is surprising how many plants one can identify from a car window. Even when moving at the rate of nearly a mile a minute, the dominant plants in the landscape are recognizable. We cannot pick out single flowers, it is true, but as they flash past in groups of varying size, their color, and the way in which they grow, give us clues to their identity that are unmistakable. As we botanize in this way, we appreciate more and more the superiority of habit and habitat, over form and color in our identifications. This, too, probably explains why it is so easy to find a plant after one has once seen it growing, and so difficult before. Having seen just how and where a plant grows, we next time recognize it by these signs; in fact, we are often able to predict its occurrence before we see it. But who is there, that, seeing for the first time a plant about which he has read, finds it to exactly correspond to the mental picture he has formed of it?

Coeducation in Western Colleges

The following paragraphs, dealing with the vexed question of coeducation, are especially noteworthy. They are from an article by Dr. E. Benjamin Andrews, Chancellor of the University of Nebraska, recently published in the "Independent" of New York, comparing the colleges of the East and West:

A peculiarity which the State universities do not share with their great mates East is coeducation proper, the admission of women on the same terms as men to all departments of instruction without exception. No limitation of this liberty to women would be tolerated or even thought of by any State university.

At each of three quarter-centennial celebrations recently held by as many flourishing State universities coeducation received praise at once ample, unconditional and spontaneous, evoking no dissonant voice. In none of these university circles, apparently, had a word of scandal arising from the practice of coeducation ever been heard. Such testimony is general.

Nor has any State university felt the difficulty which Oxford and Cambridge opponents of coeducation dread, which same, it is understood, led the University of Chicago to substitute for coeducation the co-ordinate education of the sexes, viz., morbid repression and self-consciousness on the part of the men students occasioned by the presence of women in the same classes with them. The State universities find, I think, that women's influence works help to the men rather than hindrance. In the standard portion of the curriculum women always average, according to the usual class-room tests, to rank higher than men. They work more steadily; they have superior verbal memory; they pass better examinations.

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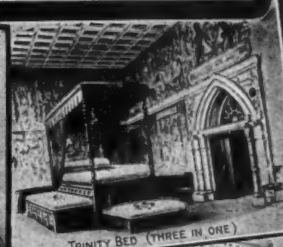
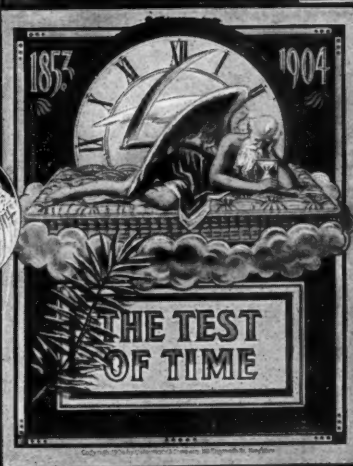
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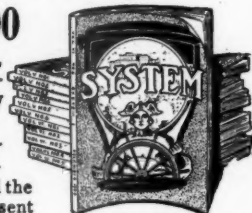
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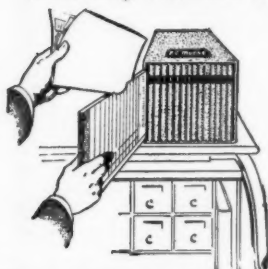
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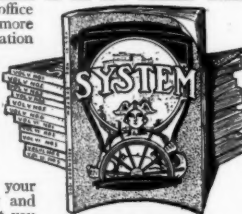
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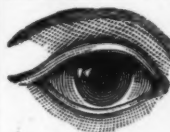
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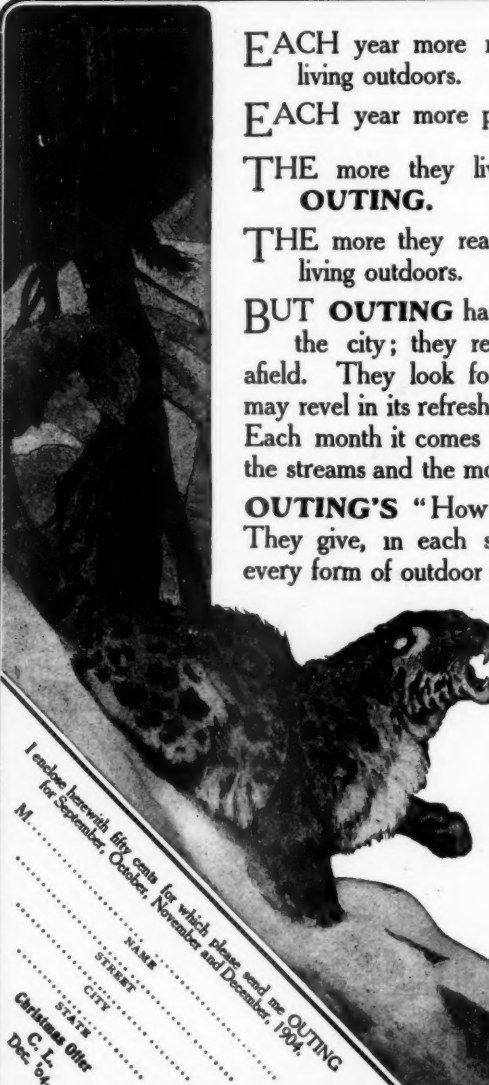
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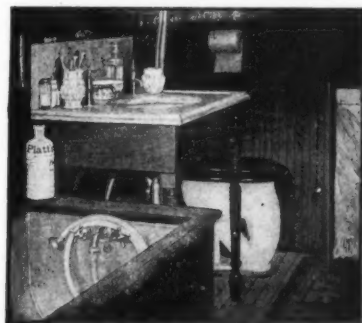
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